Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 27, 1954 / 20

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

RECORDINGS

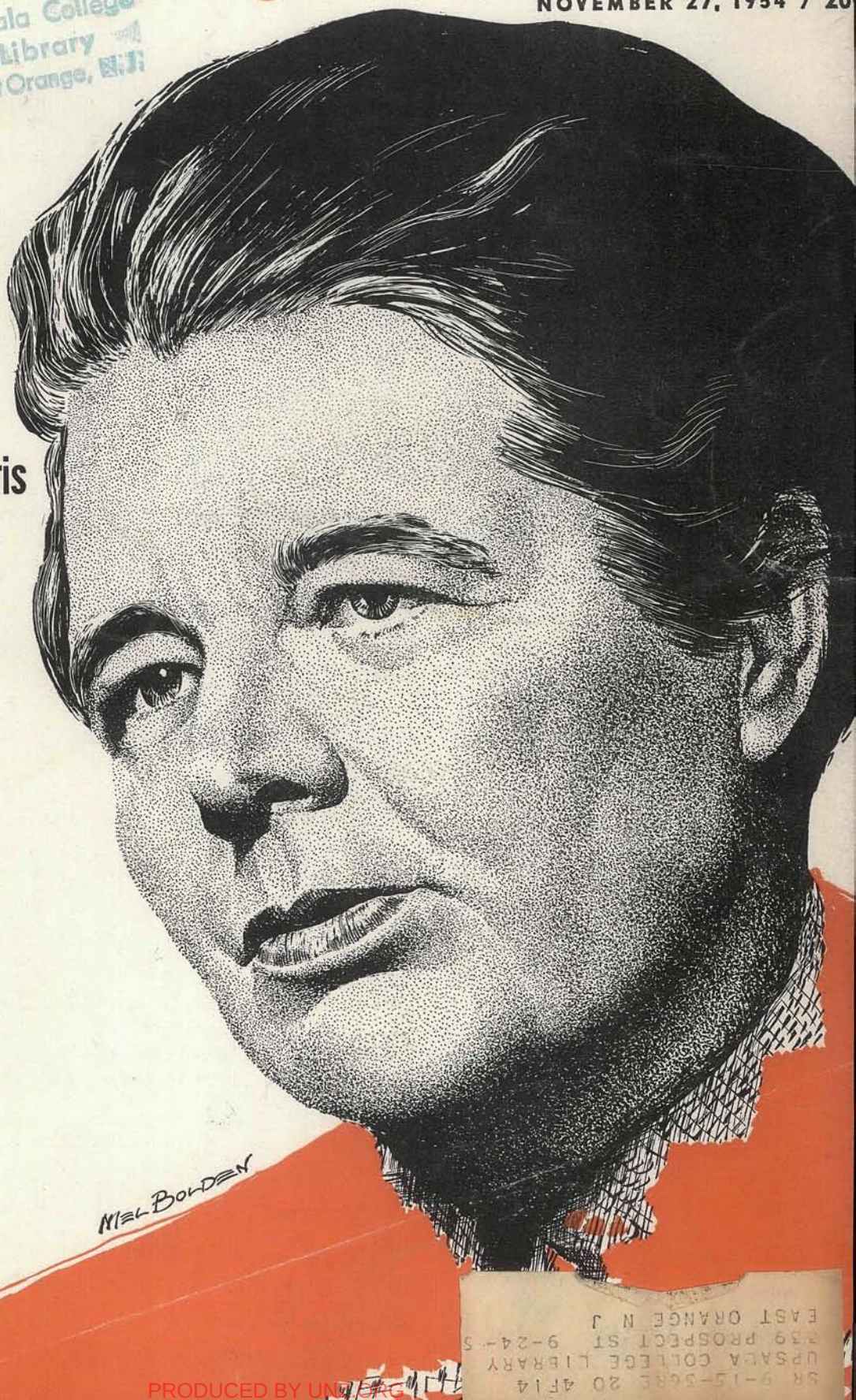
HOW TO EDUCATE A WOMAN

By Louis William Norris

THE JUKES ARE NO JOKES

By D. W. Brogan

(See Recordings)



Marguerite Yourcenar, author of "Hadrian's Memoirs."
(See page 12)

EAST ORANGE N J
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Vienna lives again, through Magnavox, in the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

Magnavox re-creates the world's greatest music for you!

Concert Master Radio-Phonograph

LIVING PERFORMANCES are captured as never before on today's marvelous full-range recordings. Yet the finest record is lifeless till the moment it is played on an instrument capable of reproducing the original performance with true high-fidelity perfection.

Magnavox offers you this instrument—the magnificent gift, at Christmas, for all the family. Without distortion or false emphasis—faults of many so-called high-fidelity reproducers—Magnavox brings great music to you with all the fidelity of the concert-hall performance. Strauss or Shostakovich, show tunes or jazz—Magnavox phonographs and radio-phonographs re-create all the music there is to be heard.

The Concert Master (illustrated above), a Magnavox AM-FM high-fidelity 14-tube radio-phonograph, couples 20 watts of undistorted audio power to four extended-range speakers and sound diffusers mounted on an inclined baffle. Plays any record automatically. The Pianissimo Pick-Up, with dual sapphire styli, maintains true fidelity throughout the entire recording range.

A thrilling demonstration awaits you at your dealer's. (The selected few Magnavox dealers are listed under "Radio-Phonographs" or "TV" in your classified phone book.) *The Concert Master* is now only $350. Prices for other high-fidelity phonographs start as low as $99.50. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

The Magnavox PLAYFELLOW Portable

Amazing high-fidelity portable table phonograph actually outperforms most consoles. Two 6-inch extended-range speakers. Automatic 3-speed changer plays records of all sizes. A magnificent gift, only **$99.50.**

You are years ahead with Magnavox

For better sound . . . better buy

the magnificent **Magnavox**

high-fidelity radio-phonograph

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX AND ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE — SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FAR WEST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

PLENTY of ordinary Americans, as well as boys from the hills and from the slums, always have trouble remembering that soldiers are supposed to be under military discipline —that corporals are authorities at whom it is more dangerous to shy beer-cans than "revenooers" and cops. One of the funniest records of this American itch for independence is Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants," No. 17 on this week's *SR* list.

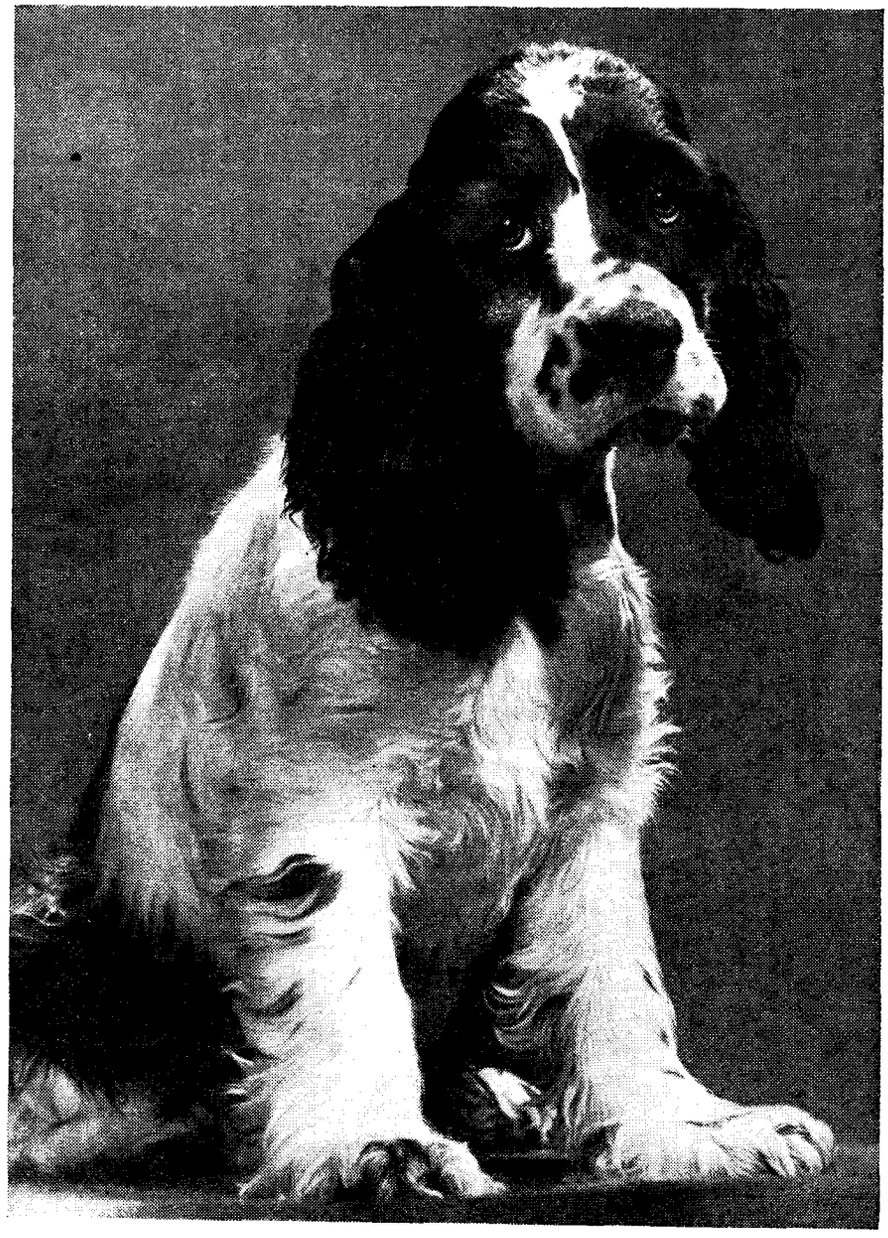
TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
5. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
6. **Katherine**
   by Anya Seton (F)
7. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
8. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
   by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
9. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
10. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
11. **The Fall of a Titan**
    by Igor Gouzenko (F)
12. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
13. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
14. **Call to Greatness**
    by Adlai E. Stevenson (G)
15. **My Brother's Keeper**
    by Marcia Davenport (F)
16. **The Old Man and the Sea**
    by Ernest Hemingway (F)
17. **No Time for Sergeants**
    by Mac Hyman (F)
18. **The Woman Within**
    by Ellen Glasgow (G)
19. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
20. **R.S.V.P.**
    by Elsa Maxwell (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction



"If he'd only call her up . . ."

"I'm sad, too, when she's upset. If he'd only call her up everything would be all right. Just one little telephone call can save so much time and worry."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The book I have been looking for"*

Camara Laye's

the DARK CHILD

*"It is not a book about Africa by an outsider... a beautiful story of a young African growing up... sensitively and honestly told." Mrs. Chester Bowles

"There is dignity and a clean sincerity that is heartwarming." Peter Abrahams, *N. Y. Times*

"There is a compelling charm to this autobiographical story of a small boy growing up in French Guinea." Virginia Kirkus

$2.75

E. M. FORSTER *asks:*
"*Why, Dear America, do you not read* WILLIAM PLOMER *more?*"

MUSEUM PIECES

a novel by WILLIAM PLOMER

People who read the Sat. Review *are* reading William Plomer *more.*

"A witty, urbane portrait of a witty, urbane figure of a now-vanished era in Britain." —*Saturday Review*

"It is indeed first rate!" James Hilton —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$3.50

2 great novels of the supernatural in 1

the VISIONARY NOVELS of GEORGE MACDONALD

edited by Anne Fremantle
introduction by W. H. Auden

Containing Lilith and Phantastes, the 2 great mythic novels of George Macdonald

"Every now and then there occurs... a genius—a Kafka or Novalis—who can make such a story. Macdonald is the greatest genius of this kind whom I know." C. S. Lewis

"Lilith is equal if not superior to Poe." W. H. Auden

Christmas gift edition 434 pp. $5.00

NOONDAY PRESS
17 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 27, 1954

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

SR/IDEAS

9 How To Educate a Woman, by Louis William Norris

11 A Novelist and His Public, by Joyce Cary

24 Out of the Cave: An Editorial

49 The Jukes Are No Jokes, by D. W. Brogan

SR/BOOKS

12 Hadrian's Memoirs, by Marguerite Yourcenar
Reviewed by Moses Hadas

13 Thirty Years, by John P. Marquand
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

14 Science Fiction's Second Wind
An Essay-Review by Fletcher Pratt

15 The Sun, the Sea, and Tomorrow, by F. G. Walton Smith and Henry Chapin
Reviewed by Daniel Merriman

16 To Hidden Depths, by Philippe Tailliez
Reviewed by Eugenie Clark

17 Odds Without Ends, by David McCord
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

17 A Bowl of Bishop, by Morris Bishop
Reviewed by David McCord

19 The White and the Gold, by Thomas B. Costain
Reviewed by A. L. Burt

20 Charlemagne, From the Hammer to the Cross by Richard Winston
Reviewed by Frederick B. Artz

21 The Fighting Sudanese, by H. C. Jackson
Sudan Days and Ways, by H. C. Jackson
Reviewed by Herman Ausubel

21 O'Higgins and Don Bernardo, by Edna Deu Pree Nelson
Reviewed by Carleton Beals

22 The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution, by Adolf A. Berle, Jr.
Reviewed by George W. Stocking

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf

10 Literary I.Q.

25 Letters to the Editor

26 Seeing Things: The Lunts Triumphant, by John Mason Brown

28 *SR* Goes to the Movies. by Arthur Knight

28 Literary Crypt

29 TV and Radio, by Gilbert Seldes

30 Music To My Ears, by Irving Kolodin

39 The Criminal Record

41 Kingsley Double Crostic No. 1079

49 *SR* Recordings For December

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Ulmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 48, Nov. 27, 1954 *Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the* Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

ALBEN BARKLEY, so deep in the hearts of his Kentucky countrymen that he was able to make an electrifying political comeback at the ripe old age of seventy-six, owes much of his popularity to his way with a barbed anecdote. His stories are often older than he is, but he tells them beautifully—and besides, he's a celebrity. Celebrities can get away with yarns that would cause a mere amateur to be thrown out of the joint.

Barkley's "That Reminds Me" (Doubleday) is liberally stocked with the kind of stories I have in mind. The legend, for instance, that the day he hit seventy-six he announced, "I feel like a two-year-old," to which a crony replied, "Horse or egg?" And that Marvin College, where he served as part-time janitor in his student

days, erected a sign later that read, "Barkley swept here."

Barkley always has blithely ignored the dictum laid down by Senator Thomas Corwin almost a century ago: "If you would succeed in politics you must be solemn. Never make people laugh. All great monuments are built over solemn asses." Adlai Stevenson also scoffed at this philosophy. In his case, of course, the light touch failed to pay off, but he'll have other chances. Politically speaking he's just a kid. As a wit he's a past master. Meanwhile, he's in a position to echo the sentiment Barkley ascribes to Dean Acheson just after the Eisenhower inauguration. A reporter who had called Acheson every name under the sun while he was in office buttonholed him and asked, "Do you care to make a statement?" "I do indeed," said the former Secretary of State heartily. "For the first time in four years I am able to tell you to go jump in the lake!"

HERBERT HOOVER, maintains Barkley, also has a well-developed sense of humor. "I had it when I became President, too," he complained to Mr. H., "only you Democrats took it away from me."

The Senator quotes with relish Irvin Cobb's story of an old newspaper colleague, a garrulous, opinionated female not conspicuous for personal tidiness. In a rare burst of self-deprecation she told Cobb, "I've turned into just a wishy-washy old woman." "You may be wishy," admitted Cobb, "but you're certainly not washy."

Senator Barkley concludes his memoirs with this characteristic story about memory:

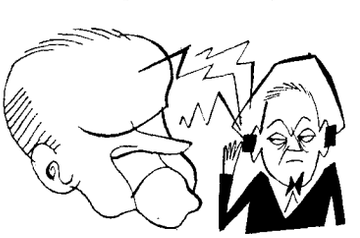
"It seems that a fine, healthy, husky baby was born in Kentucky. Its parents were inordinately proud of their new child, and they invited neighbors from all around to come and see it. Among the visitors was a ninety-one-year-old matriarch, who approached the crib, examined the baby carefully at great length, and finally, from the wisdom of her years, pronounced judgment.

"'It's a fine baby, a splendid specimen,' she said, as the parents and neighbors listened breathlessly.

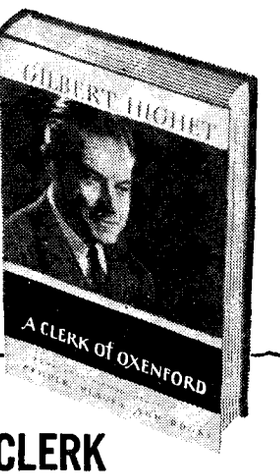
"Then, leaning closer to accommodate her tired old eyes, she added: 'And—if my memory serves me correctly—it's a boy'."

SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER of Tennessee, another winner in the recent elections, had his whole family out to help him campaign. Six-year-old Diana was particularly helpful, plastering "Vote for Estes" buttons on passersby whether they liked it or not. "When the meanies wouldn't take them," she told her father, "I just pinned them on their backs." "With the reach of a six-year-old," commented the Senator wryly, "you can imagine where some of those buttons were pinned!"

IN 1924 the first national political convention was broadcast over the radio. The Democrats were sweating it out at Madison Square Garden, and radio



addicts were sweating it out with crystal receivers clamped over their ears. Ballot after ballot began with Alabama pledging twenty-four votes to Oscar W. Underwood, and before John William Davis won the dubious privilege of being snowed under by Calvin Coolidge some pioneer



A CLERK OF OXENFORD

By Gilbert Highet

"The old flashing wit is still there . . . Bravo."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"He says a good deal and says it well . . . he is superb."
—*Saturday Review*

"Enlarges the pleasure of his earlier volume . . . good Scotch on the rocks of yesterday, today, and eternity."
—*N. Y. Times*

"Learned, urbane, and witty."
—*The New Yorker*

$3.75 at all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.

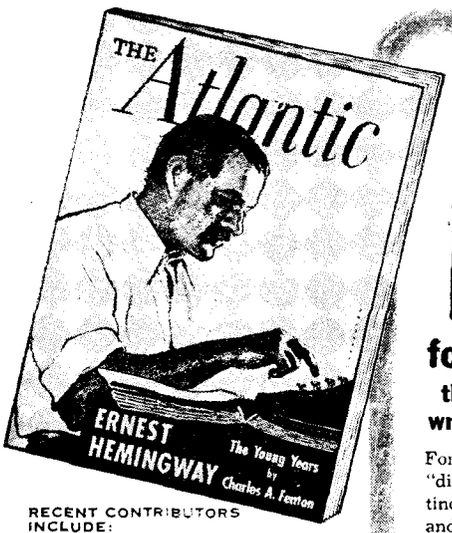
THE SELECTED

Essays of William Carlos Williams

For more than 30 years, Dr. Williams has been brilliantly defending and promoting the best in modern literature and art. This selection of his critical work includes essays on painting, poetry and music, and on specific artists from Joyce to Lorca, from Stieglitz to Robert Lowell.

$4.50 Random House

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Agnes De Mille — John Hersey
Walter Lippmann — John Masefield
Thornton Wilder — Bertrand Russell
Robert Moses — J. Frank Dobie
Sir Osbert Sitwell — James B. Conant
Sumner H. Slichter — Christopher Fry
Archibald MacLeish — Rebecca West
Agnes Newton Keith — Al Capp
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. — Paul Hoffman
Frances Parkinson Keyes — Clarence Randall
Catherine Drinker Bowen — John P. Marquand
and Many Others

HALF PRICE

for a trial subscription

that brings the world's foremost writers into your home each month

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" and enjoy America's most distinctive magazine. The world's best writers, and great thinkers and doers make THE ATLANTIC America's most fascinating and informative periodical. Thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere today. Invite THE ATLANTIC into *your* home for a few months at a spectacular saving, and see for yourself how much real reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue.

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY — OFFER EXPIRES IN 20 DAYS

HALF PRICE TRIAL— *The regular price of The Atlantic is $6 per year, or 50¢ per copy. By accepting this offer now, you will receive 8 issues at just 25¢ per copy — a $4 value for only $2!*

Because of its unusual nature this offer can be kept open for only 20 days. It is, therefore, to your advantage to return this coupon to The Atlantic, Boston 16, Mass., TODAY!

The ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my trial subscription to The ATLANTIC for 8 months and bill me for $2.

Name_____

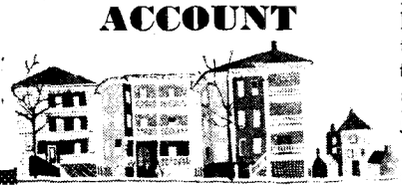
Address_____

349

The author of *Duveen* and the current musical hit, *Fanny*, records his memories of a vanished time and some wonderful people

S. N. Behrman's

THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT



When portions of THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT appeared in *The New Yorker*, hundreds of readers wrote in to express their delight. Here, for the first time, is the complete and unified account; warm and witty recollections of the Orthodox Jewish community of Worcester, Mass, *$3.50. RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.*

Faith

and courage plus AA therapy CAN lick alcoholism and even mental illness—as you'll read in

I'LL CRY TOMORROW

Lillian Roth's Life Story

$3.95

at Bookstores Everywhere

FELL · NEW YORK

SCRABBLE IS MOST ENJOYABLE WITH THE NEW, EASY TURNING

S C R A B B L E

TURN TABLE

CORRECT SPACE FOR GAME-BOARD AND TILES

$3.00 RETAIL

AT DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MADE ONLY BY M-K ENTERPRISES, INC.
2029 N. Clybourn Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

static-plagued set owners had foresworn radio forever.

It's hard for oldsters to realize that all this took place over thirty years ago—and that for all that time one man has been covering the radio and television field for the mighty *New York Daily News*. His name is Ben Gross, and he's crammed all his memories of the wondrous and often cockeyed things he's been a party to in a book called "I Looked and I Listened." Ben got his job at the *News* because he was the only man there who could repair the dilapidated set somebody had smuggled on to the premises. He kept it because, forever after, he remained one step ahead of his competition.

Just a glance at the index of "I Looked and I Listened" will bring back memories of some big stars who faded from the airwaves long ago, and some bizarre episodes that had the whole country in stitches. The birth of the great networks, their violent battles for supremacy, and the antics of the tub-thumpers who publicized the moves make stories well worth recalling. They do not suffer in the polished telling of Mr. Gross.

IT MAY BE STRETCHING a point to call Peter De Vries's "The Tunnel of Love" a novel, because there's scarcely more plot than you'd expect to find in a Shubert musical comedy, but it does feature a running collection of the gaudiest, most original—and most outrageous—puns I've come across in many a day—not excluding TRADE WINDS. One character thinks a seersucker is a goof who spends all his dough on fortune tellers. Another

keeps asking his analyst, "Have I told you about my aberration?" A third calls his place "Moot Point" (there's some legal difficulty about the boundaries and right of way) and when asked if he ever heard of a dance called the *czardas* answers dubiously, "That's by Hoagy Carmichael, isn't it?"

De Vries also tells about the time Stephen Douglas was a young man debating in political campaigns in Illinois. There always was a lanky, rawboned lad sitting up front, watching his every move, listening to him in rapt absorption. Douglas finally asked him, "Why do you come to hear me debate so regularly?" "Because," answered the boy, "some day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I hope to be up there on the platform myself." "That's fine," enthused Douglas. "What's your name?" "Abe," said the rawboned boy. "Abe what?" persisted Douglas. And the boy answered, "Abe Feldspar."

ADDITIONS TO THE saga of the late Barney Dean, Hollywood dialogue "doctor," contributed by Matt Weinstock, popular columnist of the *Los Angeles Daily News:*

Barney never could remember names. When anyone called, "Hello, Barney," he simply replied, "Hello, Baby." A visitor at the Paramount lot greeting him by name one day and Barney answered, as usual, "Hello, Baby." After the visitor had passed out of earshot Barney asked Bing Crosby, "Who was that guy?" "Oh," said Bing airily, "Just Baby Balaban." It was Barney Balaban, president of Paramount. Dean cringed for hours.

After Jack Benny had rung in the name of Barney Dean on three consecutive radio programs his then-supporting-star, Phil Harris, exploded, "Who *is* this Barney Dean you're always talking about?" Benny retorted, "Just drop a cigar butt and you'll find out." Barney told Benny later, "I could have sued you, but I was afraid you'd prove it on me."

MOST LITTLE BOYS will be disappointed and many landlords delighted to learn that when the Book House for Children, in Chicago, asked 358 prominent child psychologists if they thought every boy should own a dog 209—or 58 per cent—replied in the negative! Three mentioned the problem of lads who proved physically allergic to dogs. Most of the other dissenters were city-dwellers who cited the "inadequacy of apartments" as the deciding factor. "It's really a dog's life in such cramped quarters," said one. "In the end, not only the dogs, but their youthful owners, too, are unhappy."

One young friend of mine had a ready solution for his canine problem. "If our poodle Felice has too many puppies," she decided, "Papa can always go back into the Army."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1078)

HELEN (BEAL) WOODWARD:

THE BOLD WOMEN

Sarah Hale, in her farewell editorial for *Godey's*, in eighteen seventy-seven, reminded her readers it was she who first advanced the idea of a national Thanksgiving Day, and had harped on the subject for seventeen years—till Lincoln proclaimed one.

NOW! 3-SPEAKER HIGH-FIDELITY brings concert realism to recordings!

Emerson 3-speaker Hi-Fi Phono Model 800, only $129.95

Emerson Hi-Fi Phonograph—for thrilling 5 hour concerts without changing records!

- 3-speed automatic changer: quiet, vibrationless! Intermixes 10" and 12" records; automatic shut-off!
- Full range tone! Dazzling highs, full-throated bass! New improved continuous tone control!
- Hear "hidden music" in your old records for the first time . . . thrill to the newest Hi-Fi recordings!

See the wide variety of Emerson Clock-Radios, Portables, Hi-Fi Instruments, Phonographs, Radio-Phonograph Combinations and Table Radios as low as **$16.95** PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST

Emerson portable phono model 806, $22.95

SHOP—LOOK—LISTEN—AND YOU'LL BUY

Emerson

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EMERSON RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CORP., N. Y., U. S. A.

Over 15,000,000 satisfied owners prove Emerson is America's Best Buy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outstanding BORZOI BOOKS

From apeman to atom

THE STORY OF MAN

by CARLETON S. COON

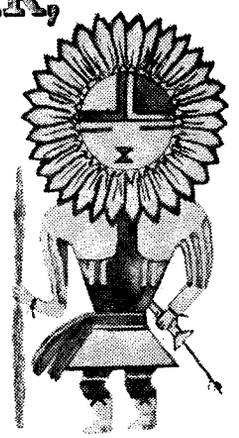
Wonderfully entertaining and encyclopedic in scope, this is a large and handsome book that combines in one volume the equivalent of a general education in the great events of human history. As richly rewarding as *Gods, Graves, & Scholars*, it is a sparkling and exciting summation of how people have lived together through the ages.

33 photographs, 62 drawings, 10 maps $6.75

Indian Art of the Americas

THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT

by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS



The author-illustrator of *Mexico-South* and *Island of Bali* describes in this incomparably beautiful book the exotic and exciting Indian art of the Americas, with special emphasis on the United States, Canada, and Alaska. Here is a treasure chest of art from prehistoric times to the present, and one of the most beautiful gift books ever published.

12 pages in full color, 112 line drawings, 100 photographs $15.00

Belaboring myths and unreason

THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS
AND OTHER NONSENSE

by BERGEN EVANS

A ceaselessly entertaining book that is sure to give aid and comfort to all enemies of nonsense. The author of *The Natural History of Nonsense* selects as targets ghosts, talking horses, homing dogs, miraculous ladies who never eat, famous sayings never said, dowsing, heroes and heroines, extrasensory perception and much, much more. All in all, a hilarious blow for sanity. $4.50

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

by ALISTAIR COOKE

How to be a self-respecting American in a world that half distrusts and half hates us. Urbane, discerning comments from Mr. Cooke to this year's graduating class of Smith College, but equally pertinent for all of us. $1.00

At all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 27, 1954

HOW TO EDUCATE A WOMAN

By LOUIS WILLIAM NORRIS

As a teacher Louis William Norris has been professor of philosophy, head of the department of religion and philosophy, and dean (DePauw University); he is also a clergyman. At present Mr. Norris is president of MacMurray College (for Women), and in this article he defends his women's college. No matter how similar the jobs of woman and man in the modern world, he states, woman possesses special woman's needs which her education must accommodate.

A GOOD answer to the question of how to educate a woman comes not so much from sexual as from social and cultural considerations. Attempts to fashion education for women according to their "femaleness" rest on a biological conception of a good life which falls far short of a woman's full powers. It is an endless and baffling task to try to define differences in temperament, mental powers, or emotional resources which so differentiate women from men as to justify a separate educational pattern. Not so with the role which women actually perform in their social and cultural milieu. A division of labor between men and women does clearly exist. Whether the right division exists may be debated, but it is this division of labor with which women must reckon in pursuing their education.

With the battle over the question of whether women are as smart and therefore as educable as men long since won, and the proposition clearly proved that women can succeed in practically any profession men enter, women are now confronted with a new question. It concerns the functions in her society which she may and should exercise by virtue of the fact she is a woman. This role to be sure derives in part from the fact that she is a female. But the pattern she can most effectively devise for herself arises more from what needs her talents. Any tinkering with education for women does not necessarily imply that a corresponding revision in education for men would be out of order. All education requires frequent reassessment. I assume no omniscience about women's education or smug confidence that education for men never needs an oil-change or wheel realignment. "How to Educate a Man" deserves equal scrutiny.

Now, a look at some areas in which the activities of women predominate will reveal some of the tasks their education must fit them for.

A first example might well be woman's role as buyer. It is widely known that women spend 80 to 85 per cent of all consumer dollars. Even if it be granted that milady often shops after consultation with or on instructions by her spouse, she still makes the ultimate decision in an overwhelming majority of cases. New York's Fifth Avenue is a veritable arcade of women's department stores unrelieved by monuments of national heroes, theatres, night-clubs, or gas stations. State Street in Chicago's Loop conveys a similar impression. The dazzling array of clothes, jewelry, furs, dishware, and drapes set forth on these streets signifies not that America's retail business (and/or American civilization) is set up only to decorate the human female and her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home. Rather does it mean that the shopper who must be drawn within range of the salesman is nearly nine times out of ten a woman.

Advertising is beamed predominantly to women. The slogan, "Never underestimate the power of a woman" has been made prominent by the nation's largest magazine for women, *The Ladies Home Journal.* That advertisers do not make this mistake is shown by $2,750,000 worth of advertising it carries to its 4,500,000 subscribers in a single issue. Marketing for the family is done by the women, and business houses go directly to the buyers who make the basic decisions.

Furthermore, a marked increase in the number of women employed outside the home since 1940 means that women are helping to produce the wealth they spend. One-third of all women are wage-earners, and about 55 per cent of these workers are married. Thirty per cent of all married women work outside their home, about double the number so employed in 1940. This expansion in the employment of women will probably increase rather than decline as the American standard of living continues to rise.

Since women have long owned 70 to 80 per cent of the national wealth represented by real estate, stocks, bonds, and savings accounts, their economic role in American society mounts by virtue of their added employment. If women are the purchasers of most consumer goods, the big owners and investors of wealth, and if they are increasing in numbers as producers of wealth, their education must enable them to discharge their economic role intelligently. With many luxuries rapidly becoming necessities in the eyes of the American public, women can exert a powerful influence in making these decisions. The lady reported recently to have bought at Bergdorf's in New York a set of $60 hats for her dachshund either flunked economics in college or has remained deliciously allergic to all respectable education.

A SECOND area in American life which has gravitated more and more toward the hands of women is the nurture of liberal and fine arts. There is sharp danger that the rapidly increasing number of technical careers followed by men will allow culturing of the arts to go by default. Not only have technological vocations multiplied geometrically since World War I, but large numbers of men have been, and will continue for some time to be, called into a military service that requires technological preparation. A man's curriculum in college often must be loaded with technical subjects. Either America must allow herself to become primarily a technological society, or the women must counterbalance this trend by accent on the liberal and fine arts.

According to the division of responsibility in the home, the wife has concern for interior decoration, arrangements for family visits to concerts and art exhibits. Even if a man's work concerns human relations it is increasingly work with technical people. Even the human-relations man reckons with technology. A regular supplementary feeding on a diet of values, aims, and human purposes must be introduced. If a man has not time or inclination for such nourishment his wife must give it to him intravenously if necessary. "Culture is daily living made significant," as Tsanoff puts it.

Table talk about atomic energy, relativity, radio, television, radar, air travel, vitamins, allergies, even soil conservation conspires to becloud attention to the arts with skill in *how* to manage nature. What-we-do-it-for fades to dimness and oblivion. Some women themselves go into such technological pursuits as engineering or medical research. Their homes, whether they are married or not, are fast becoming technological wonders. But these household gadgets need to free her for concern with the arts.

Hope of recovering our values from their obscurity in what Pitirim Sorokin has called our "sensate culture" rests largely with women. They can marshal the household chores that will claim every hour in the day if allowed, and make place for "culture" if they will. Even the modern servantless household can be so managed that there is time for Great Books, a Beethoven sonata, or even a Rodgers and Hammerstein whiff of juicy folklore. Art is, to be sure, no mere "ladies' game." But if the ladies don't sponsor it it will wither and die on the vine. Concerts, art exhibits, flower shows,

(*Continued on page* 38)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHY LINK HER NAME WITH FRAILTY?

Violette Jordan of Chicago presents brief descriptions of ten real-life women who, despite Hamlet's blanket indictment, were anything but frail. There are books about all of them and in some instances by them, but you are not asked to identify the books—class will be dismissed if you simply name the ladies themselves. Six identifications will be regarded as passing; seven as creditable, and eight or better as just dandy. Answers on page 20.

1. In an address to the legislature of the state of New York in 1854, she declared that on entering wedlock, woman met "instant civil death."
2. When almost middle-aged, she tucked up the skirts of her crinoline and learned to fence in order to defend her husband, the greatest orientalist of his time, if he was ever attacked.
3. The advent of the Communists forced this great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria into an exile that ended in Boston with only a dazzling tiara wrapped in a nightgown for capital.
4. When seventeen years old she modeled Abraham Lincoln from life at the White House. Later, when the nation decided to erect a memorial to the martyred President, she was awarded the contract for the marble statue which today stands in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington.
5. "A star danced—and you were born" was the message which Destiny sent this ten-year-old "child actress and danseuse" via a penny-in-the-slot machine.
6. When the Reign of Terror turned and destroyed those who had provoked it, she was forced to take the death-masks of Marat, the "Friend of the People," of Charlotte Corday, and of Robespierre, whose head was delivered to her within an hour of his death.
7. She became a painter at the age of eighty when rheumatism so stiffened her hands that she could no longer do "fancy work" to her satisfaction.
8. This member of a famous family in the world of music sent the imprisoned Hitler the paper, ink, and pencils with which he wrote the first volume of "Mein Kampf."
9. At eighteen she determined that she would be a great actress, starting at the top. With $1300 borrowed from her mother, she gathered a company of seasoned actors and toured New England. A single performance in New York followed, and she was acclaimed a success.
10. Captured by the Confederates near Chattanooga and jailed for four months in Richmond, this doctor of medicine was exchanged, even-Stephen, for a Confederate first lieutenant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NOVELIST AND HIS PUBLIC

By JOYCE CARY

THE best idea of a novelist's public that ever I heard came from a reader who told me he hated my new book and knew he would hate it. And when I asked him why he had read it he said in a melancholy way that he was one of my oldest public.

A novelist's public, in fact, is people who read everything he writes even when they hate it. They are like those friends who come to see us even when we have bad colds or are in a bad temper. They are almost like wives and husbands who marry for better or worse. Because the relation is essentially mutual, a relation of two persons, the reader knows more or less what to look for in that writer—he has, so to speak, got his wavelength and can tune in. And what he gets is the writer's meaning, or at least the meaning that writer has for him.

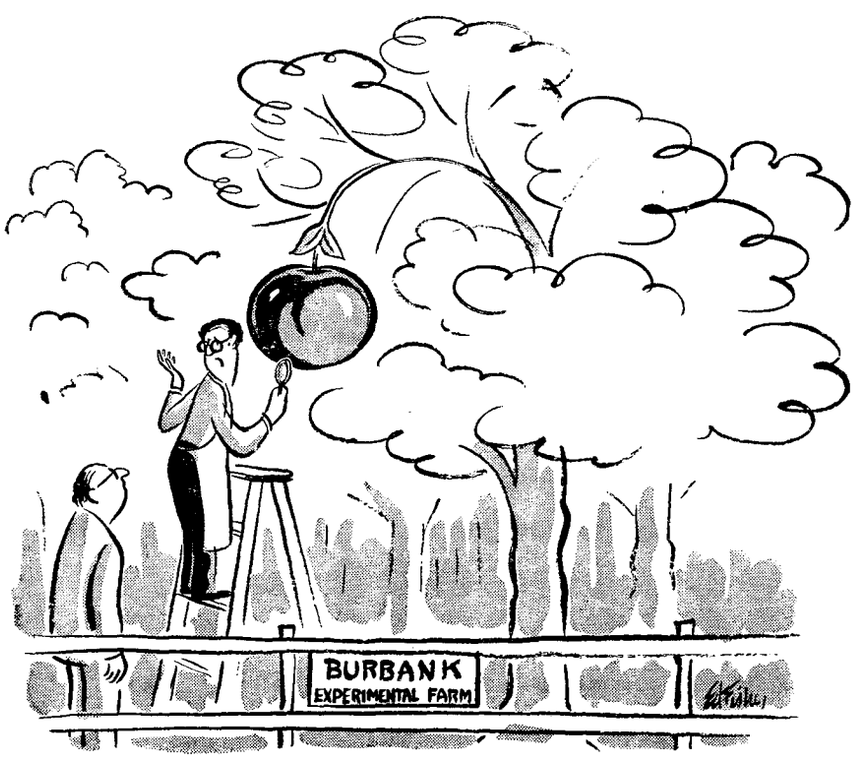
How does a writer get a public? He has to write and go on writing, at least as long as any publisher will publish him, and he has to mean something. If he does really mean what he writes and manages somehow to put it over he will, in the end, find himself with a public. Usually it will be there before he knows it. It may amount only to a dozen or two, for if they are really his public they usually imagine that he has thousands of readers and would not dream of writing him a letter. So it may be years before he discovers that he has what publishers call a public, that is, a certain number of people who read whatever he writes and who, if he does chance to meet one of them, will talk about his characters as if they were discussing actual living people and will even argue with him about them. I have been told, by such a reader, that I had not been fair to a certain woman, a woman invented by myself—that I did not really understand her. And what that reader had to say was not only extremely interesting to me, it was important: the most valuable kind of criticism.

This is exactly the intimate mutual relation of friends who discuss a common interest. It is just the same relation for every kind of author, Ethel M. Dell as well as Henry James. I know that many people make a sharp distinction between the best-seller and what they call the serious writer. The idea is that the latter writes in order to express his own serious feelings about the world but best-sellers start with the intention of being best-sellers: they say to themselves, "We'll give the public what it wants and make millions." Of course certain writers do just that. But what I do not believe is that it can be done in cold blood, as a commercial proposition. A friend of mine was staying in a hotel abroad where a celebrated best-selling woman novelist was also staying. She was a nice woman. My friend made friends with her; they dined together. One day she came down to dinner sniffling and blowing, with swollen eyes and a red nose. He sympathized with her for catching such a fearful cold. She answered that it was not a cold, she never had colds. But she had been working out a big scene in her new novel where the hero, owing to a misunderstanding, had broken with the heroine. The scene had been difficult; it had taken all day and she had been in tears most of the time. As she spoke, the tears rose to her eyes all over again. She apologized, she was amused at herself, but they were genuine tears. And we know that Dickens wept freely when he killed Paul Dombey, not to speak of Little Nell.

In fact, I doubt if anyone can set out to be a best-seller. I know some best-sellers take a careless tone about their own works as if they meant nothing by them; as if they did them just for fun or wrote them with their left hands in the dark, while thinking of something else. But I do not believe any author ever got a public unless he writes what he believes. He may, of course, put up some kind of false front, to catch some section of what he thinks is popular taste. But this will certainly come out in the book. No writer can hide behind his book. And people who want the feel of complete honesty and conviction in their books will dislike that author. They may read him but they will not join his public. Every writer has readers, casual readers, who do not belong to his public and never will; just as every one of us has eaten mousetrap cheese when we cannot get Stilton.

THE only people I can think of who get a public and make money by writing as a purely commercial job are detective-story writers, and detective stories are a special box of tricks, just that. After all, murder is a fairly serious matter if it hap-

(*Continued on page* 36)



"... but it's got a worm."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AUTHOR: "My dear Marc," the page began. "'Marc' who?" Marguerite Yourcenar wondered as she studied her handwriting on a page she had stumbled across in a trunk that had just arrived from Paris. It was the late Forties then, and she was teaching French literature (part-time) at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, New York. All the Marcs she had ever met paraded hurriedly through her mind before it struck her that *the* Marc was an old friend of hers—Marcus Aurelius, grandson of Hadrian. She had tried a number of times—from the age of about twenty, back in the early Twenties—to write a study of Hadrian but the projects were abandoned again and again. Still, she had kept up her research, poring over Greek and Latin documents in search of the life in Hadrian's day. Anyway, her last in a series of manuscripts on Hadrian got lost in 1940, and it wasn't until the trunk arrived that she again revised the possibility of putting down on paper the idea she had carried around in her head for a couple of decades. At the time, though, Mme. Yourcenar was committed to a trip to the Midwest, by train. *Toute de suite* she turned her roomette into a study and dashed off fifty pages nonstop, the crystalization of all the thought she had given Hadrian over the years. "She couldn't stop, she couldn't hear the train wheels, she just kept writing and writing and writing," a friend of her quotes her as saying. The result was "Hadrian's Memoirs," written in the form of a letter to Marc. The novel won the *Prix Femina*, one of the four major French literary trophies. Mme. Yourcenar was born in Belgium, but she was raised in the French province of Picardy, picking up Latin and Greek from her father. She lives in Paris, with a splendid view of the Louvre. Her preoccupation these days is "Electra" or "La Chute des Masques," her play which opened in Paris the other day. Mme. Yourcenar is unmarried but she is nevertheless referred to as Mme., not Mlle. It's an old French tradition that literary women are always referred to as Madame. —BERNARD KALB.

Raison d'être of a Roman Emperor

"Hadrian's Memoirs," by Marguerite Yourcenar *(translated by Grace Frick. Farrar, Straus & Young. 313 pp. $4), is an historical novel written in the form of an epistle, telling of the life and times of the great second-century Roman emperor. Here it is reviewed by Moses Hadas, professor of classics at Columbia University.*

By Moses Hadas

ANCIENT literary critics have set down certain rules for imaginative treatments of historical episodes: they must be based on historical fact; the imagined episodes and motivation must be "such as might likely have happened" (Aristotle would say they must be truer than actual history), and the whole must be instructive and edifying. Marguerite Yourcenar has not only observed these rules in her book, "Hadrian's Memoirs," but has also followed a favorite ancient practice in putting her reconstruction in the form of an epistle, addressed by Hadrian to his adoptive grandson and eventual successor, Marcus Aurelius. The excellence of her product proves the wisdom of the ancients.

Even a reader indifferent to history and historical personages must find the Hadrian here presented a full and sensitive man well worth knowing. The early pages in which the prospect of imminent death leads him to savor the experiences and sensations of his past life are quite wonderful, regardless of the subject's time and place. But Hadrian was also a very remarkable emperor, and introduced the era Gibbon declared most Europeans would prefer to live in if given their choice; by an imagination informed and controlled by scholarship Miss Yourcenar breathes life into the enigmatic data concerning the man and communicates a vivid sense of the multifarious empire he ruled.

Conscientious as Miss Yourcenar has been in presenting the externals of the emperor and his realm, such information may after all be obtained, on higher authority if not as agreeably, in unimaginative handbooks. Her highest usefulness and greatest success is in a field beyond the range of the orthodox historian, a field to which only the imaginative writer can be adequate, but in which he frequently fails, especially if he is dealing with a non-Christian environment. What was the actual ethical and psychological climate in which these people lived and acted? How did a highly intelligent, responsible, and sensitive man regard the relations between his body and soul and between both and the universe in the period just before a sharp dualism between body and soul, between man and eternal reality, became an unquestioned assumption? It is difficult almost to the point of impossibility to think away two millennia of a different tradition, whether we adhere to that tradition or reject it, difficult to reconstruct Hadrian's relations to his gods, his conscience, his family, his beloved Antinous, his carnal appetites, to Jews and Christians, without revealing moral disapproval,

The Emperor Hadrian and coins . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however dissembled, or labored or truculent approval. Hadrian must not be made a stick with which to belabor either Christians or pagans, ascetics or libertines. Miss Yourcenar has come as near as can be to assaying Hadrian's position in these central matters in his own and not alien terms; for us, then, the unfamiliar motivations are a new increment of knowledge rather than a confirmation of existing prejudices.

A RECONSTRUCTION of ethical motivations can only be subjective, and for the reader its validity must depend upon the credit which its creator has established in matters susceptible to objective tests. Here Miss Yourcenar's credit is very high. Not only is her understanding of character mature and perceptive, but she has exploited all available ancient evidence and has consulted the best modern scholarship. In a full Author's Note at the end of her book she lists and appraises her sources, ancient and modern, points out where she has taken liberties with chronology or *dramatis personae,* and explains why she felt justified in embroidering certain scraps from ancient writers as she did. When readers are likely to be incapable of judging the reliability of historical fiction the responsibility of the author is almost as great as that of textbook makers. By letting us look into her workshop Miss Yourcenar shows us how far we may accept her presentation as history and what degree of plausibility her own reconstructions can have. Her example is to be commended to all writers of historical fiction.

The style of the book is as convincing a reconstruction as its matter. The French original has been highly praised, and the translation "by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author" retains, with but few and minor lapses, the delicacy and dignity appropriate to the supposed author. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

Marquand Self-Appraised

***"Thirty Years," by John P. Marquand** (Little, Brown. 466 pp. $5), is a collection of short stories published in magazines over the past three decades, with prefatory comment in each case by the author.*

By Harrison Smith

IT WOULD be impossible to list a baker's dozen of this country's most distinguished fiction writers and leave out the name of John Phillips Marquand. To the majority of the reading public he is known as the creator of those rock-ribbed New Englanders the late George Apley and H. M. Pulham, Esq., and Wickford Point has become a geographical name more familiar to his public than his home town, Newburyport, Massachusetts. He belongs obviously to Harvard, Boston, and its late lamented *Transcript,* where he was an assistant editor forty years ago.

But there is another J. P. Marquand who, like Stevenson's Mr. Jekyll, could not remain hidden for long. He was, in fact, for sixteen years one of the most successful short-story writers in the United States, though today only the older generation remembers the adventures of that intriguing Japanese detective Mr. Moto, or Lord Timothy Dexter, or the gallant hero of his first book, "The Unspeakable Gentleman."

In the foreword to "Thirty Years," a collection of his stories, articles, and essays written in the course of thirty years, he says that others have had to face the discipline of having their earlier efforts constantly rejected or were able to indulge in the luxury of destroying their less mature creations. "Personally," he adds, "I have never been so fortunate as to have fallen into either of these categories." It is literally true that for many years he was able to sell all the stories he invented to *The Saturday Evening Post* and the Hearst publications magazines at constantly rising prices, and none of these publications, he says, has been conspicuous as a charitable institution. It was a hard school, and had the disadvantage of making it extremely difficult for him to escape from "commercial" writing to the nirvana of non-commercial novels, which by an irony of fate turned out to be extremely profitable and were highly applauded by every reviewer who had any critical acumen.

AS FAR as I am aware, Mr. Marquand is the first fiction writer who has produced extensive, critical prefaces to every story in a collection of his own work. They are not only shrewdly but entertainingly written, though it would seem that he is often too harsh with the young man who wrote them, though he must at one time have shared his feelings. Occasionally he relents. On the whole these early stories are excellent, "granting the necessities of commercialism," about people in New England, Honolulu, France, Peking, New York; indeed, there are few popular magazine stories as vital being published today. The young Mr. Marquand certainly deserved whatever sums Mr. Hearst's editors and George Horace Lorimer, who knew a *Post* story when he saw one, were willing to pay for them.

In the opinion of this reviewer the earliest, "Good Morning, Major" (1926), is one of the best in the collection. It is about a general, an old West Point war horse, who led his division to France in World War I, encumbered with two arrogant young aides who had decided that he was not a gentleman. Today, Mr. Marquand says harshly, the characters are not plausible and the story is dated, its climax based on a brittle and improbable coincidence. Then there is the strange tale of a peacetime general who discovers his long-lost brother playing chess for a quarter a game in a Broadway honky-tonk, and another in which the Navy

. . . of the realm—"a sensitive man well worth knowing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big brass appears in "Lunch at Honolulu," of which its author mildly approves. Mr. Marquand may underestimate his reader's intelligence when he remarks that "only people who know the Islands can see that the story is social satire."

In his criticism Mr. Marquand is deeply concerned with the overdramatic and often coincidental climaxes forced on his young alter ego by the necessities of commercialism, forgetting that the reader can take them for granted, or avoid them by skipping the last two or three paragraphs; and for that reason it is usually better to read his often caustic remarks after finishing the story.

There are two stories written in 1952 and 1954 of which he thoroughly approves. They concern the idiocies of a colony of rich Americans spending their indolent winters on a Bahama island. He considers them in many respects to be "the end result of many rather groping experiments in short fiction. Their endings are neither happy nor unhappy, nor contrived." They are indeed excellent stories, social satire at its best, but they necessarily lack the exuberance of the commercial tales of an earlier Mr. Marquand, and their youth and optimism, which the elder Mr. Marquand envies. There is a hint in the foreword to these island tales that he is through with the short story forever. If that is his intention we will lose one of the most sensitive and observant creators of this form of literature now extant.

Beggarwoman's Song

By Sara Henderson Hay

POVERTY, that dull knife,
And worse, the fear of hunger,
Prods at my life—
Not strong enough for anger,
Nor armed for strife,
Around my chattering soul I fling
These ragged syllables' cold
comforting:

Clogging the frozen furrow,
Canceling out the road,
The sky lets down its load
Of swirling flake on flake.
For my thin spirit's sake
I must, in this black season,
And watching the snow swarm,
Cry not to the year of treason,
But think how it makes warm
The woodchuck's hidden burrow,
And seals the ground-squirrel's door
Where, on his leafy floor,
Secure he lies, and deep
Out of such storm, asleep. . . .

Science Fiction's Second Wind

Every now and then SR *calls on Fletcher Pratt, close student of the science-fiction field and himself a seasoned contributor to it, to bring its readers up to date on trends. Here's his latest report.*

By Fletcher Pratt

THE science-fiction field is going through a period of catching its second wind. The myriad new magazines have vanished from the stands; there are more publishers trying their hand at it, but they are producing fewer books, and the publishers seem to have decided just what they have here.

The decision in most cases appears to be that they have something similar to the detective story, with rules as case-hardened as the one in favor of at least one murder with a strong preference for three. We have to be in the future or in space, preferably both. The surroundings include mechanical wonders, lovingly described. Let the action be rapid and emotional material be held to a minimum.

Of course, most of the specialty publishers thought in these terms all along, and it is no surprise to find E. E. Smith's **"Children of the Lens"** (Fantasy Press, $3) the sixth repetition of essentially similar material in the interminable "Lensman" series. Nor Thomas Calvert McClary's **"Three Thousand Years"** (Fantasy Press, $3), a patched up old-timer. Nor Murray Leinster's **"Forgotten Planet"** (Gnome Press, $2.50), in which a classic short story of the field is built out to novel length. The oddity, if oddity it be, is how the regular publishers have fallen into the pattern. Jerry Sohl's **"The Altered Ego"** (Rinehart, $2.50) is an exciting, but highly conventional version of the personality-switch story, and J. T. McIntosh's **"One in Three Hundred"** (Doubleday, $2.95) is the escape from a dying earth to another planet where conditions are tough.

Even **"The Fabulous Journey of Hieronymus Meeker,"** by Willy Johns (Little, Brown, $3.50), which though labeled "future" seems to be intended as satire, falls into pattern. Pattern also is Wilson Tucker's **"Science Fiction Sub-Treasury"** (Rinehart, $2.75), a collection of his short stories, and a rather bad pattern at that; Tucker's longer stories are a lot better. On the other hand, if Eric Frank Russell's **"Deep Space"** (Fantasy Press, $3) is pattern by title and preoccupation, the stories of which it is made up would get high marks in any company. The same goes for C. M. Kornbluth's **"The Explorers"** (Ballantine Books; clothbound, $2.50; paperbound, 35¢) with perhaps a little extra for the fact that his tales, beside an extraordinary closeness of structure, exhibit to the full that extraordinary diversity of theme which is the special merit of science fiction and fantasy. He has a special talent for interesting rascals.

WHICH leads to the thought that the publishers have perhaps decided that their readers will stand for much more literate material in the short story than the novel. Exhibit A in this vein is **"The Second Galaxy Reader of Science Fiction,"** edited by H. L. Gold (Crown, $3.50). There is some specialist material here, to be sure, and the ideas put forth in many of the stories will strike the non-specialist as decidedly strange, but the important thing is that every one is logically developed from the hypothesis which is the basis of the story and that every story in the collection has something quite definite to say to the tune of events that cause the reader real concern.

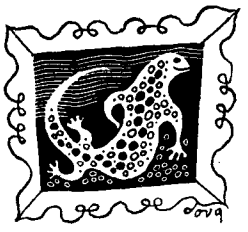
"Beyond the Barriers of Space and Time," edited by that seasoned anthologist Judith Merril (Random House, $2.95), is a "theme" anthology about mind and its possible manifestations. Whether it is more fantasy or science fiction may be left for the reader to judge; the main reaction from this reviewer is that it is perfectly amazing to find so good a collection never before in hard covers in these days when nearly everything is being raided for new anthologies.

In **"Stories for Tomorrow,"** edited by William Sloane (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95), there has been no effort to avoid the previously anthologized, and quite rightly, for the twenty-nine stories here are intended less for the specialist than to show the "ordinary" reader that there is something real in this particular specialty. There could hardly be a better selection for the purpose. Mr. Sloane has studiously avoided the pattern story, and has studiously sought out stories that not

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEA



The Cornucopia That Is the Sea

"The Sun, the Sea, and Tomorrow," by F. G. Walton Smith and Henry Chapin *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 210 pp. $3.50), discusses the potential sources of food, energy, and minerals from the oceans. Daniel Merriman, who reviews it here, is director of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory, Yale University.*

By Daniel Merriman

IT WOULD be unfair to blame the success of "The Sea Around Us" for all the books and popular articles on the oceans which have been spawned in the wake of Rachel Carson's best seller. Yet a year ago Phyllis McGinley was moved to write:

> Speaking in thunders
> Through its sleep—
> Ah, rife with wonders
> Is the deep!
>
> The waters tell it,
> The billows shout it.
> And I'm fed to the teeth
> with books about it.

More unfortunate than the quantity has been the lack of quality, particularly in those volumes concerned with the oceans as a greater potential source of food. In view of the problems posed by the explosive increase in human population, speculation on the role of the oceans in supplying our daily needs is fully justified. Oceanic productivity is not so well known as that of the land, yet the seas cover the larger part of the surface of the globe. However, much of this speculation has been roseate-tinged, some of it absurdly so; thus deluged, we can scarcely escape the conclusion that the oceans offer a panacea for the problems of world food shortages.

F. G. Walton Smith and Henry Chapin do service in correcting this impression. Two-thirds of their book, "The Sun, the Sea, and Tomorrow," deals with the food potential, most of the remainder with minerals and power from the oceans. Careful reading will be discouraging to those who swallowed the earlier bait. Optimism abounds, but reasoned qualification follows; and the last chapter, appropriately called "No Eldorado," is a sound recapitulation of the authors' inventory of present and future resources.

We are incurable optimists when it comes to the sea. We want, first, to be told it is mysterious, and, second, that it is a cornucopia which will solve world food shortages. Give us an inch and we take a nautical mile. For this reason writers on oceanic resources need to be especially circumspect, and here Smith and Chapin are remiss. In speaking of the richness of life in the waters off Peru, they state that the sea birds on the little Chincha Islands consume "as much fish, according to R. E. Coker, as a quarter of the entire commercial catch of the United States of America." They neglect to mention that Coker's estimate was made in 1908, with the result that they are in error by over 500 million pounds. Misinterpretation is made easy in this book.

"The Sun, the Sea, and Tomorrow" makes reference to the economic, geographical, and sociological factors which affect the catch of fish, but it fails to include in its bibliography the notable work of Harden F. Taylor, whose well-documented thesis is that the demand for fish is the chief determinant of production in North America. Taylor holds that the landings of fish from 1887 to 1940 have increased in proportion to the increase in human population, and that the more-than-doubled catch has been made by fishermen whose number is only slightly greater than it was in 1890. It follows that we will never know the potential of the sea so long as the local fisheries are able to supply our population with all it wants (and is willing to buy) at a third the price of competing foods. On a global scale substantially increased fish production—desperately needed in many parts of the world—can occur only through international subsidy. The fact is that some of the greatest potential areas of supply are farthest from the populations that most need protein.

THE book is noteworthy for its breadth of view. No reader can fail to learn from such an assessment. I do not happen to agree with the authors' frequent implication that "committee-of-the-whole" research, mostly technological, is the exclusive answer to the fuller utilization of our marine resources. Nor do I admire such sweeping generalizations as: "It is encouraging to note that the modern scientist no longer dares to regard himself as a monastic in pursuit of pure knowledge with no obligation to the society he lives in." Remember Gregor Mendel? Pure science, as well as the opportunity for the inquiring mind to go where it wants—both need protection these days. But that's another argument, and these authors are worth reading because of their broad perspective.

—*From "The Book of the Sea."*

Queen Elizabeth caught on a sandbar at Southampton—"rife with wonders is the deep."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goggling the Deep

***"To Hidden Depths," by Philippe Tailliez** (E. P. Dutton. 188 pp. $5), is a new account, profusely illustrated, of explorations of the underwater world by "skin-divers," written by the commander of the Undersea Research Group of the French Navy. Here it is reviewed by Eugenie Clark of the American Museum of Natural History, who wrote of her own adventures in "Lady With a Spear."*

By Eugenie Clark

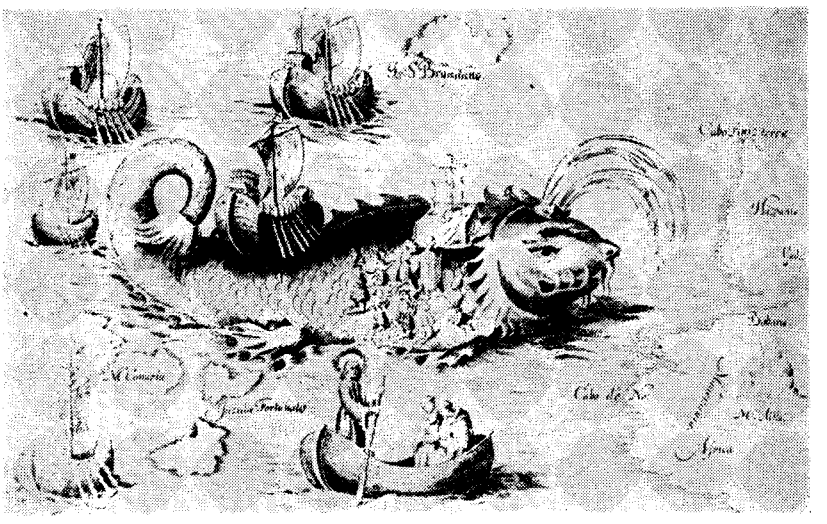
THE SERIES, begun two years ago with Captain J.-Y. Cousteau's "The Silent World," of personal adventure stories of "skin divers" describing the wonders of the underwater world (the beautiful and odd creatures of the coral reefs, meetings with sharks and other "dangerous" sea creatures, exploring sunken wrecks, etc.) inevitably is getting repetitious. But in most cases the writers have managed to present the reader with angles different enough to give variety and interest to their books. For example: Hans Hass's spectacular adventure books ("Diving to Adventure," "Manta: Under the Red Sea with Spear and Camera," "Men and Sharks") highlight his facemask-to-face encounters with monsters of the deep and support his almost incredible tales with some of the most dramatic underwater pictures ever taken; Philippe Diolé packs philosophy and historical facts in "The Undersea Adventure" and "4,000 Years Under the Sea"; and "Treasure-Diving Holidays," written by Barney and Jane Crile, a doctor and his wife who take their four children diving among corals and sharks during vacations, gives underwater exploration the fresh consideration of being a safe sport for a family outing.

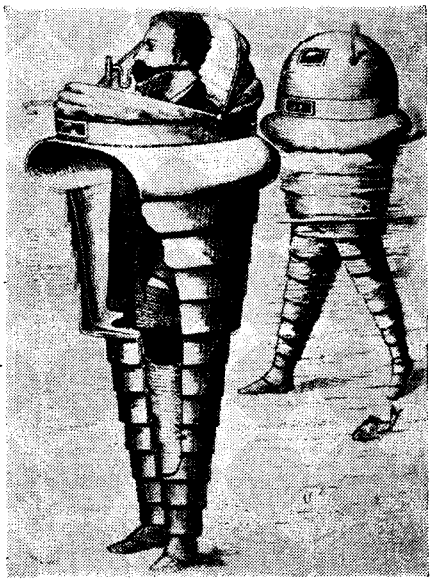
Captain Philippe Tailliez's "To Hidden Depths," however, does not really have a new angle. Tailliez is commander of the Undersea Research Group of the French Navy—an organization made world famous by Cousteau, who was also one of its members. Since the late 1930s, when he first started "goggling" undersea, Tailliez has been a friend and diving companion of Cousteau and the latter's book collaborator, Frédéric Dumas. This trio shared the exciting experiences first told to readers in "The Silent World" and now retold in "To Hidden Depths": the exploration of the sunken galley at Mahdia; the descent into the waters of the underground tunnel of the fountain at Vaucluse; the unfortunate circumstances of Piccard's attempts to test his first bathescaphe; the dramatic incidents of the Undersea Research Group's activities such as underwater photographing of live mines and a torpedo in action, recovering the bodies of drowned plane pilots, etc.

Tailliez describes for us again such underwater phenomena as nitrogen narcosis and the loss of color perception at increasing depths which Cousteau fans will associate with such romantic phrases as "rapture of the deep" and "where blood flows green." Tailliez's writing is less vivid than Cousteau's and will not grip the reader as did "The Silent World" with perhaps one exception—the story about the underground dives at Vaucluse is equally exciting in the retelling and is delineated further by an interesting chart.

The new material Tailliez offers readers in the last quarter of his book is presented in two chapters entitled "Treasure Under the Sea" and "The Descents of the French Bathescaphe." The first if these is the author's account of his diving activities in the waters around Indochina while serving the French Navy there in 1950. On his liberties he went "treasure hunting" among a few of the sixty sea wrecks reported sunken in that area. The wrecks supposedly contained valuable cargos of arms, copper, and *banka*, the finest tin in the world. Tailliez managed to recover some *banka* after many disappointments, hardships, and some interesting experiences with native divers. We are brought up to date on the deepest descent made by man in the chapter on the French bathescaphe. Last February, in the Atlantic 125 miles off the coast of Dakar, Houot and Willm touched bottom at 13,287 feet. Tailliez was in charge of surface operations and, following the bathescaphe with the aqualung and camera, photographed its famous dive.

Most of the photographs included, however, are very similar to those in "The Silent World" but are inferior, fewer, and poorly labeled.





TIME AND THE SEA: The prayerful men in these pictures lived in widely separated centuries, but they all had one thing in common: they were risking their lives against the sea. The gentleman at right has just stepped into an 1877 life preserver which when shut presumably provided him with shelter as well as flotation. The gentlemen above have made highly mythological use of a whale's back to find their ways to new worlds during the Age of Discovery. Both these pictures and many others are to be found in **"The Book of the Sea,"** edited by A. C. Spectorsky (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $10), a new and handsome anthology of familiar and not-so-familiar writings concerned with the wonder and the majesty and the mystery and history of the sea, from Thucydides to Humboldt and beyond.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERSE

Ept Fun with Ert Word Forms

***"Odds Without Ends," by David McCord** (Little, Brown. 139 pp. $3). is a new collection of a light versifier who has a finite amount of fun playing with words and literary forms. Here it is reviewed by Louis Untermeyer, editor of "A Treasury of Laughter" and other volumes.*

By Louis Untermeyer

THERE may be more side-splitting humorists than David McCord, but no one has more fun with the endless oddities of the English language. Examine the first poem in his new book, "Odds Without Ends," and you will get a fair sampling of his peculiar savor. It is called "Gloss," and it is the kind of poem that many collectors of "the lost positive" would like to have written. It is composed of words like "ept" and "ert" and "digent" and "sipid" which, stripped of the customary prefix, are finitely more triguing than their usual forms. "Give a Rouse—Give a Rauhaus" follows soon after and turns out to be, according to the jacket, "a sly phonetic solipsism set upon a semantic pun," but, in spite of the intimidating blurb, it is a little gem of comic distortions. "Funny Businence" is a poet's acknowledgment of the current poetic vogue of assonance—a tribute made all the more mocking by being written in dissonance. "Shenanigans" is a triple sideswipe at Eliot, Joyce, and Yeats.

These, and other pieces of high literary polish, make the collection appear to be a bookman's holiday, and it is likely that McCord's scholarly word-twisting will prevent his light verse from achieving the popularity of, say, Phyllis McGinley's. It would be a pity if readers were put off by his technical experiments—some of which, like "New Twilight on Old Gods," a series of "Symmetrics," will fascinate only other technicians—for there are many pages to tickle those who have not the faintest interest in queer verse patterns and departures from the norms of forms. There are, for example, the casually cosmic "Fugitive from Chess," the properly punning "Up With the Lark, Down With the Doldrums," a "Clutch of Clerihews," worthy of their inventor, E. Clerihew Bentley, the nonsense history of "Early American," and the whole section "Hanging Indentures."

The most dexterous as well as the most delightful portion of the book, in fact its main exhibit, is "Wings and Things." Here, with characteristic wit and grace, McCord does verbally what Saint Saëns accomplished orchestrally in his kaleidoscopic "Carnival of Animals." McCord's fantastic zoo consists of beasts, birds, and bugs of almost every conceivable category; it includes stanzas about moles and midges, oysters and ouzels, bunnies and bowerbirds, slugs, sloths, skunks, and salamanders. A sad-sweet summary of the caterpillar recalls one of the earliest of English lyrics, and so McCord entitles it "Sing Cocoon." "Bunny" plays a new variation on the old theme of rabbits and their habits. "The Jerboa," unlike Marianne Moore's lengthy apostrophe to that kangaroolike African rat, is a staccato ten-line dismissal. The lines on the inchworm carry no title except a Greek letter—Ω—a typographical device which looks exactly like an inchworm inching itself into action. The poet reaches back even into prehistory to record the fate of the "Pterosaur":

> The pterosaur, so leathery of wing,
> Was not the feathery kind of bird to sing.
> Small wonder it is whither and not whether
> He flew into oblivion hell for leather.

"Odds Without Ends" concludes with more examples of McCord's penchant for parody—a set of free fantasias which employ nonsense to underline the sense. They are full of happy (to follow the author's elimination of platitudinous prefixes) travagances, citements, and uberances.

—Illustrations from "A Bowl of Bishop."

"The Romantics came down like a wolf on the fold,
And their poems were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the blustering wind of the heterodox
Bedeviled their verse and disheveled their locks."

Middle-Life Magic

***"A Bowl of Bishop: Museum Thoughts and Other Verses," by Morris Bishop** (Dial Press. 106 pp. $3), is a new collection of light verse, much of which has appeared in the magazines, from the pen of Cornell's witty professor of French. David McCord, who reviews it here, is the author of "Odds Without Ends," reviewed in the preceding columns.*

By David McCord

LOOKING back—for I can't somehow manage it looking forward—I recapture very easily some of the names of writers which since childhood—since middle life—have had about them for me a certain air of magic. For definite periods of time I could never see these names in print without experiencing a queer anticipation of delight. These names run all the way from Sir Charles G. D. Roberts and Hugo Gernsbach (my earliest science-fiction writer) to John Betjeman and Freya Stark. In between them, in no particular order, are Willa Cather, Max Beerbohm, Llewelyn Powys, James Stephens, Ring Lardner, E. M. Forster, Charlotte Mew, Walter de la Mare, A. P. Herbert, H. M. Tomlinson, Red Smith, Brooks Atkinson, James Bone, Sally Carrighar, E. B. White, Stephen Potter, and Morris Bishop.

Perhaps because Mr. Bishop writes light verse as a kind of private meditative exercise—the way the owner of a hunting stable might occasionally prefer to walk a golden retriever—he has achieved a finish which not one of his American contemporaries appears to possess. And this Malherbian polish (you have to rub a light verse

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stanza on your cuff) in no way conceals or cancels the curious, almost elfin fantasy which he alone dispenses. Take "The Naughty Preposition," one of his sixty-four *New Yorker* verses in "A Bowl of Bishop":

I lately lost a preposition;
It hid, I thought, beneath my chair.
And angrily I cried: "Perdition!
Up from out of in under there!"

Correctness is my vade mecum,
And straggling phrases I abhor;
And yet I wondered: "What should he come
Up from out of in under for?"

Nothing could be neater than that: brevity, wit, originality, balance, music, invention (seven prepositions in a readable sequence), fancy, and electronic control. Note, for example, the double possibility of accent in

"What should *he* come. . . ."

or, wrongly,

"What *should* he come. . . ."

a fault which can spoil a line as in the opening of Ogden Nash's "One Night in Oz":

O She whom I cannot abide,
Our hostess set us side by side. . . .

Mr. Nash, of course, should have made it "can not"; and if he had there would be no mistaking where the accent falls. I am sure Mr. Bishop must have weighed the parallel possibility instinctively and observed his solid anchorage in *mecum*. It must be obvious that no reader, even the mildly literate, will stumble. Moral: Better to have the accent fall than the reader trip. Which—in spite of Mr. Maugham's objection to the Kipling habit of beginning a sentence with a relative—may serve to suggest that Mr. Bishop's technical brilliance is a fair part of his strength.

IT HAS, however, but relatively little to do with his magic. Now magic, like its lesser sister charm, is hard to define. Some writers (prose writer and prosodist) produce the effect of magic simply by an occasional happy turn of phrase. Mr. de la Mare is a poet who is rarely out of his magical element. But that element with him has an other-worldly quality, whereas the magic of Mr. Bishop is, as I have suggested, elfin and not a little acrid. Whole verses in the present volume somehow seem to create a *total* atmosphere of fantasy quite beyond the power of the two or three words on which you might put your finger:

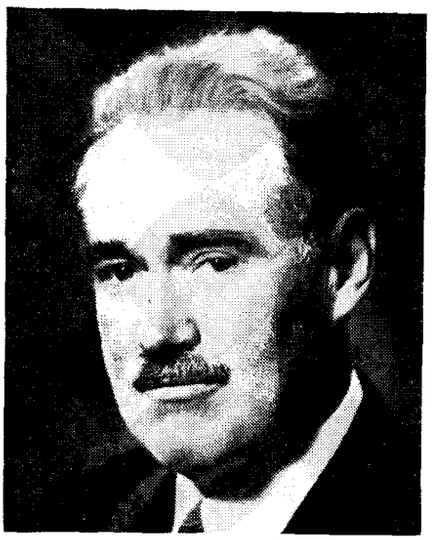
I watch lips rabbiting the leaves of plants
And folding over scraps of animal tissue. . . .

Recalling the awfulness of 98 per cent of all banquets, there is something utterly fascinating to me in the overtone of these fifteen words. "Rabbiting," "folding," and "tissue" are the basis of their composite effect, and the incisory quality of the first line set against the molar quality of the second has something to do with it. But there is something else beyond that. Congruous incongruities: perhaps that is it. One thing is certain: Mr. Bishop rarely writes a verse in which success is largely predicated on the last line. In this particular sonnet we reach the expected climax, a particularly good one; but the octet and sestet are *continually* amusing, and there is no weakening at any point.

On the critical side, I do not think that Mr. Bishop's illustrated "Museum Thoughts," with two or three notable exceptions, are up to the rest of his verse. This is program writing (with the old spelling), and the visible picture theme is sometimes troubling. But any book of light verse which contains a dozen lines just half as good as those in "Ambition" is worth publishing. Page after page to me is sheer delight.

"A Bowl of Bishop" has also the unusual advantage of a perceptive introduction to the little-nourished art of light verse. I don't know of anyone who has said so many sensible things about the darling craft. Yet I cannot agree with him that "our serious poets, writing deliberately for an élite and despising the average reader, have ruined poetry in the minds of the general intelligent public. And they have brought down the light versifiers in their own disaster." The world today is not a very amusing place in which to live; and that, I think, is why Mr. Bishop has so few colleagues. It is hard to name many—it is hard to name any—writers of light verse in 1954 under forty years of age. Where are they, and when will they emerge? Whether one shares Mr. Bishop's view of poetry today or not, there is no denying the fact that it is being produced with vigor and (for me at least) in many quarters with great vision and technique. But as for the little masters of the imprecise précis, any hundred of them could not together display the discipline, imagination, wit, and the rare gift of satire implicit in the best of Mr. Bishop's work. His selected verse, when it arrives, will be a little monument in American letters which no honest appraisal of our literature will be able to ignore.

I only pray that his publisher will make a better looking book of it than this one. Or, as Mr. Bishop has said in one of his marvelous attacks on jargon: "Not unmindful of the negative as I am not."



—*Harold Loveless.*

Morris Bishop—"rare gift of satire."

Notes

THREE NEW VOICES: "Poets of Today" (Scribner's, $3.50) offers an opportunity to read three separate books of poetry in one volume for little more than the price of one. For this experiment in publication, John Hall Wheelock has written a superlative essay on the meaning of poetry today, concluding with analyses of the work of his three new poets, Harry Duncan, Murray Noss, and May Swenson.

Mr. Wheelock sees an extraordinary resemblance to Dante's way of making a poem in Mr. Duncan's "Poems and Translations." That this young poet is a metaphysician is true enough. In such poems as "East Rock," "Monodies," "A Bugler, Dying" his poetic speech cannot be impugned. Technically, he knows what he is about, and he resolves his poetry in splendid end-lines not the least of which is "And the spilled seed is God." His translations from Dante, Rilke, Baudelaire, and Apollinaire, the latter genuinely fine, read like new poems. He can be as direct as Hopkins in "All things are given to us for joy" or in "Last night, a white nun/moved in my snowblind stare." But he can be shoddy, too, in "Popular Song," where his poetry deteriorates into verse.

Mr. Noss in "Samurai and Serpent Poems" is not the innovator Mr. Wheelock would have us believe. Mr. Noss, whose military career took him to the Far East, may have startled the poetry public of another day with his break from traditional poetry. But in 1954 free verse to be alive must of necessity possess an accumulative effect. These poems are all of a piece, but save for a handful they are merely sympathetic observations. Yet he can speak with a true voice in lines

(*Continued on page* 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PAGEANTRY OF THE PAST

The Settling of New France

"The White and the Gold: The French Regime in Canada," by Thomas B. Costain *(Doubleday. 482 pp. $5), tells the story of the settlement of Canada by the French down to the closing years of the seventeenth century. Professor A. L. Burt of the University of Minnesota, who reviews it here, is the author of "A History of Canada for Americans" and other works.*

By A. L. Burt

THE gold lilies on a white ground once waved over a far-flung empire in North America—New France, whose history eclipses that of the English colonies as a stirring and fascinating romance, a grand subject for such a vivid writer as Thomas Costain. Though the subtitle of his new book, "The White and the Gold: The French Regime in Canada," would suggest that he covers all of it, he carries the story down only to the closing years of the seventeenth century, leaving to another, who is already at work upon it, the tale of the wars between the French and the English for the possession of this continent.

This is an attractive popular history, presented in easy doses of short chapters, enlivened by imagination, uninterrupted by any citation of sources, and unencumbered by a bibliography. In his introduction Costain says that he "read or at least dipped into" about a thousand items but relied chiefly upon the "Jesuit Relations" and Francis Parkman. If the purpose of this volume was to stir interest in further reading on the subject the author's frequent references to the "Relations" may stimulate some to venture into that remarkably rich mine, but his almost studious avoidance of any further reference to Parkman's work is not calculated to inspire an exploration of that magnificent monument.

Though Parkman wrote at greater length and completed his task two generations ago, his volumes need surprisingly little revision and are much more satisfying than this one, for they were based on thorough scholarship and were constructed with a finer literary skill. An abridged edition of Parkman has appeared recently for the benefit of those who, in these hurried days of organized leisure, have little taste for long-winded reading except novels; and if they prefer a more modern treatment they can find it in G. M. Wrong's "Rise and Fall of New France," which is no longer than Costain's and is superior to it in both understanding and style.

"THE White and the Gold" is a narrative that never flags. But it contains many errors of fact, great and small, the author's imagination often runs away with him, and he seldom penetrates beneath the surface. Surely he knows better than to say that the city of Duluth is on the mouth of the Pigeon River (the international boundary of today) and that the Lachine Rapids are below Montreal. Much more serious are his blunders arising from ignorance of anthropology. He categorically states that the Iroquois possessed "larger and more highly developed brain chambers" than any other tribe on the continent, and he assumes that this signifies correspondingly greater intelligence. His imagination not infrequently flies in the face of historic sense, as when

—By Rafael Palacios, for "The White and the Gold."

". . . the gold lilies on a white ground once waved over a far-flung empire in North America."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he makes Cartier commit an anachronism in an inscription containing the words "Franciscus Primus," when he says that the poorest habitant often ate "cakes filled with almond paste, spices, or raisins," and when he puts "episcopal buildings along the crest" of Quebec before the first bishop set foot in the country.

More unfortunate is Costain's failure to grasp the causes and the consequences of happenings that he records. He describes the Cabot voyages without mentioning that they laid the foundation of English imperial claims in the New World and that the Newfoundland fisheries had a vital bearing upon sea power. He apparently knows nothing of Gustave Lanctot's explanation of why Cartier was selected for the expedition of 1534 and why he aimed at the Strait of Belle Isle. He has missed the significant fact, and of course the reason for it, that before Englishmen went to New England the French examined that coast with an eye to settlement and rejected it for the St. Lawrence because the latter was the only location that fitted their particular concept of a base for a North American empire.

COSTAIN's account of the ever-recurring war against the Iroquois, the nightmare of New France during the first half of its existence, is always exciting but it lacks depth because his knowledge of Indian society is very superficial. He should have studied Diamond Jenness's authoritative work, "The Indians of Canada."

Because Costain has a wide popular following hosts of readers will get their only knowledge of the history of New France from him. It is a pity that a book of this kind should be published without prior criticism by a specialist in the field.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in "Woman as a Force in History," by Mary R. Beard. 2. Lady Burton, in "The Wilder Shores of Love," by Lesley Blanch. 3. Princess Ileana of Rumania, in "I Live Again." 4. Vinnie Ream, in "Vinnie Ream and Mr. Lincoln," by Freeman H. Hubbard. 5. Gertrude Lawrence, in "A Star Danced." 6. Marie Gresholtz (later Mme. Tussaud), in "In Search of London," by H. V. Morton. 7. Grandma Moses, in "My Life's History." 8. Frau Winifred Wagner, in "Heritage of Fire," by Friedelind Wagner and Page Cooper. 9. Julia Marlowe, in "Julia Marlowe's Story," by E. H. Sothern. 10. Mary Walker, in "The Bold Women," by Helen B. Woodward.

H. R. Emperor No. 1

"Charlemagne, From the Hammer to the Cross," by Richard Winston *(Bobbs-Merrill. 346 pp. $3.75), is a biography of the greatest political figure of the Middle Ages. Frederick B. Artz, our reviewer, is head of the history department at Oberlin College and author of "The Mind of the Middle Ages."*

By Frederick B. Artz

CHARLEMAGNE was the greatest political figure of the Middle Ages, and, though he lived at a relatively early period in medieval history, the story of his life is better known than that of many later figures. Besides the excellent biography by Einhard, a member of Charlemagne's court, we have his correspondence, and his capitularies from all of which the great soldier, statesman, and apostle of Christian civilization clearly emerges. As the head of the largest state that appeared in Western Europe between the fall of Rome and the beginning of modern times Charlemagne not only reflected the currents of his own age, but he deeply affected the whole course of history. Charlemagne was by birth a German, but he acquired a good deal of Latin culture, and his empire extended over all of France, and parts of Italy, Germany, Spain, and the Low Countries. Thus there is in the national histories of most of the states of Western Europe not only a Roman period but, also, later a Carolingian period. Charlemagne thus does not belong alone to the history of any single state. And beyond these areas where he ruled the influences of his political and cultural reforms extended until they influenced the whole of Latin Christendom.

Richard Winston's account in "Charlemagne, From the Hammer to the Cross" is based on the best printed sources and on wide reading in secondary authorities, though the claim of the publisher that the author has drawn on "original sources that have not previously been used" seems an exaggeration. Mr. Winston's account is now the best available life of Charlemagne in English, though it can hardly be compared with a number of first-rate lives of Charlemagne available in French and German.

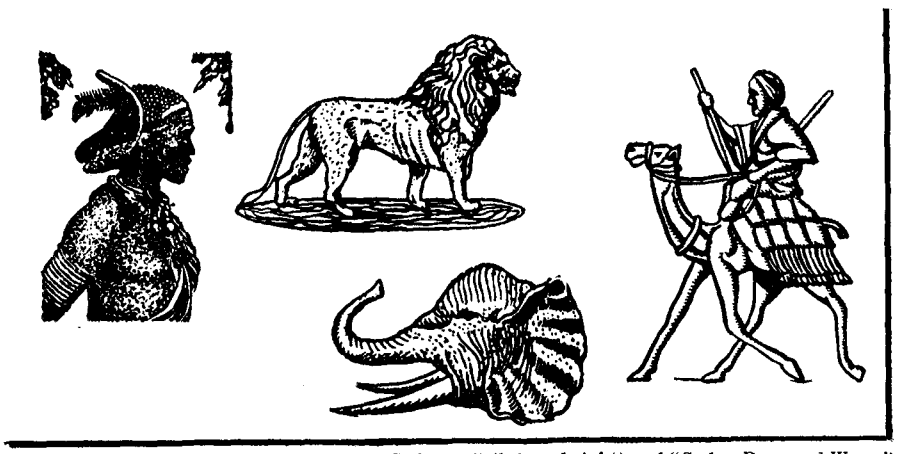
The book is clearly and attractively written, and it quite systematically covers the varied activities of the great king and emperor. Its shortcomings lie in the author's apparent unawareness of the whole course of history in the period A.D. 200 to 1600. To be specific, the account needs a comparison between the Roman Empire and Charlemagne's Empire in the categories of extent, political and economic organization, and general level of culture. Also the account fails to give an adequate setting by showing the low level of economic and social organization in the eighth and ninth centuries in comparison with Roman and modern times; and, to take one more example, the revival of culture, now commonly called the Carolingian Renaissance, is given no proper setting. The activities of men of the type of Alcuin of York are carefully and rather fully described, but the author fails to point out what all this means in the story of medieval culture.

MR. WINSTON does bring out the lack of originality in the thought of the Carolingian Renaissance, but he might have given his account in Chapter Nine a concrete touch by showing that the Carolingian Renaissance did, at least, insure the survival of the Latin classics, for over 90 per cent of the writings of ancient Rome that have come down to us exist in their oldest form in a Carolingian copy. Thus, as a whole the book, though possessed of many excellences, lies too much on the surface. The account lacks depth and a certain historical three-dimensional quality. But it remains the best life of Charlemagne in English.

—From "Bouquet de France."

Charlemagne-founded Benedictine abbey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From jackets of "The Fighting Sudanese" (left and right) and "Sudan Days and Ways."

Britain's Burden in Africa

"The Fighting Sudanese," by H. C. Jackson *(St. Martin's Press. 85 pp. $2), and* ***"Sudan Days and Ways," by H. C. Jackson*** *(St. Martin's Press. 262 pp. $3.50), are studies by a veteran British civil administrator in that North African land, the first a study of the Sudanese in World War II, the second an account of life in the condominium early in this century. They are reviewed here by Herman Ausubel, associate professor of history at Columbia University.*

By Herman Ausubel

BEFORE the 1880s few Britons had ever heard of Sudan, which was as large as Europe and whose peoples spoke as many different languages as the Europeans themselves. By 1900, however, it was almost impossible for any of them not to know about it. For General Gordon, as Tennyson put it, was "somewhere dead far in the waste Sudan." The massacre of Gordon and his garrison in Khartum in 1885 brought forth demands for reprisals. Instead, however, British troops were withdrawn, for there was a war scare involving Russia; besides, powerful British anti-imperialists insisted that the Sudan was a worthless desert. Kitchener's conquest of the country in the late Nineties was due to the Italian collapse in Ethiopia, concern over the Egyptian water supply, and fear of French and Belgian intentions in the area. By an Anglo-Egyptian convention of 1899 a condominium was established.

In 1907 H. C. Jackson, a young civil servant fresh from the university, arrived in the Sudan. His service lasted for twenty-four years, and he rose to be governor of the provinces of Berber and Halfa. In a slim volume on "The Fighting Sudanese" Jackson discusses the military traditions of the Sudanese and their activities in World War II. In a far more important work on "Sudan Days and Ways" he reviews his life in the Sudan in the early decades of the condominium. Now that imperialism has become a kind of dirty word this book is especially valuable. Jackson does not hesitate to grant that the British made mistakes. At the same time, however, he calls attention to the enormity of British responsibilities in a country with such a large native population and with so few technically qualified European administrators. And he points with pride to the achievements of the British in the Sudan, particularly to their battle against sleeping sickness.

Jackson's book is an excellent demonstration that Kipling's "white man's burden," which has so often been ridiculed, was historically no myth. In Jackson's words: "It was our personal concern to see that a poor person did not suffer because he was poor, and that no one gained an advantage because he was rich. Above all, we took a wholehearted interest in the welfare of each individual, in the health of his family, the prosperity of his cattle, and the success of his rain crops or riverain cultivation."

Now that the condominium has ended, Jackson and his countrymen can only hope that the Sudanese will remember from time to time how much better off they are than their ancestors and how important a role the British played in making possible the greater comfort and security they enjoy.

New-World Liberators

"O'Higgins and Don Bernardo," by Edna Deu Pree Nelson *(E. P. Dutton. 376 pp. $4.50), is the father-son biography of the great viceroy and his illegitimate son, Bernardo, who liberated Chile and Peru. Carleton Beals, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Long Land Chile" and other volumes about Latin America.*

By Carleton Beals

WHO could have foreseen that one of the mightiest empires in history, which had prospered for three centuries, would crash in ruins within a single generation? Ambrosio O'Higgins, the Irish peddler, rose to be Governor of Chile and Viceroy of Peru. His illegitimate son, Bernardo, born of a farmer's daughter, close to the Araucano Indian frontier, became the liberator of Chile, its George Washington. Ambrosio reveled in vice-regal splendor and bought himself a title. His son, as Supreme Director of Chile, after driving the Spaniards into the sea, abolished all titles. A new world. A new way of looking at things.

These two great protagonists have never been fully told about in English. In Spanish there are two adequate biographies of Bernardo (Vicuña Mackenna, Eyzaguirre), a vast specialized literature, and a ton of unpublished archives. Various volumes of correspondence have already appeared but twenty more volumes of letters repose in the archives.

It is a grandiose epic: imperial glory and ruin, the Napoleonic shambles, the swirl of battles across the Andean snows, the rain-forests and burning deserts, the birth of free nations imbued with the doctrines of the American and French revolutions. Such is the vast stage for "O'Higgins and Don Bernardo," Edna Deu Pree Nelson's rapid fictionalized account. She does not clog her story with much political background, and historical facts not supporting her sentimentalized version of the perfect hero are suppressed or altered, for this is the Cinderella story of a ponderous leader, not original in his political thinking, but a brave, dogged, occasionally able soldier, overglorified by Miss Nelson's gracious reconstruction of battles according to her own fancy.

The villains are the Carreras, ambitious Napoleonic egotists, but Miss Nelson omits that they probably saved the early Republic against those Creole aristocrats trying to crawl back into the Spanish womb. O'Higgins did

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plea for a Corporate Conscience

"The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution," by Adolf A. Berle, Jr. *(Harcourt, Brace. 192 pp. $3), recognizes the giant corporation as a powerful social and political institution and recommends self-discipline for its control. George W. Stocking, who reviews it here, is chairman of the economics department at Vanderbilt University.*

By George W. Stocking

WHEN Professor William Z. Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street" appeared in 1927 it jarred the latter as few academic publications had ever done. It also inspired other academicians to study the economic significance of the giant corporation whose proliferation Ripley saw as a threat to a free economy. Five years later Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and G. C. Means published their "Modern Corporation and Private Property," which still holds its place as one of the most significant studies of contemporary industrial structure that this or any other generation has brought forth. What the authors saw disturbed them mightily. They found that fewer than one-tenth of 1 per cent of all non-financial corporations owned about 50 per cent of all corporate wealth and that they were growing relatively and absolutely. They also recognized that private property had taken on a new meaning incompatible with the theory of the neoclassical economists. But,

> Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

We have embraced the modern corporation. Perhaps, more accurately, it has embraced us. The 200 largest corporations, which have doubled and trebled in size, still account for some 45 per cent of all corporate assets. And they employ approximately 20 per cent of all private non-agricultural workers.

Wesley Mitchell, whose influence Berle acknowledges in his preface, used to tell his Columbia graduate students that the institutional matrix determined what problems economists think about and the way they think about them. This is nowhere better illustrated than in our attitudes toward the giant corporation. Big business is here to stay and we have made our peace with it. The Berle and Means book set off an academic chain reaction which has given up a half-dozen studies of the economic significance of the giant corporation. Most of them have found it not wanting. Arthur Burns's "The Decline of Competition," J. A. Schumpeter's "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy," E. G. Nourse's "Price Making in a Democracy," J. K. Galbraith's "American Capitalism, A Study in Countervailing Power," David Lilienthal's "Big Business: A New Era," and more recently A. D. Kaplan's "Big Enterprise in a Competitive System" are alike in that they accept the giant corporation as a powerful force for improving the lot of mankind. All of these authors except Burns believe that the corporate system provides its own checks and balances, which, like Adam Smith's simple and obvious system of natural liberty, may be relied upon to promote the general welfare.

BERLE'S new book, "The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution," is different. Although he, too, recognizes the giant corporation as a powerful agency of economic progress, he sees it as an enduring institution with potent social and political implications; and he does not believe that adequate safeguards have as yet been developed to curb its power. He is particularly disturbed over the power which the giant corporation exerts over the daily lives of its thousands of workers. In the current atmosphere of ideological warfare the giant corporation has undertaken, sometimes at the behest of the Federal Government, sometimes voluntarily, responsibility for policing our security system. As policeman, in violation of a person's constitutional rights, it can and sometimes does arbitrarily liquidate workers whose loyalty has become suspect. To protect the individual in his right to make a living and society in its obligation to establish justice what we need, according to Berle, is not a diminution of the power of corporations but the development of a corporate conscience, "built into institutions so that it can be invoked as a right by the individuals and interests subject to the corporate power."

Not only does the modern corporation have power over the lives of tens of thousands of American citizens; it exercises powers like those of a state in its international operations. Berle sees no way to avoid this. According to him, American industry has really only three alternatives. It can ask the Government to provide markets and raw materials by conquering foreign territory. It can buy and sell abroad on a competitive basis. It can cooperate with its rivals in controlling raw materials and obtaining markets. The first means a return to an outmoded eighteenth-century strategy, and foreign governments will not permit the second. Only the third is feasible. This means cartelization of big business on a world basis. But Berle is not disturbed by symbols. On examining the arrangements which the oil companies had worked out before World War II for dividing world markets, pooling resources, and fixing prices he finds them good.

Berle is not altogether happy over the power which the modern corporation exerts either singly or in collaboration with its rivals, but he is an optimist. He believes the giant corporation can accomplish what no national state has ever achieved, *viz.*, establish a planned economy without endangering the traditional freedoms of a democratic society. To do this the corporations must develop a moral and philosophical system under which corporate executives will appreciate the social responsibilities that go with their power. In brief, a society of corporate capitalism must become the "City of God."

Berle is a thoughtful man with a bold imagination and great daring. In recognizing the giant corporation as a social and political institution of historical significance he is more con-

—*Pach Bros.*

Adolf A. Berle, Jr.—"bold imagination."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cerned with its future than he is with its past. He raises no question as to how it got big, or how big it need be for its job. Had he done so he would have found that one of the most important factors in the size of giant corporations was the merging of business rivals and that many of them are far larger than they need be to make and distribute goods cheaply and efficiently. He is not concerned with the question whether changes in our holding-company laws and a wiser and more vigorous enforcement of our antitrust statutes might ultimately recreate an economy of moderate-sized business units, say $100,000,000 concerns. Like most other students of the problem of big business, he has made his peace with it.

While he would not have corporations renounce entirely their time-honored goal of making money, he believes that they must assume larger responsibilities. "[T]hey must consider . . . the ancient problem of the 'good life,' and how their operations in the community can be adapted to affording or fostering it." On this issue he finds that corporate executives are divided, but he sees encouraging evidence of the willingness of some of them to assume broader social responsibilities. Some, for example, are now diverting corporate earnings (which until recently had been regarded as the property of the stockholders) into the financing of private colleges, to avoid, as one corporate executive expresses it, "'a state-dominated system of education and thinking.' Well, [observes Berle] it seems one choice has been made. In the coming 'City of God' the state is not to be the dominant factor."

As he pictures a society dominated by ever more powerful and self-disciplined corporate giants which have developed an adequate social conscience, he is indeed "nibbling at the edges of a vast, dangerous, and fascinating piece of thinking." He appraises his own book more accurately than any reviewer can: "To anyone who studies and even remotely begins to apprehend the American corporate system the implications of the line of thought here sketched have both splendor and terror."

Notes

TOY TITAN: The author of **"The Man Who Lives in Paradise"** (Rinehart, $3.75) does not dwell on a desert island. Instead, he is A. C. Gilbert, one of the most respected citizens of New Haven, Conn. He has also enriched the lives of millions of boys—and men—by inventing the Erector Set, American Flyer trains, and other ac-

(Continued on page 32)

To Smoke or Not to Smoke

NATURALLY, what with the current smoking-cancer scare, people have been rushing into the stalls with books about tobacco. One of the most frightening of these is a self-admitted little shocker called **"Smoking and Cancer,"** by Alton Ochsner, M.D., (Messner, $2). Just about the time that *it* appeared, Alfred Dunhill, who comes from a long line of tobacconists, turned up with a mellow little item called **"The Gentle Art of Smoking"** (Putnam, $3.75). The two books were not published to contradict each other, nor do they; but without taking sides in the matter except to say that at times an irritant demands a salve, we print some thoughts from Dr. Ochsner's book in the left-hand column below and balance it with some more cheerful ruminations from Mr. Dunhill in the right-hand column:

• • Cigarettes cause cancer. Some of the most eminent scientists in the world believe that to be the fact. Every type of smoking carries a deadly risk. Tobacco is a loaded, often lethal, weapon. Time pulls the trigger.

• • In 1954 some 23,000 Americans will die from lung cancer. In 1955 approximately 25,000 Americans will die from lung cancer. In 95 per cent of the cases death will be traceable to smoking.

• • Lung cancer necessitates drastic surgery. In only one out of three victims brought to the hospital will the cancer be localized sufficiently so that the cancerous lung can be removed. Of these 85 per cent will be dead within five years, most of them within two.

• • The increase of lung-cancer deaths in the past twenty years has been in direct proportion to the increase of cigarette sales.

• • For more than two years, from October 1949 to February 1952, the world watched and waited while intermittent bulletins issued by the physicians of His Majesty, King George VI, revealed the increasingly critical illness of England's King. . . . Two terms were never used, namely, Buerger's disease and lung carcinoma. But to specialists these symptoms were all too familiar. King George had been struck down by both acute vascular disease and by the maturing crisis of lung cancer. Cigarettes play a deadly role in both diseases.

—From "Smoking and Cancer," by Alton Ochsner, M.D. (Messner).

On pipe smoking: "In the past centuries pipe smoking was enjoyed at leisure. It was a practice that merited and received a little ceremony and a good deal of care. Though the tempo of modern life has had its effect even upon the handling of pipes, the man who has no time or interest for the finer points is squandering pleasure."

On cigar smoking: "[Cigar] boxes should be opened carefully with the special blunt-bladed tool that cannot damage the cigars. Penknives are dangerous for this purpose. Cigars in bundles should be lifted from and returned to their boxes by means of the ribbon, or, when packed flat in rows, they should be taken out individually by pressing lightly on the rounded head, thus raising the opposite end. The amateur who attempts to lift them straight from the box with finger and thumb is likely to damage the wrapper."

On the companionship of smoking: "The essayist Joseph Addison once wrote: 'I was yesterday in a coffee-house not so far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three wiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship'."

—From "The Gentle Art of Smoking," by Alfred Dunhill (Putnam).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER

Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Out of the Cave

AT a recent meeting in St. Louis of scientists, theologians, and philosophers a stark but simple statement was made. This statement was easily the most important thing said during our lifetime.

The statement was to the effect that the United States and Soviet Russia, beween them, now possess more than the number of fission and fusion bombs required to burn off all forms of life on this planet.

It was also pointed out that responsible leaders of government have served public notice that nothing would be held back in the event of war. And, in order that no one might make the mistake of thinking that any of this was academic, the group was reminded that some of our highly-placed military men, regarding war as inevitable and not wishing to be placed at a later disadvantage, had urged that the United States touch off the holocaust by dropping the first bombload ourselves.

There is,. however, something far more horrible than the fact that the means are now at hand for the total extermination of life. Far more horrible and pulverizing is the possibility that the scientists may be wrong and that humankind could survive the next war. In all the speculation over the possibility of extinction, the more dreadful prospect of fragmentary survival has been overlooked. It may be that only eighty or a hundred million Americans would lose their lives in such a war, out of a total of one billion or more for the entire world. What would they use for cities? What would they use for food?

In the early months following the announcement of the first atomic attack on human flesh, stories sprang up about the hideous by-products of radioactivity. There were wild guesses about the effects on human genes. There were visions of future generations of freaks that would be the legacy of another war. And in those early months following Hiroshima the American Government correctly repudiated such somber speculation. But with the hydrogen and cobalt bombs no Government can any longer say that radioactivity in another war can be controlled or that the human genes can somehow be shielded from the mangling effects of radioactive bullets let loose in large quantities.

The Government cannot provide such reassurance because there is no such reassurance to be had. All the Government can do is to confine itself to what is certain: That all civilization and its works would be leveled in an atomic war. It is left to others to guess whether man would go down with society or, in the event that man did survive, exactly what life would mean under those circumstances. Will mere survival mean that the human species will at last have cured itself of its intelligence, the highest manifestation of which was its skill in overcoming nature's congeniality to man? And what about the phrase so favored by philosophers and theologians to describe the preciousness of the individual—the dignity of man? This human uniqueness so venerated in Church and story—what form will it take? Will it be the uniqueness of the mumbling and helpless idiot foraging to sustain a senseless life?

These things are not the scare stories or aberrations of the total nightmare. They are the products of an onrushing reality. They are as real as your anticipation of the next paycheck; as real as the house you are getting ready to build; as real as the family reunion at Thanksgiving; as real as the newspaper in your hand that gives so many examples of the differences among men that divide them and frighten them and very little about the common destiny that should inspire them.

But there is a tendency to dismiss the dreadful because of its very universality. If the tragedy involves enough people, apparently, it ceases to be tragedy.

BUT suppose that you, the individual, should survive? Of what will your escape then be fashioned?

The rights of the state are many. They include the right to sacrifice human life or to take human life in the defense of the nation. But there is nothing in the political rights of the state or its rulers that includes the right to strike at the nature of man or to disfigure the face of man or to toy with the vital balances that make life possible. For if the state has political rights man also has natural rights. These natural rights are above the rights of the state and beyond the reach and the authority of the state. The good society exists to serve and protect these rights. Man has a right to keep himself from being cheapened, debased, or deformed. He has a right to creative growth. He has a right to individual sanctity and sovereignty. He has a right to make life purposeful. If these natural rights should die, though human flesh in some form remain, then the survivors will not be the lucky ones.

To dismiss all this by referring solely to the threat of Communist Russia is to dramatize folly. Communism becomes dangerous not only because of its own aims and means, but because of our own inability to grasp the problem at its largest. When we see that our highest purpose and greatest security rest in championing the natural rights of man in the world, and when we define the working basis of peace and freedom, Communism will have no place to go.

Despite the many categories of the historian, there are only two ages of man. The first age, the age from the beginnings of recorded time to the present, is the age of the cave man. It is the age of war. It is today. The second age, still only a prospect, is the age of civilized man. The test of civilized man will be represented by his ability to use his inventiveness for his own good by substituting world law for world anarchy. That second age is still within the reach of the individual in our time. It is not a part-time job, however. It calls for total awareness, total commitment.

—N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PAPERBACKS AND DIGNITY

THE ARTICLE BY Thomas E. Cooney ["The Booming Bust of the Paperbacks, *SR* Nov. 6] and the cartoons of paperbound covers by Ed Fisher raised a minor storm of protest in this office. The unhappiness was particularly acute about the Ed Fisher drawings which, as your worthy sheet said, "are more than merely a spoof."

Partly this is because of the high awareness on the part of everyone here of the very problem pointed out in the piece, and of the strenuous efforts which we have made to avoid the very things Fisher was illustrating. I enclose copies of our editions of "Oliver Twist," "Moby Dick," and "Alice in Wonderland" to illustrate the point.

I do not believe the Darwin, Spengler, and Xenophon have been done in paper, but the Veblen was done by New American Library in a very dignified edition indeed.

FREEMAN LEWIS, vice president.
Pocket Books, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cartoonist Ed Fisher's spoof on the paperbacks was a deliberate attempt to reduce to an absurdity the* seductio ad absurdum *aspect of this field of publishing. His cartoon parody selected some highly improbable titles and showed how these might be "paperbacked" by cheapie publishers. Several of these titles, of course, have actually been published in reputable covers, as the accompanying illustrations make clear. We are certain that the publishers of these particular titles understand who and what our real targets were in the feature by Mr. Fisher. SR believes that unless the paperback industry as a whole accepts a clear responsibility for raising the general level of the paperbacks from a combination peep-show and sadist's parlor, all books, paperback or otherwise, will suffer.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"98 — 99 — 100."

THE QUESTIONS

CONGRATULATIONS to Christopher La Farge for his brilliant essay on Spillane. ["Mickey Spillane and His Bloody Hammer" *SR* Nov. 6.] The questions he raises are probably *the* questions of our times.

I would like to see your magazine devote an entire issue (or close to it) to the theme of violence in TV, radio, movies, etc. To compare this fantastic blood-bath to the output of say, England, or the Scandinavian countries. What is responsible for this terrorism? Where will it lead? How can it be counteracted? Perhaps La Farge or someone equally gifted could be persuaded to undertake such a project.

Let's have more of these analyses.

M. M. LEVIN.

New York, N. Y.

GUILT BY PARABLE?

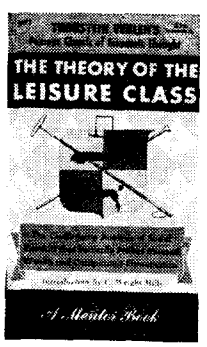
CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE'S article [*SR* Nov. 6] on Mickey Spillane is one of the most curious, not to say specious, I have ever read, so curious as to suggest that the very title is a misnomer. It should be called "McCarthyism" instead. It gives one the feeling that here is an author (backed by an editor) who has a violent bias against a current bogey but instead of having the wit or the documentary facts for a direct approach resolves upon "guilt by parable."

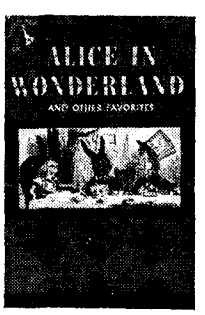
"So you want to know about McCarthy, do you?" he seems to be asking a group of readers who presumptively are eagerly awaiting, or at least needing such information. "Well, I'll tell you how to find out. Just read this absolutely thoroughly documented account of Mickey Spillane. That's all you need to know about McCarthy."

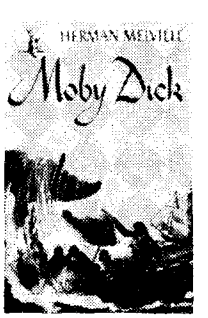
Talk about demogoguery! Haven't you got a mirror?

ELLIS O. JONES.

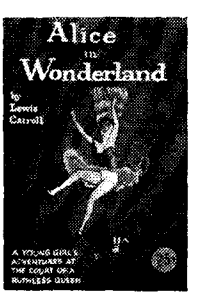
Washington, D. C.







At top, the real; at bottom, Ed Fisher in *The Saturday Review*.



WELL WRITTEN

I READ with interest and understanding "Mickey Spillane and his Bloody Hammer," by Christopher La Farge. I wish to commend La Farge on his well-written article: BRAVO.

GEORGE J. LITIF A/2C
USAF.

Sheppard AFB, Tex.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE LUNTS TRIUMPHANT

IF NOAH were theatre-minded and alive today, and faced the problem of drawing up a passenger list as restricted as the one for which he is remembered, the couple above all couples that he would save would be the Lunts. Admirable actors individually, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are matchless as a pair. This is scarcely news. It is a jubilant fact which everyone has acknowledged since the two of them, having conquered singly, she in "Dulcy," he in "Clarence" and "Outward Bound," made their first joint conquest in "The Guardsman." That was thirty years ago, when they had been married a mere two years.

Time is a topic which it is safest to sweep under the rug when writing about actors. When it comes to age they have the right to be as vague as women voters and go through the decades being "over twenty-one." They are as young as they can make us believe they are, and not a day older. Inasmuch as the Lunts have obviously found that fountain which Ponce de León was once thought to have sought in vain, the mere mention of the passing years would in their case seem to be a rude irrelevance. And so it would be if only the years that they have passed acting together had not contributed to the richness of their acting. This is the only way in which time has touched them.

Noel Coward's "Quadrille"* is the twenty-fifth play in which the Lunts have been co-starred, and the third by Mr. Coward (the other two being, of course, "Design for Living" and "Point Valaine"). Since "Caprice" in 1928 they have not acted separately, except two years back when Mr. Lunt decided as a lark to introduce the first four or five performances of the "Cosi Fan Tutte" he had directed at the "Met" by crossing the stage in silence to light some candles as a bewigged flunkey, and in the process shed a dazzling light on the art of a true actor.

Inevitably, it is as a couple that the Lunts are thought of, a couple in which each is so good that there is no better half. Perhaps pair would be the more accurate word, because "couple" for some conjures the image of an average husband and wife, hearthbound, the contented victims of an unexciting routine, and dulled by domesticity. That the Lunts are happy in their marriage has long been as manifest as the happiness they give audiences wherever and whenever they face the footlights. But dull they are not, and never have been. Nor has there ever been anything average, hearthbound, or routine about them.

The honorary degree they received at Dartmouth last June was the first joint one the college had conferred in its 185 years. In his citation President John Sloan Dickey explained this by saying, "What the Lunts have joined together Dartmouth will not set asunder." Yet even he, it is significant to note, did not refer to "these partners without peer" as "Mr. and Mrs. Lunt." Though their marriage is one of their triumphs, they have never, in Congreve's phrase, "dwindled into matrimony" to this extent.

In every way the Lunts are exceptional. Instead of being subdued by marriage, they have been liberated by it, as all of us have pointed out again and again. Their being husband and wife has always legalized their onstage audacities whether earthly or Olympian. Among the many continuities of their shared careers is the honest and unblushing abandon with which they have romped through love scene after love scene. As long ago as "Caprice" their brilliant lack of inhibitions caused one respectable old lady, after they had engaged in jubilant dalliance, to sigh with relief, "It is nice, my dear, to know they are *really* married, isn't it?"

The Lunts have always played love scenes as if they were not married. In the last act of "Quadrille" they again play such a scene as if they had never met before. This time they do not sweep through it with bravura. They act it gently, quietly, with a tenderness that is melting.

IS IT comedy the Lunts are asked to supply with or without reinforcement from the lines they are speaking? Or pathos, nostalgia, suspense, a sense of the heart unburdened or of diamond-bright worldliness? All these they can conjure without apparent effort, because they have not only had the skill but the will to master their craft. No two people in our times have lived theatre more completely than they, and none have more athletic consciences about their work. Though they create the illusion of spontaneity, the Lunts generate the confidence which comes from knowing that they have left nothing to chance. Every inflection, every gesture, is something one senses with

—*Vandamm.*

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt—"the mention of passing years . . . a rude irrelevance."

**QUADRILLE, a new play by Noel Coward. Directed by Alfred Lunt. Settings and costumes by Cecil Beaton. Presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. With a cast including Mr. Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Brian Aherne, Edna Best, Brenda Forbes, Dorothy Sands, Jerome Kilty, Michael Lewis, etc. At the Coronet Theatre, New York City. Opened November 3, 1954.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS AT
NEW YORK ART THEATRES

"Bread, Love and Dreams"
"A delicious surprise." —Knight, Sat. Rev.
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
VITTORIO DE SICA
5th AVE. & 58th ST. • MU 8-0134
THE Paris THEATRE

2nd Year!
"Lili"

M-G-M's TECHNICOLOR DELIGHT!
TRANS-LUX 52nd at Lexington PL 3 2434

"Orchids to An Adult Film"—Walter Winchell
Illicit Interlude
with May Britt and Royal Stockholm Opera Ballet
PLAZA 58 Street near Madison Avenue at 12. 1:40, 3:25, 5:10, 6:50, 8:35 & 10:20 P.M.

GRAHAM GREENE'S
The Heart of the Matter
TRANS-LUX Normandie 57th St. at 6th Ave. JU 6-4448

The Little Kidnappers
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Air-Cond. TRANS-LUX 60th at Madison PL 8-2746

PLAY A KUENG RECORDER
Finest Swiss Import
Made of the choicest Swiss pear, maple, cherry; also in boxwood, grenadilla, rosewood, olivewood. Each instrument carefully selected and tested. Model 1b Kueng Soprano & Method complete with bag and swab $8.25. Other Sopranos from $3.75 and altos from $12. Send for free catalog R-10

HARGAIL MUSIC PRESS
130 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 19

WOULD YOU RISK 2¢
. . . to have your book published? Just send a post card for our free 44 page booklet, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK. You'll be amazed at how easily and economically we can turn your ms into a successful book—even if you're an unknown. We will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book for you! Just write us!
COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

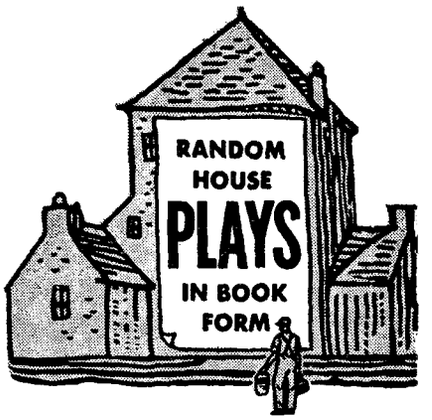
gratitude that they have experimented with again and again until its correctness is final. They belong to the small proud band in any art who are perfectionists. Yet even among perfectionists they are blessed since, in addition to aiming at perfection, they have achieved it.

If their playing has a stylized quality in "Quadrille," this is as it should be. Mr. Coward's is a thinly plotted and talky comedy about a titled Englishwoman (Miss Fontanne) and an American railway magnate (Mr. Lunt) who, after overtaking their eloping mates and breaking up their romance, elope themselves at the evening's end. Laid in 1873, "Quadrille" is bound to seem at moments as if Mr. Coward in a soberer mood were writing a costume version of "Private Lives." Certainly the secondary parts, the Boston wife, the windy Marquis, and the mentally unstable novelist, are as dully written as were the secondary parts in "Private Lives." And one is bound to feel as sorry for Edna Best, Brian Aherne, and Dorothy Sands, who try valiantly to make them interesting, as Mr. Coward did for the actors who in the lesser roles of "Private Lives" played "so gallantly on such palpably second strings."

Even so, it is easy to realize that in his dialogue Mr. Coward is seeking for a style of speech which, at the same time that it speaks for a vanished period, endeavors to be as different from daily conversation as the language of high comedy has always been. The bite, the jab, the final thrust and wit of such comedy most frequently are lacking. Yet the manner is present and, in adopting it, Mr. Coward often achieves a felicity of phrase which he has not equaled in some time.

He may fail all of his actors, including the Lunts, occasionally, but they never allow themselves or him to fail their audiences. Mr. Lunt, bearded and bewigged so that he bears a slight resemblance to Michelangelo's Moses, is wonderfully droll as the American railway baron. He creates a character of great force and kindness, who is as eloquent in his silences as in his speeches. As for Miss Fontanne, one could swear that she must have spent hours in art galleries studying Fragonard, Boucher, and Watteau. She has never looked more radiant, moved with greater elegance, ease, or grace, or acted with truer style. Cecil Beaton's costumes and settings, beautiful in their color, lines, and chic, are a perfect background for the perfection of the Lunts. Whatever the faults of "Quadrille" may be, it can claim the beckoning distinction of displaying the Lunts at their most polished and delectable best.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



THE PAJAMA GAME
By GEORGE ABBOTT & RICHARD BISSELL

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & HOWARD TEICHMANN

KISMET
By CHARLES LEDERER & LUTHER DAVIS

TEA AND SYMPATHY
By ROBERT ANDERSON

ANNIVERSARY WALTZ
By JEROME CHODOROV & JOSEPH FIELDS

Coming
THE TENDER TRAP
By MAX SHULMAN & ROBERT PAUL SMITH

THE RAINMAKER
By N. RICHARD NASH

$2.50 each at all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY
MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

IRVING BERLIN'S
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"
in VistaVision
starring
BING CROSBY • DANNY KAYE
ROSEMARY CLOONEY • VERA ELLEN
with DEAN JAGGER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Lyrics and Music by
IRVING BERLIN
Produced by
Robert Emmet Dolan
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
A Paramount Picture

ON THE
GREAT STAGE
"SHOWTIME"
Gala new revue produced
by Leonidoff . . . with
the Rockettes, Corps de
Ballet, Glee Club . . .
Symphony Orchestra
directed by
Raymond Paige

Du pain, de l'amour, et de shashlik
Open Daily, including Sats., Suns., Holidays
Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 STREET • NEW YORK • CO 5-0947

"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
"It is a very funny show"—
Gibbs, The New Yorker
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU FEB. 5
Orch. Sun.-Thur. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sun. Mat. Orch. $3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Incl.
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Sat., Sun. 2:40. No Perf. Mon.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Small Favors

LOOK to December for the last desperate rush of the Hollywood studios to get their biggest, shiniest pictures on the screen before the December 31 Academy Award deadline. Because the end of November is the traditional doldrums of the theatrical season, showpeople treat it accordingly. Everyone is presumed to be caught up in Christmas shopping by this time of the year, and if they go to the movies at all it's simply to rest their feet. And so the movie people oblige this week with a group of pictures suitable for resting your feet on.

"Athena" (M-G-M), for example, is just perfect for patrons laden with bundles. It's a lightweight musical comedy—actually, neither very musical nor comic—that features a whole string of those young men who appear in the Charles Atlas ads. For film purposes they have been ripened to perfection by Louis Calhern, a Bernarr McFadden type operating out of a sanatorium that looks like a cross between Shangri-La and the Beverly Hills Hotel. Calhern has seven daughters, named for the muses, who sell health-foods by day and practise eurythmics on the lawn at dusk. They are engaging creatures who speak their minds and are quite able to swoop down on an eligible young bachelor, transforming his living room into a sun-drenched apiary behind his back just as a frolicking, friendly gesture. Since the recipient of such ministrations is a staid lawyer with his hat in the political arena, his highly respectable backers look askance at such goings on.

Possibly writers William Ludwig and Leonard Spigelgass had the wheat germ of a good idea when they went to work on this. Certainly, the foibles of the health faddists are particularly susceptible to satire. Unfortunately, satire requires a little bubble-pricking, and the writers have handled every bubble—including television crooners, ambitious politicos, and Mr. Universe contestants—with wool-lined kid gloves. The Hugh Martin-Ralph Blane score is constantly on the verge of sounding like something you've heard before, and Valerie Bettis's choreography is most charitably described as routine. Edmund Purdom is a bit too chilly even for a Boston-bred politico, while Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, and Vic Damone are disconcertingly exuberant examples of the younger yogurt set.

Perhaps the most mirthful moment in the film is an exhibition of muscle flexing by the Charles Atlas boys, including "Mr. Universe" of 1950; but I'm not at all sure that humor was intended.

* * *

I seem to remember Hugh Hastings's "Seagulls Over Sorrento" being touted as "the British 'Mr. Roberts'" just prior to its shortlived New York run. Transformed into a movie by a British and American crew, it emerges now as **"Crest of the Wave"** (M-G-M). Despite this jaunty title (which sounds like a Gene Kelly musical, as I'm sure its producers are aware), it still lacks the lusty humor and sense of life that made "the American 'Mr. Roberts'" such a vast delight. There is a basically funny situation created by billeting an American seaman with the very Briton whose girl-friend he has supposedly stolen; even so, it's essentially a theatrical kind of fun created through an essentially theatrical kind of contretemps. And that is the principal drawback of "Crest of the Wave." Whenever the film is detail-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 597

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 597 will be found in the next issue.

HSBWXCVZSBNSY VOW

XZNSFPL NC QORCNGC,

FHV BWKNYOV ZV

VOW XZNSFPL NC

TPXZKNVR.

—KNS RHVZSY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 596
Enthusiasm for a cause sometimes warps judgment.
—W. H. Taft.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the difficulties of perfecting a submarine torpedo with a new and tricky warhead it achieves a splendid, natural, almost documentary feeling of reality. But once the work is over, and the men return to their barracks, the sense of manufactured comedy and melodrama returns—manufactured out of characters and situations familiar since the days of "Journey's End."

Gene Kelly heads the American contingent, John Justin the British, and both receive capable support from an all-male cast. It's the script that lets them down.

* * *

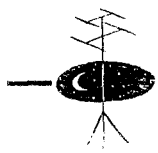
Every once in a while anti-Rank saboteurs manage to sneak through customs with a British picture that imperils the general high esteem they hold in this country. Such a film is **"Tonight's the Night"** (Allied Artists), a Technicolor monstrosity that makes its bid for box-office favor by co-starring David Niven, Yvonne De Carlo, and Barry Fitzgerald. Occasionally the film threatens to become a musical, occasionally it makes some feeble attempts at Irish whimsey; but for the most part it is the unsavory story of a smirking, tight-fisted libertine who inherits an Irish castle (complete with ghost) and tries to turn it into a money-making proposition.

Niven is wasted in this unsympathetic role, while Yvonne De Carlo is as unconvincing as her accent playing the local doxie who leads him on. Frequent exterior shots remind us that the Irish countryside is incredibly green and beautiful. Unfortunately, there are always actors in front of it.

* * *

To close this report on a happier note, there is a trim, taut, and fairly exciting cops-and-robbers melodrama around that, for once, doesn't make its hero a heel. In **"The Human Jungle"** (Allied Artists), Gary Merrill is presented as a police captain who has just passed his bar exams and is all set to practise when a major crime wave breaks loose in one of the precincts. Conscience dictates that he take over, and between jacking up the force and cracking down on hoodlums, Merrill has a mighty busy eighty-two minutes. Jan Sterling contributes a fascinating portrait as a hard, cheap, frightened floozy who holds the key to the crime wave, and Chuck Connors is wonderful as a brazen killer who isn't certain how far he can rely on his "protection." This low-budgeted thriller seems destined for the lower half of double bills, but it provides a better grade of entertainment than many of its glossier counterparts.

—Arthur Knight.



TV AND RADIO

The More the Media

IT TOOK the professionals a long time to discover who won the recent elections, and the pundits naturally took longer to discover what the elections meant. Before election day I had arrived at a semi-conclusion about the use of the mass media in these rituals (if not orgies) of democracy, and after the event I checked my ideas with some people who had been buying space and time for their candidates. My preconceptions and their afterthoughts are not exactly parallel. I shall give most of my space to them because in a strange way they account for my reactions.

My position is simple. In 1954 television was used in many parts of the country as an instrument of attack, rather than of argument. Imputations of dishonesty and semi-treason were put on the air. In New York considerable advance publicity was given to a series of broadcasts of this nature; a television audience was built up for them. Vast amounts were spent for television, on a state-by-state basis. A broadcast which the President had designated as non-political was not so regarded by the Democrats, who demanded "equal time to reply" and actually got it from NBC, which then was compelled to give another measure of time to the Republican management and, injury added to injury, was then rebuked by Vice President Nixon for not giving him additional time. (The other networks held to the principle clearly established at least as far back as 1942—that the Presidential prerogative stands—he defines the nature and the purpose of his appearances and we've got to take his word for it.)

I mention these matters for a double purpose: first, they show how essential television seemed to be in the campaign and, second, they show that we are still fumbling and groping for the simplest ground rules of conduct. We are so far from having a body of accepted principles that anything can happen—even the astounding spectacle of Chairman Mitchell of the Democratic National Committee "demanding equal space from the *New York Herald Tribune* to reply to a series of articles by members of the Cabinet and other Republican dignitaries (as if newspapers were also licensed by the Government and obligated to consider the public interest, convenience, and necessity). The *Herald Tribune,* with a great deal of *savoir faire,* published the series; but it failed to affirm the right of a newspaper to refuse to publish what it doesn't want to—which is an essential part of the freedom of the press.

In this confused state, which is moral and ethical, I propose a new approach to the problem of campaigning-by-defamation. Since television is immeasurably the most effective organ for destroying character, and since freedom of speech requires us to place it at the disposal of the contestants, all we can do is to make people *responsible* for what they say. I do not mean by way of lawsuits while the campaign is on. I mean simply that when the campaign is over the victor should pursue with every legal, moral, and social means at hand everyone who maligned and slandered him during the campaign. The victim cannot do it for fear of being called a "sore loser." But the victor can say that his opponents were slanderers and liars. The American tradition is to laugh all these things off as campaign oratory. This may have been salutary enough when the oratory was heard by a few thousand people at a rally; when it is heard by millions *at home,* with the utter persuasiveness of the visitor in the living room, the tradition of magnanimity is only an encouragement to further filth in the next campaign. I propose an end to forgiveness. I base it on the dangerously magnified capacity of television to *hurt.* (Since this was written Mr. Mitchell has denounced the tactics of certain Republicans during the campaign. This is a step in the right direction. Most of the newspaper comment, however, went back to the "bygones-be-bygones" theory, which is a pity.)

AT THIS point and at this point only my discussions with campaigners bears me out. Several of them are convinced that the accusation by television cannot be answered by television and probably cannot be answered at all. If they are right this is one of the most serious problems the poor badgered American citizen has to work out. Their position is simply that an accusation is exciting, it is all headlines, it doesn't have to be detailed; and the answer, to be effective, must be an argument. (This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covers all the ground except a plain mixup in names—and even that, I am convinced, leaves some people doubtful.) The "you're-another" answer can use television—but it isn't exactly responsive.

Note that the practical men have come to a conclusion about television as a medium of argument sustained anywhere above the namecalling level. If they see no reason to correct this estimate they will be using television in 1956 as an instrument of abuse, not of communication. It is possible that they are wrong. It is even possible that somewhere during the 1954 campaign the medium was used for careful analysis and debate—*in regard to accusations.* (It was so used by several distinguished members of both parties in regard to principles, and my friends in New England assure me that both in Connecticut and in Massachusetts the use of broadcasting in the campaign was actually and honorably decent. God bless America!) Anyone who has actually worked in broadcasting, and particularly in television, knows that other kinds of attraction than abuse have been used and have been found effective. Perhaps what is needed is a combination of the singing-commercial and "Omnibus."

Now, for the second revelation of strategy. The first was defeatist—we can't use television effectively in argument. The second is the clincher. This one I have checked only with professionals in New York and cannot say that it is a national phenomenon. But hold your hats:

The chief value of television is not to persuade voters, but to get the sensational headlines which persuade voters.

I can see part of this. Even the most bigoted partisan must allow his paper to print a headline "Hoy Denies Moy's Charge of Simony." A press-release, the usual mimeo'd sheet, may or may not get into press. But the argument of the newspapermen—the working editors who know what a story is worth—is sound: if people know what happened, the biggest headline. (A local earthquake with no casualties is worth ten times the space of a marine disaster even with prominent victims, if it is far afield.) In brief, television was used to force the hand of the headline writers. A sorry situation for the costliest and (I still believe) the most persuasive communicating engine in the world.

I place my own proposition (which will not be accepted) and this report on television-in-practice before you. I submit that the latter are of the first order of importance. I submit also that a lot of facts are wanted.

—GILBERT SELDES.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Revival of "Chenier," Other Matters of Moment

WHY Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," with its blend of qualities that make "La Gioconda" and "Tosca" recurrent favorites, hasn't been heard at the Metropolitan since the early Thirties is both a question posed and answered by Rudolf Bing's new production. Obviously, this product of the late Nineties—Puccini's "Boheme" was a product of the same year, but he hadn't yet begun work on "Tosca"—has pages and pages of beautifully conceived operatic music in it. It also has pages and pages of matter requiring three first-class performers for its leading parts, a need not easy to fill but answered on this occasion by Zinka Milanov, Mario del Monaco, and Leonard Warren.

The order, I would say, has more to do with protocol than actual quality, for the strongest performance of the production must be credited to Del Monaco, a fine physical picture of a Chenier, and—for the while at least—one of chromium vocal coloration, admirably utilized. In the year since he was last with us Del Monaco has allowed some of the vocal vibrance admired in his transitory guest engagement in "Manon Lescaut" (spring 1951) to come back into the sound he produces, and it is all to the good. His is not the Gigli kind of suave "Improvviso," for example, but he builds the part steadily to a vocal and dramatic climax hard to resist. His duet with Milanov as Maddalena at the end of Act II has a vocal "clang" not heard in these parts for more than a little while.

Save for a characteristic lack of dramatic credibility, the soprano does her work well, with an especial effect in some high-flying vocal manipulation and a sensuous performance of "*La momma morta.*" Leonard Warren is the Gerard and, once he gets out of the hampering lackey's livery in Act I, an excellent one. "*Nemico della patria*" is rarely so well sung, or as completely in the dramatic picture as in this musical conception well shaped by Fausto Cleva. The specialties allotted to the Countess di Coigny (Hertha Glaz), Maddelon (Nell Rankin is the able mezzo), La Bersi (enough to mark the new Rosalind Elias as a singer of promise and an actress of ability), The Spy (the masterful Alessio de Paolis), and Mathieu (Salvatore Baccaloni) all come off very well.

Mention is made of these matters for "Chenier" is, in the first instance, a singing opera and if the vocal supports are not strong and secure little else can atone. This one is soundly cast, and with Renata Tebaldi coming later on to sing Maddalena should give plenty of justification for the expense of an elaborate scenic production by Frederick Fox, his first for this theatre. After a decorative but questionably practical palace interior for Act I, it solves the space problem of the Metropolitan stage handily, with especial success in the Paris exterior of Act II and the Tribunal of Act III. The rough costuming for the *sans culottes* is rather more believable than the silks of the aristocrats, though I cannot profess an eyewitness knowledge of either.

The first act, other than vocally, was a knotty problem for all concerned, especially the unconvincing dramatic action proposed by Dino Yannopoulos. Neither his courtiers nor his invading beggars had vital force in them, and if it be said that *ennui* was deliberately cultivated for the former, what of the latter? The static groupings and calculated but unproductive deviations from the composer's specific stage directions promised an evening of tedium fortunately diverted by the straight line of dramatic force in the plot, to which Yannopoulos gives undeflected right of way thereafter. Kurt Adler's well-trained chorus helps handsomely to

Footnote at Ninety

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

WHEN I could swim, and sail a boat,
And prance about a tennis court,
No prophecy seemed more remote
Than that my summer years were short.

With autumn years now closing in,
I hold it neither strange nor wrong
To wish—a merely venial sin—
That autumn may not last too long—

Unless an Indian Summer stays
Each year to bless these numbered days.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make this "Chenier" an ear-tingling experience with a high arch of vocal power vaulting over all.

IT IS hard to remember when the Met has offered so well-matched a sextet of Wagnerian voices as those who sang the leading roles in the first "Meistersinger": Otto Edelman's debut must be mentioned first, for what is a "Meistersinger" without a Sachs? This one is Bayreuth-trained, with an opulent fresh baritone voice which spins high Fs with ease and reaches the low range convincingly. A big man, yet supple in movement, he gives an accent of humor to the part that is highly appropriate, yet never mocking (save of Beckmesser). Kurt Boehme, the new Pogner from Munich, was also impressive, though more for schooling and a magnificent presence than for vocal quality.

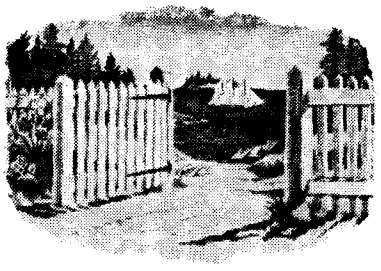
Lisa della Casa's first Eva here was charming to hear and mere perfection to behold. Could she sound as well as she looks she would be the dream Fraulein Pogner. Hans Hopf, back after a season's absence, is an improved actor and a more assured singer who doesn't get the best from his very promising voice for lack of a consistent way of using it. Paul Franke's promising David has now become a truly fine achievement; Gerhard Pechner's Beckmesser, carefully balanced between the crabbed and the caricatured, is always well sung; and Hertha Glaz is now a highly satisfactory 'Lena.

The organizational supervision of Yannopoulos was of the best sort, meaning that it carried the action forward without calling attention to itself. One exception might be noted in Act II when the Night Watchman went off stage right after his first little street-cry, though Wagner's directions state specifically that he "turns the corner of Pogner's house and goes off to the left." This would be a pointless quibble save that in the ensuing action, when Walther suggests elopement to Eva, she says they cannot use one way because Sachs is watching, and the other way is blocked by the Night Watchman. In sum, this was a beautiful, lyrical, sympathetic "Meistersinger," for which a large share of credit belongs to conductor Stiedry.

WITH the Concert Society as sponsors, Virgil Thomson was host recently at a session of music-making that would have been more becoming in somebody's living room than it was in Town Hall. The composer-author first directed a playing of Bach's B minor suite with Julius Bakker as the excellent flutist, giving cues and downbeats to an ensemble of nine (including hapsichord). Inasmuch as

(*Continued on page 74*)

MARY ELLEN CHASE



THE White Gate

ADVENTURES IN THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD

"Writing with quiet humor and a fine clarity and exactness, Miss Chase conjures up a shimmering and affectionate picture of a pattern of existence whose like we shall not see again."
—DAN WICKENDEN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"In smooth, seemingly effortless prose that comes only from hard work, Miss Chase recaptures a world that no longer is."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Here is a delightful and immensely popular author at her vivid best. How lovely is the writing!"—DANIEL A. POLING

"One of the most delightful books Mary Ellen Chase has written . . . and it is pure gold."
—VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*

Decorations by Nora S. Unwin. $3.00

A National Best Seller—for more than 8 months!
THE MIND ALIVE
By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet $3.75

Reach for the Sky
by PAUL BRICKHILL
Biography of Douglas Bader, legless ace of the R.A.F. ". . . a thrilling story."—*New Yorker.* Illustrated. $3.75

Faith and Freedom
By BARBARA WARD
How the forces that shaped the past can save the future. A stimulating inquiry on political freedom and religious faith. By the brilliant author of *Policy for the West* and *The West at Bay.* $3.75

The Magnificent Mitscher
By THEODORE TAYLOR
". . . an excellent biography of Adm. Marc A. Mitscher, USN . . . a man with a genius for leadership and inspiring respect . . . the man whose aircraft carriers led the attack across the Pacific while developing a whole new concept of war at sea."
—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*
Foreword by Admiral Arthur W. Radford, U.S.N. Illustrations and endpaper maps. $5.00

Nunamiut
By HELGE INSTAD
"Shows us the Nunamiut Eskimos as human beings . . . in a highly entertaining volume." — PETER FREUCHEN, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.95

At all bookstores • W. W. NORTON & COMPANY *Books that Live* N. Y. 3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business

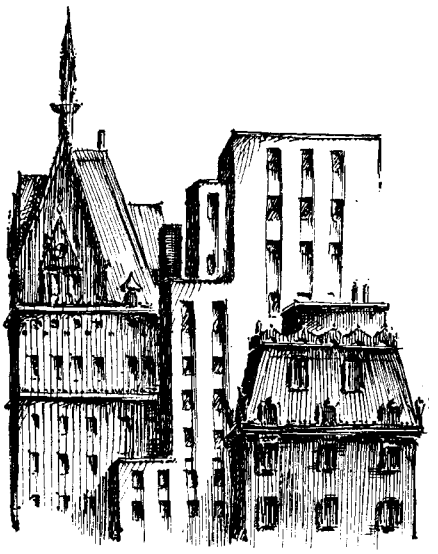
Continued from page 23

companiments to growing up. In these skilful pages (done with the help of co-author Marshall McClintock), Mr Gilbert stresses the fact that Paradise is actually the name of the game preserve on which he and his wife live. But he makes no secret of the fact that to him, a man doing what comes naturally, this harried world is a paradise too.

As a boy Mr. Gilbert parlayed an interest in magic into exciting trips with traveling shows. At Yale he was a champion athlete who won the Olympic pole vault in 1908. Next he dabbled in medical studies so successfully that deans of the profession begged him to become a doctor. Young Gilbert had, however, started a magic and game business to pay his way through college. He decided to stick with it. From then on, "Everything was business, and . . . nothing could stop me. I was on my way."

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

HOTEL STALKER: Publication of **"The Silver Spade—The Conrad Hilton Story,"** by Whitney Bolton (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75), coincided neatly with newspaper accounts of Hilton's purchase of the Statler chain of hotels for $111 million. The biggest deal in hotel history, not to mention all real estate, this is only the latest step forward in the saga of Conrad Hilton, who not only owns hotels in this country but through Hilton International controls the Istanbul Hilton and other exotically named world hostelries. Mr. Hilton was not born with a silver spade in his hand, but as a young Texan in the hotel business he soon found that, in author Bolton's neat phrase, "he thinks in terms of hotels." The story of his spectacular climb from Texas has been amply chronicled in newspapers, but a few new facts about him emerge here. One is how he *stalks* hotels (again Mr. B's apt phrase). Deciding he wants a certain one (say the Waldorf or Plaza, in New York), he stands for days looking at it from the sidewalk. Then he walks around it for more days, seemingly sniffing the air. Finally he begins buttonholing patrons and employes. A deeply religious man, he also prays, routing out his vice presidents at 6 A.M. to accompany him to early Mass. With the sale over, the whole group continues to pray, in gratitude. In a foreword Mr. Hilton attributes his vast success to "the possession of enthusiasm." Almost alone among tycoons, he does not let one



enthusiasm dominate his life. He stops work at sundown. The rest of his day is devoted to play. —A. C.

KEEPING STOCKHOLDERS HAPPY: About the best way to maintain good relations with stockholders is to distribute whopping dividends. Since no text has as yet been written on how to accomplish this, the next best thing is Herman S. Hettinger's **"Financial Public Relations: for the Business Corporation"** (Harper, $3.50), which details methods of holding and attracting prospective stockholders. Corporation management has increasingly understood the importance of a broad and balanced stock ownership and has placed importance on continuing programs to achieve these ends. These programs not only include information services to the stockholders in terms of periodic reports and annuals but also branch out to brokerage houses and investment counselors, banking firms, and other influential molders of stockholder opinions. Although financial public relations is a highly specialized field, Mr. Hettinger draws on his own corporation experience and with commendable clarity and fine writing ability ranges over the whole field from the basic tools to complex methods. Mr. Hettinger stakes out warning signs to the inexperienced by indicating specifically how expenditures for financial publicity and the distribution of company literature can be wasted money unless carefully planned to achieve maximum effectiveness in the geographical areas and persons selectively chosen for mailing lists. Potential investors are analyzed by categories, how to establish press relations comes in for discussion, and the general principles which underlie annual reports are given a good deal of emphasis. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

Verse

Continued from page 18

such as "The snow sleeps softly on the pale bamboo" and in "the snowscape/Trumpeting/The ascension/Of Goddess-Rising Sun."

May Swenson in "Another Animal: Poems" is an experimentalist, and a very good one, who eschews the use of the period, if not the hyphen and question mark. Her Swensonian typography owes no little to lower-case cummings; she uses capitals for emphasis; spacing, if not breaking, the lines for pauses, and yet she manages to vitalize what she is saying. She may distort the page, but her lyricism sings with authority. She may be precious in her conceits, as in "Love is/a rain of diamonds in the mind," but she does quite well in "any Object before the eye/can fill the space can occupy/the supple frame of eternity." She may owe something to Blake as Mr. Wheelock avers, but she owes somewhat more to the Imagists.

—I. L. SALOMON.

BEYOND LIFE AND DEATH: Chad Walsh's second book of poems, **"Eden Two-Way"** (Harper, $2.50), though a small book, certainly confronts its readers with some large problems. The nature of some of these may be surmised from the author's admission (quoted on the dust-wrapper) that he "is never sure what anything is until he discovers it in a poem," as well as from his further dictum "that a poet is concerned with *seeing into*, not looking at." Both statements recall Rimbaud's approach ("the poet should be a seer," and "the poem writes itself"), with its strong emphasis on the role of the unconscious.

Yet Mr. Walsh, as an exceptionally vigorous Christian, is properly concerned most of the time with matters of life and death—or, rather, *beyond* life and death. Not that he withdraws entirely—not by a long shot, any more than does the Apostle. Though, even when his themes are not theological (and they include earthly love as well as heavenly) his imagery often is, this poet is no mystic. No; his wit, his note of sophistication, his satirical awareness of mundane absurdity, his feeling (as in "Spiritual Biography") that a spirit not human enough can't make heaven, his command of the colloquial, the banal, the scientific phrase —all this and heaven too—suggest that Mr. Walsh is more in the metaphysical line, with Donne, *et al.*

The metaphysical conflict, which displays itself in imagery that mingles the worlds of spirit and sense, or, on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lower level, the animate and the inanimate, flashes through many of these poems, in single lines, in witty phrases.

He has power, as well as points to make. Also it must be noted that his most striking lines have a way of being preceded by lines of lesser impact —they often seem like mountains rising suddenly out of a barren plain. His experimentalism, too, on occasion leads Mr. Walsh perilously close to prosiness, or metrical imperfection, on the one hand—to shallowness of wit, or questionable metaphor, on the other. Sometimes, too, the writing seems so private that it is next-to-impossible to discover where the "hints, goads, and lures" lead to. But never—or rarely—is it dull.

—G. P. M.

PLEASURABLE READING: Rolfe Humphries is no minor lyric voice. His music surrenders itself to the listener, for he endows his best poetry with such crystal lucidity and tempered sanity that the reader is instantaneously involved. That is really something in this day when many of our contemporary practitioners have only themselves for an audience. Yet for one grievous fault, the matter of selection, in his new volume, **"Poems: Collected and New"** (Scribner's, $4.50), makes pleasurable reading.

Mr. Humphries is a Latinist. Indeed he reverses the process and renders into Latin four of Edna Millay's sonnets. Further, he has written a fragment in Latin that, despite his denial, is really Propertius in rhythm and sentiment. Welsh by descent, he has created several compelling poems that derive from the Mabinogion. Yet good as these are, he is at his best in the lyrics he has retained from "The Summer Landscape," "Forbid Thy Ravens," "The Wind of Time," and in his new poems "The Golden Bird."

Nothing is more typical Rolfe Humphries than "Hawthorne Court," a remarkable modern poem wherein the voices of sparrows succumb to the voices of children. Nothing is lovelier than "The Bells" with its contemplative mood. For in these, as in "Aria," "Rain in Forty-Eight Hours," and "Theseus" Mr. Humphries cannot be ignored.

Had this been a book of selected rather than collected poems Mr. Humphries would have had a volume of first-rate poetry. Too many of his lyrics are written with such casual carelessness that they sound like magazine pieces to be read but once. Despite this, there is at least half the book that deserves the attention of the modern reader. Good as this part is, the volume is overloaded.

—I. L. S.

It's a nice feeling to have some things hanging over your head...

Like Mistletoe, for instance.

But it's *anything but* a nice feeling to have your Christmas shopping chores still hanging over your head—especially when it's so easy, so inexpensive to send SATURDAY REVIEW subscriptions to everyone on *your* gift list.

Whether it's for a self-made man who's come up the hard way . . . or a friend with four or five college degrees . . . SATURDAY REVIEW is the perfect gift. It's a magazine your friends will enjoy reading—and discussing with you whenever you get together.

This year—with added services, with scores of exciting new features scheduled for up-coming issues—SR offers *you more* for more of your friends than ever before.

The first one-year subscription (which can be your own) costs $7—$3.40 under the regular single copy price.

And each additional one-year gift costs only $5!

We'll send colorful gift announcement cards in your name, of course. So don't delay. To be sure your friends receive the card—and their first copy of SATURDAY REVIEW—in time for Christmas, fill out and mail the coupon below *today!*

11-27

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send SATURDAY REVIEW for one year to the following:

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

Gift Card Should Read "From....."

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

Gift Card Should Read "From....."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

First 1 one-year subscription (Your own or gift).....$7

Each additional subscription.$5

The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions. For Canadian subscriptions, please add $1.00; all other foreign, $2.00.

MY OWN NAME IS

Name .....

Street .....

City.....Zone...State....

☐ Please include my own subscription

☐ New ☐ Extension

I enclose $..... ☐ Bill me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 14

only say something, but also have that quality of dealing in human emotions that science fiction is often accused of lacking. The next time you meet anyone who says science fiction is bunk throw this one at his head; if he opens it he'll be convinced.

Notes

FOR ANIMAL ADDICTS: Every addict of animal stories will be attracted to Phyllis Bottome's **"Man and Beast"** —"five stories about remarkable relations between human beings and animals" (Harcourt, Brace, $3). Essentially they are psychological tales equally penetrating with both the human and animal characters. The two most suspenseful, "Caesar's Wife's Ear" and "Henry," are duels of will between trainers and a lion, in the first instance, and a tiger in the second. "Dark Blue" is a chilling story about a rage-consumed bull and a little girl unaccustomed to having her parents say No. The warmest and happiest of the tales is "A Pair," built upon the sensitive bond between a noble *Lippizaner* and his exhibition rider. Each of them introduces a fresh twist of narrative to some classic theme. W. T. Mars's drawings are an asset. —EDMUND FULLER.

SOUTHERN ASHES: Alma Stone in **"The Harvard Tree"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) conjures up a Southern town which surely could never have existed, populated as it is with such gentle loonies as the old Negro witch-woman who kept the ashes of her once-wayward husband in a peanut-butter jar on the mantel, where she could keep an eye on him; or the lady who so captivated the heart of a visitor from Jamaica that he thereafter sent her a barrel of rum, anonymously, each year, causing her husband to shout in bafflement, "Where's all this God-damned rum coming from?"; or pathetic Miss Flossie, bitterly unwed in middle-life, who sought excuse to visit distant (perhaps imagined) relatives in any town reputed to be suffering from an overabundance of single males; or Brother Bascom, the itinerant evangelist who often felt that God, whom he called his "Old Pardner," was robbing the spiritual till, and who wasn't above dipping a hand in himself.

All these fanciful creatures move leisurely and haphazardly about in a loosely organized, hazy story shot through with a golden, dozing nostalgia which conveys with warm, affectionate sensitivity the atmosphere of small-town life. Despite a tendency to be a little too "quaint," there seems to be a genuine sweetness of temper at work here, and an inventive humorousness, both of which are rare literary commodities these days. Add to this the fact that Miss Stone often discloses the seed of universality hidden within the particular, local event and one is tempted to concede "The Harvard Tree" a generic resemblance to similar works by Thornton Wilder, Eudora Welty, and, most recently, by the late, great Dylan Thomas in his "Under Milk Wood."

—JEROME STONE.

HOODLUM CROP: "North of Welfare," by William Krasner (Harper, $3.50), has a certain timeliness, for it deals with a New York slum area, breeding-ground for the current crop of young hoodlums who have invested the term "teen-ager" with an automatically opprobrious connotation.

It is an inert sort of story, its gears clogged with the fine sand of painstaking, but often merely external, naturalistic detail, about a young man named Mike who is dimly aware of values nobler than those inculcated by the corner pool-room. One of his acquaintances is a chesty girl (her retarded development doesn't apply to her physique) with a doglike devotion to a hoodlum lover. Another is a pallid chap who lives with a girl pathetically dying of cancer. His attempts to succor the various distresses of these people invariably land Mike in trouble, and he spends a lot of time undergoing unpleasant treatment at the hands of policemen who are forever delivering themselves of self-justifying sermons on the bleak thanklessness of their task. At the story's end Mike is marrying a "nice" girl with social ambitions, but one feels the happy ending is but a momentary lull in the storm of adversity which seems to be his natural climate. In any case, the book ends at this point.

The style is one of pseudo-documentary realism reminiscent of that successfully exploited by the TV program "Dragnet." But in striving for an organic interaction between character and environment Mr. Krasner fails; the two often seem only accidentally contiguous. And except for a few vivid individual scenes the book is not noteworthy. —J. S.

Pageantry of Past

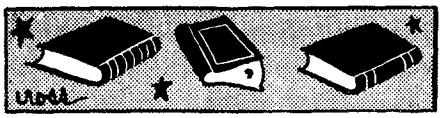
Continued from page 21

not participate in the first reform efforts (as stated in her story) which were put through later by Carrera, for he had withdrawn from Congress and was sick in bed. Nor does she reveal that he returned to form part of Carrera's dictatorial triumvirate. The Carreristas played a significant role in Chilean politics long after Bernardo was driven into exile. This is not mentioned, nor the execution of the three Carrera brothers in Mendoza, nor O'Higgins's later ferocious persecution of the entire family, even the father, wife, and female relatives. Nor does Miss Nelson tell about Carrera's secretary, Manuel Rodríguez, that turbulent spirit who bravely kept the Resistance movement alive during the Spanish Reconquest, but was murdered by Ley Fuga under O'Higgins's government. Chile's greatest historical novel, "Durante la Reconquista," revolves around Rodríguez's exploits.

O'HIGGINS never resigned with the words Miss Nelson gives in the manner she describes, "to save bloodshed." Nor was he allowed to leave the country quietly, but was arrested and was kept in Valparaiso for six months pending debate on whether he should be put on trial. Here, she misses a golden chance to ring down the curtain of her story dramatically (since she does not take up his campaign with Bolívar's forces and his twenty years of exile). At the end he was faced not merely with a clamor for free government, but with armies from north and south, mobs rioting in the plaza, and was being defied by an "open Cabildo" of self-appointed citizens, demanding he get out. The top officers of the three army units in the capital had turned against him. Braving roof-top soldiers with orders to shoot him on sight, he tore off disloyal epaulettes and single-handed rallied forces about the Palace.

His accomplishments (despite blemishes not mentioned) were momentous. Though he denied his country many of the liberties for which he had fought, as Supreme Director he brought a land ruined by a decade of civil war back to order and productivity. With tremendous sacrifices, he organized an army to liberate Peru and built up the largest navy in the New World, that swept the Spaniards from the Pacific forever. But he is not the oversweetened character moving through Miss Nelson's world of "gilly flowers" and "linnets" and, since hers is not the O'Higgins of the documents, all other personages and the social forces are thrown out of focus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

A CHARACTER INVENTED. By LeRoy Smith. The Macmillan Co. $3. A collection of poems by a young American poet.

THE COMMUNIST MENACE IN MALAYA. By Harry Miller. Frederick A. Praeger. $3.50. A report, by a British newspaperman, of the present military and political situation in Malaya.

THE DEATH OF HITLER'S GERMANY. By Georges Blond. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. A fictionalized account of the final year of Hitler's life by a French journalist.

FIFTY YEARS IN ALASKA. By Carl J. Lomen. David McKay Co. $4. An account of how the author built an empire in Alaska out of reindeer. Starting in 1900, when Mr. Lomen went to Nome with his father as a lad of nineteen for a vacation, and passing through the years when herds of millions of reindeer were built up from an initial 1,280 head, the story ends with the company being handed over to the Department of the Interior.

FISHER OF MEN. By Kurt Frieberger. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.95. A novel about Simon Peter, the fisherman and follower of Christ, who, after his Teacher had died, took Christianity directly into the maw of Rome.

HAWTHORNE'S "DR. GRIMSHAWE'S SECRET." Edited by Edward H. Davidson. Harvard University Press. $5. A scholarly piecing together from sections of manuscript that have been scattered up and down the country for years of Hawthorne's last "romantic" novel, written in the closing years when the dark and the weight of the world were much upon him.

HELPING YOUR CHILD'S EMOTIONAL GROWTH. By Anna W. M. Wolf and Suzanne Szasz. Doubleday & Co. $5. A primer on how to raise children that is accomplished through a brief text by Anna Wolf, and 365 photographs by Suzanne Szasz, the well-known child photographer.

HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE. Edited by Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A portrait of Byron, done through selections from the letters, writings, and diaries of those that knew him and his work at mirror distance. To wit: Lady Blessington, John Galt, Thomas Moore, Trelawny, and others.

HUGH ROY CULLEN: A Story of American Opportunity. By Ed Kilman and Theon Wright. Prentice-Hall. $4. A sweet-throated biography of Roy Cullen, who started out at twelve with silver-dollar dreams and is now, down in the Republic of Texas, one of its greatest possessors of cabbage, by virtue of oil.

IN-LAWS: PRO AND CON. By Evelyn Millis Duvall. Association Press. $3.95. A study of some of the most typical members of that pecular Western tribe, the in-laws, who can be as sweet and soft as winds from Heaven, and as mean and swift as a dagger, too. Among other things, Dr. Duvall advises us what it feels like to be an in-law, and how, when once you have become one, you can be a civilized one.

K-2, THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN. By C. S. Houston and R. H. Bates. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.75. An account of the recent disastrous attempt to climb K-2, now the world's highest unclimbed peak, by two of the men who were along.

KING OF COMEDY. By Mack Sennett and Cameron Shipp. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. The memoirs of the Canadian-born gentleman who was a boilermaker before he went West, where, as most baldpates and corporation carriers will remember, he became one of the first Hollywood comedians, created the Keystone cops, earned enough money to buy himself a bathtub that cost thousands of dollars, and made the country laugh until its belly shook.

LAST CHUKKER. J. K. Stanford. Devin-Adair Co. $2. A bedside night bubble, this long story concerns a British ex-policeman, who as an unofficial drug spotter, gets himself involved in a polo game,

Strikingly different this year . . .
in a beautiful LAMCOTE *finish*
KODACHROME *cover!*

Christmas Volume 24

Edited by **RANDOLPH E. HAUGAN**

Fresh, new articles and stories: *The Church of the Nativity . . . The Bronze Doors of Ghiberti . . . Our Wild Christmas Trees* (with scratchboard drawings) . . . A collection of the very earliest Christmas carols in manuscript form . . . Full-color art reproduction inserts for framing . . . The Christmas Gospel with new, full-color illustrations . . . Christmas poetry and customs . . . *and more!*

•You'll enjoy it in your home — *it's a gift you can give with pride.* 68 pages, 10¼ x 13¾ in.

Gift edition — Paper, in gift envelope, **$1.25**

Library edition — Cloth, in gift box, **$2.50**

AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE
426 So. 5th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn. • Dept. SR
For the enclosed $_____, send me _____ copies of CHRISTMAS.
_____ Gift Edition @ $1.25 _____ Library Edition @ $2.50
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

Yes, AMERICA'S FAVORITE HOLIDAY ANNUAL *is both Christian and cultural.*

You are cordially invited to enjoy yourself with this nostalgic bouquet of selections from:

EDITH WHARTON • CECIL BEATON
OSBERT LANCASTER • ELLEN GLASGOW
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM • SAKI
V. SACKVILLE-WEST • ARNOLD BENNETT
SIR OSBERT SITWELL • HAROLD NICOLSON
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY • VIRGINIA WOOLF
THE MARCHIONESS OF BATH
and many others in

The Age of Extravagance

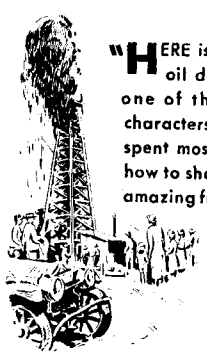
AN EDWARDIAN READER

Edited by MARY ELISABETH EDES and DUDLEY FRASIER

26 selections of stories, memoirs and essays. 16 pages of period photographs.

$5.00 at all booksellers

RINEHART & COMPANY N. Y. 16



"HERE is... the romance of the oil drillers in Texas and of one of the most picturesque characters of them all, who has spent most of his time learning how to share with his people the amazing fruits of his adventures."
—JOHN T. FLYNN, *political analyst and author*

HUGH ROY CULLEN

A STORY OF AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY

By Ed Kilman and Theon Wright

$4.00

at your local bookseller

PRENTICE-HALL
NEW YORK 11

To New Authors We will publish, promote, advertise and distribute your book. We are rated officially among the 10 largest leading publishers in the U.S. Our successful plan insures prompt publication. Manuscript reports in one week. No obligation.
Send for free Brochure S for details.
Pageant Press, Inc. 130 W. 42nd St., N.Y.

GENUINE MARK TWAIN RELIC
Cherish a bit of Twain's Fifth Ave. home in your home, school, library. Send for authentic fragment of wood. Beautifully framed with Twain photo and descriptive text. Documents of authenticity included. Limited edition. Ideal Christmas gift.
Price only $3.50 complete, postpaid. Mail check or money order to
AUTHENTIC AMERICANA
170 Fifth Ave., Room 1303, New York 10, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he wins, just before death, the old bonehead, grins. The setting is Burma.

LONELY VOYAGERS. By Jean Merrien. Translated by J. H. Watkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. A collection of accounts of some of the voyages, transoceanic and around the globe, that have been made alone by such steelhearts as Harbo and Samuelson, who rowed a whaleboat across the Atlantic; Johnson, who first crossed the same sea by himself in a fleck of a boat; Voss, who got from one side of the globe and back in a dugout, etc. There is also a section on technical matters relating to the boats used.

MAIN STREET ON THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Lewis Atherton. Indiana University Press. $6. A study of American character since the Civil War, as it has been shaped by life in the towns of the Midwest.

MR. MAUGHAM HIMSELF. Edited by John Beecroft. Doubleday & Co. $5.95. A quilting bee, composed of selections from the Old Party's stories, essays, autobiographical writings, and novels, through which the editor has attempted to bring forth, from the mists of so many years of words, the personality and mind of Mr. Maugham himself.

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. Edited and translated by Robert Sage. Doubleday & Co. $7.50. A diary kept between the years 1801 and 1814 by Henri Beyle, in which he wrote of his first visit to Italy and his first besiegings of Paris, where he wished to become a citizen of the first rank and at the same time a handy dandy with the ladies.

PSYCHIATRY AND COMMON SENSE. By C. S. Bluemel. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. A clarification of some of the mental and resultant physical twamblies that beset the inhabitants of this unbalanced planet and which the psychiatrist has been attempting to unwind during the past sixty or so years. For the upgraded layman.

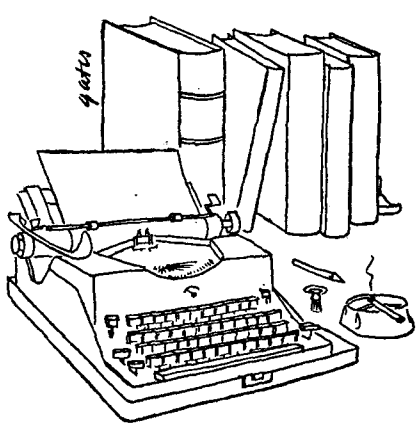
THE STATE OF ALASKA. By Ernest Gruening. Random House. $7.50. A careful history, as well as study of its present place in the national cosmos, by the governor of Alaska.

THERE IS NO ASIA. By Dwight Cooke. Doubleday & Co. $4. A report, by the radioman and correspondent whose programs keep a lot of ears wagging long after bedtime, on Asia, country by country, a method of particularization the author believes should be adopted more widely by government policy makers, who, he says, tend always to treat Asia as though it were one smiling nation, instead of a crimple of different races, creeds, and colors.

TOKYO AND POINTS EAST. By Keyes Beech. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. A summary, by a correspondent of the *Chicago News*, of the Korean War, which included, besides some nasty infighting, such things as Maggie Higgins and Homer Bigart, confessions to germ warfare, and General MacArthur.

WAR OF WITS: The Anatomy of Espionage and Intelligence. By Ladislas Farago. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $5. A study, by an expert, of the various systems of intelligence, espionage, sabotage, counter-intelligence, etc., the world has set up in this century.

YANKEES AND GOD. By Chard Powers Smith. Hermitage House. $6.50. A semi-religious treatise, that spares no toes, and declares that the country is divided into two camps—Greater New England and the Old South—and that the old Puritan culture has just about reached its nadir. A kind of history, in other words, of the Yankee. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.



A Novelist and His Public

Continued from page 11

pens to real people, even in a book. The detective writer therefore cannot, from the start, believe in his own people: his murderee, like his murderer, is simply a move in a game. He does not want the sympathy of his reader; he has actually to avoid it. But the novel writer must excite sympathy—never mind if he is writing satire, the reader must feel for his characters.

How does a young writer fail to get a public? The only way is to be a bore. And he is warned every day that the best way to be a bore is to write a novel of ideas. It is true that a novel, like all art, is aimed at the feelings. It has to be an experience. So far as it deals directly in ideas they must be ideas that convey feeling. Of course most ideas, in real life, do excite a good deal of feeling. Political ideas start wars. Religious ideology, as we all know, is the very devil for making trouble in the world. But there have to be politics and religion to give some form to that world. We need not swallow the whole of a party's politics or the whole of a church's creed, but they have to be there to give that party and that church a form, otherwise they would not exist, and it is good for us that they should be there to define our own position. They make sense and order in the chaos of actual events. We need them to make sense of our own lives. And a novelist is no different from other people in this respect. He has to have ideas to write at all, to make his characters act like reasonable people, to make sense of his plot, to give the whole book a form. Meaning is form, and form is meaning. When people damn a novel of ideas they are really complaining that the ideas stick out on their own account, that they do not have enough influence on the lives of the people in the book. So that novel is not a story about people but mere propaganda, and therefore a bore.

Another thing they say to young novelist is: If you want a public do not moralize; because morals are a bore. But in fact all good novels, and especially popular novels, are about morals. We can see that in the case of Miss Dell. A good novel is about what people do, and why they do it, and how it succeeds in making them happy or otherwise; and these are all moral questions. The idea that there is something aloof and dull about a novel that takes morals seriously is completely wrong: the truth is the other way round. Popular tales, the folklore of simple people, of people who never saw a novel, of primitive tribesmen in Africa, are always highly moral. All gossip is about conduct; that is why it is so fascinating. Listen to any two old charladies conversing together—their talk is all about people, and it is full of judgments about right and wrong, what people ought to do and feel: for the good reason that it is intensely important to them and their happiness that people should have some standards of right and wrong. The novel-reader may belong to Ethel M. Dell's public, or he may prefer Conrad, James, and Lawrence, but what he is interested in from first to last is conduct, that is, morals. The greatest writers of the world are just those who take the greatest interest in morals: it is because of that they are so exciting to read. Think of Dickens, Tolstoy, Hardy, and Conrad.

These writers knew that moral theories are nothing by themselves, they are only significant in action, in character. They do not preach. If they did they would bore. Everyone is on guard against the preacher and the propagandist. He says to himself, "I'm not going to be knocked off my base by a lot of hooey from a chap who's paid to hand it out." He has terrific resistance to preaching. But he is not on his guard against the novel. He chooses it himself, and he actually wants it to knock him off his base. He lays himself wide open to the thing. He will ask a librarian, "Is it my stuff?" as he might ask a doctor, "Has it got enough kick for me?" and the librarian will say, "No, it's a bit mild for you," or "Yes, I think you'll like it," according to his view of the reader's temperament, age, etc.

LIBRARIANS are always being asked, "What shall I read?" and the result of the advice is often surprising, even to them. The discovery of reading as a pleasure can change a life. For it is the keenest, the cheapest, the most lasting of pleasures, and it needs no cooperation. The most lonely people can have company in a book; the most god-forsaken soul on earth can find some peace there. And no one knows his own reach of imagination. We had at school a tough of my own age, whose only joys were beer, girls, and football. He was also a very good-natured fellow, open to the worst influences, born stooge to any crook. But he met in the fourth form a great teacher whose passion was Shakespeare—and in Shakespeare this young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tough met a lot more toughs, as rough and tough as himself but much more interesting. And that tough carried Shakespeare about with him—the little old Temple Shakespeare—for the rest of his life. He did not go to the top of his class: he was too stupid, or idle. He did not cover himself with any kind of glory: he did not even become a Cabinet Minister, although he had been so nearly sacked from school. And he died young in his forties of a hobnailed liver. But he lived a useful life: he became an adult, a responsible and, what is more, an interesting man. You had to agree that his life had been a success. And at sixteen it had every chance of ending in total failure, if not gaol.

Half juvenile delinquency, that is, most of crime, starts in boredom. Boys and girls of twelve to eighteen have terrific energy and too little to do with it; they also have the most lively and eager imaginations, for which almost nothing is provided. If they show any imagination in dress, for instance, like the teddy boys, they are promptly marked down as rebels and nuisances, and respond very naturally by rebellion. If they show any interest in reading it is odds on that the books will be labelled obscene and thrown on the fire. And then it is highly likely that they will stop reading altogether, and simply get on with gangsterism.

To prevent anyone on earth reading what he wants to read, what he chooses for himself, is a pretty serious responsibility for any authority. The most significant thing about young criminals is that so many cannot read and do not want to begin. They have been put off. You wonder if books were ever read to them in childhood, and what kind of books, to make the very idea of reading a bore to be dodged. All children adore to have interesting stories read to them. They are almost all potential readers, and reading for a good many of them is their only chance of any real education. It is the only kind that goes on for life, among all classes of readers. Most people by the age of twenty-five are impervious to any kind of teaching. But if they have the reading habit they will read for amusement, they will even spend money on a book. And they will often go on from simple yarns, sex stories, thrillers, suitable to their age, to the greatest writers.

IT IS completely wrong to think the public of a serious writer consists of university graduates and what are called the white-collar men. There are no university or class distinctions among readers. Ask librarians. Ask writers. They get the most penetrating, the most intelligent letters from people who certainly never went to a university, from struggling housewives writing on the kitchen table between the stove and the wash-tub. A book is an experience, a great book is a deep, a powerful experience. Why should not people whose lives are hard-lived and hard-felt understand what Tolstoy or James mean for them? I know a docker and his wife who read James, who read all the classics, and enjoy them intensely. They live in a pre-fab but they are on intimate terms with some of the most interesting, the most exciting minds that ever existed. A novelist's public is not a class public. Great scholars often read tripe, and very simple people enjoy the masters. What is more, they can enjoy a variety of masters: they can belong to many different publics. Reading, like appetite, is a matter of mood. I have a shelf full of masterpieces specially chosen to be completely different in character, Peacock stands beside Melville, Proust next Genji, Compton Burnett beside Svevo, "Brighton Rock" and "Middlemarch," Mark Twain's "Mississippi" and Chekov, and so on, all opposites. I have read all this shelf so often I can open almost any book anywhere and know where I am in the story and what the people are doing and feeling. And I enter at once into the author's private world. I meet him again in this world, in his own character, his own meaning.

In fact we do not know anyone as well as we know some of the great authors, because they are all people with a special power of expression and they are all trying to give us an experience which has been important to them: they are trying to make us see and feel the world as they have felt it. When I join their publics I form at once a close relation of mutual interest that I could not get anywhere else. Even my best friends are not always at home or free to see me when I most need to see them. But a book and its author are always at hand. I can be happy and excited with them alone, anywhere in the world. In fact they are such good company they can make being alone an actual advantage to be sought for. I remember a woman leaving a bridge four and going back to the solitude of her room because she wanted to hear a broadcast-reading of *her* Trollope. She spoke of this engagement as one that could not possibly be missed. I still remember the irritation of the other three bridge players —not, I suppose, members of Trollope's public—and her apologetic tone. But also her look of joyful anticipation. She went to her Trollope as to a lover.

Thirty great articles —how they were planned, researched, written and sold

A GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE WRITING

by The Society of Magazine Writers

The foremost writers in their field give the reader a complete inside view of the whole article writing industry. Types of articles: Profiles, Political, Medical, Exposés, etc., and their entire history from conception to birth in print. A wonderful handbook, and an anthology of some of the best articles ever published. $4.95

At bookstores everywhere

SCRIBNERS

Only $5.95 for this exciting 500,000-word THEATRE HISTORY

The new and enlarged 1954 edition of John Gassner's "MASTERS OF THE DRAMA" makes the theatre "come alive" for you as no other book has ever done. Here is the excitement of the Elizabethan Age, with its two giants, Marlowe and Shakespeare . . the Greek Theatre of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes . . the Russian, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, and American theatres . . the Chinese drama, the early Passion Plays, the Japanese Noh drama, the Hebrew literary drama. "MASTERS" is so big its indexes alone take up 50 double-column pages . . so encyclopedic it covers 649 playwrights, from the earliest writer-priests to Christopher Fry and Arthur Miller, including biographical data, plot summaries, and criticism.

NEW picture sections

You see the most famous of these dramatists and visit the stages on which their plays were presented . . in the 3 new picture sections of 77 photographs and drawings. You get a critic's-eye view of the whole history of Western Theatre in the valuable 24-page synoptic tables and up-to-date bibliographies. William Kozlenko in the N. Y. **Times** writes: "A vivid chronicle of the theatre . . an unusual synthesis of esthetics, history, and sociology." **Theatre Arts'** Edith Isaacs says: "Would seem to require space on every well-stocked theatre shelf." Send only $5.95 for a de luxe clothbound copy (order extra copies now for Christmas Gifts) to Dover Publications, Dept. 19, 920 Broadway, N. Y. 10, N. Y. Money back if not delighted.

NEW 1954 ed. of John Gassner's

MASTERS OF THE DRAMA

LAW FREE BOOK

Write today for FREE book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to learn law in spare time through the famous Blackstone home-study course in business and professional law. All instruction material furnished including big 16-volume law library. Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree awarded. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write today.

Blackstone School of Law, *Founded 1890* **225 North Michigan Ave. Dept. 198, Chicago 1, Ill.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Educate a Woman

Continued from page 10

style shows, "open houses" would cease to figure much in the cultural life of America without the help of the women. These functions must not be for the intelligent woman merely socal affairs. They can be planned to enlarge the artistic outlook and enrich the appreciation of a community to its great advantage. While the history of art contains few names of women, there is no reason why that must or will continue to be so. The argyle sock still gets manufactured in sizable numbers at the American club meeting, but the modern woman doesn't expect to spend much of the last twenty-five years of her life crocheting in the parlor.

A third direction to look when planning to educate a woman consists in her role as educator. Her responsibility as an educator holds quite apart from the fact that women occupy about 85 per cent of the teaching positions in elementary schools and 75 per cent of those in high schools. The woman is the educational continuity of the home. She selects nursery stories and influences leisure reading in later years. Supervision of language habits, radio and television program choices, "homework" if there is any usually falls to the woman. She educates her family and the community in standards of diet and health, which are not so likely to be expected of her male contemporaries. Recreation, exercise, sleep, sanitation are all affected most vitally by her standards. It is significant that the first Secretary of Education, Health, and Welfare in the President's Cabinet is a woman.

Perhaps the educational influence of women outside their home is even more powerful than that on their family. Leagues of Women Voters, clubs on civic and international affairs, councils on intercultural relations, parent-teacher associations, and other such groups have taught public office-seekers that women are powerful determinants of public opinion. Some analysts give women a major share in the election of President Eisenhower. The increasing number of women elected to public office indicates the growing extent to which they shape the beliefs of the public.

Book clubs and libraries express a strong interest by women in informal education. In fact, the American Library Association has reported that 85 per cent of the presently existing libraries were founded by women's clubs. It is a curious fact also that men wish women to educate them in social graces and accepted usage in human relations. 'Tis said "manners are minor morals," and they certainly belong to gracious living. Many a man has succeeded or failed in proportion as his wife has taken responsibility for articulating this side of his life. Lincoln might not have reached the White House without Mary Todd's help in this department.

A fourth area which will draw heavily on the education of women, and which therefore says something about their educational needs, is that of religion. Service as a religious counselor is an inescapable opportunity and responsibility of mothers. Emotional and character problems of children arise in the home first and these phases of human nature are shaped at home more fully than anywhere else. When Junior comes in with blackened eyes, after an alley encounter with neighborhood ruffians, it is usually Mom who justifies victory or defeat as the case requires and puts the world back together for normal pursuits.

A mother usually is the one who teaches the children their prayers and it is she who is characteristically the key influence in the decision as to whether the children go to church school. A large part of the church's work is done during the week by women while men are elsewhere at work. The number of official women delegates to the World Council of Churches doubled at the recent Evanston conference compared to the number present at Amsterdam in 1948 (*i.e.*, there were thirty-eight instead of nineteen).

DOROTHY THOMPSON may be close to the mark when she says, "There is hardly a reform in the whole of American society that was not promoted by women long before anyone else was doing much about it. The history of these reforms is the history of the humanizing of society."

That the educated woman must excel in reform does not mean that her education should be given a professional slant. A woman's education should be fundamentally and unequivocally a liberal education. All education should be liberal at its base in the sense that it qualify the student to make the most of his or her talents in solving human problems. Confronting the truth means understanding a scheme of things larger than oneself. An "educated" (clearly a relative term) person can be expected to possess some measure of cultural orientation. He or she should know something of human origins, social aims, and accomplishments. He should possess a certain body of factual knowledge concerning physical nature, forms of organic life, and of human responsibility. Habits of thought that enable him to marshal evidence, to arrange arguments that lead to valid conclusions or find "truth" must be his (or hers).

Women are human beings before they become mothers, educators, or professionals of any kind. Their education must enable them first of all to mature as human beings and to gain such intellectual and moral equipment as will enable them to find a purposeful outlet for their talents in whatever role they may be cast. The more basic the grounding in these liberal studies the more resourcefulness a woman will be able to bring to each new relation—whether it be marriage or professional life.

A second reason why a woman's education should be liberal, rather than primarily vocational, consists in the fact that she commonly is called upon, in fact, more often than men to readjust the basic pattern of her life. The resources in knowledge, standards of value, and methods of thought which a liberal education provides make possible such transitions in a woman's line of march as are necessary when she changes from a career to marriage, follows one along with marriage, or takes up one after the children are reared.

Doubtless the most typical woman finds her career through marriage. Her cultural contribution comes through her husband's work, the nurture of her children, and such community life as time permits. Yet this cultural creativity can and should change and expand after the children are reared. The opportunities open for the middle-aged woman to exert cultural and community leadership will be determined to a large extent by the place where she lives, the social and economic status her family has reached, her health, and several other factors which could not be predicted. Nevertheless, college education should qualify a woman to make the most of these circumstances for a creative career, rather than leaving her to twenty-five years of boredom over a predictable bridge game!

Marriage may turn out to be combined with a career outside the home. Here vocational excellence in addition to domestic success summons a

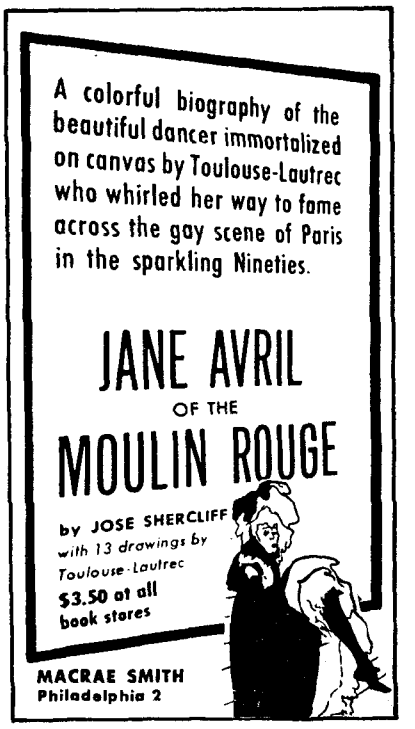
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

range of competence which education needs increasingly to supply. Employment of married women in such large numbers is a phenomenon of American life that is bound to become permanent. But what woman can tell in college that she must meet this need? The vocation of her husband, his success, and location are unpredictables to which she must accommodate herself.

Further, marriage as a career may run into disaster calling for wholly new adjustments. Divorce, premature death of the husband, depression lowering the standards of living or forcing employment outside the home, ill health, all these can require revised strategies which a woman must be able to meet in short order. In the Western world women are "chosen" for marriage, but each must come to marriage equipped with sufficient resources to enable her to choose the most relevant line of activity should her marriage prove unsuccessful. Margaret Mead considers these gifts, including earning power, a new kind of dowry which women bring to marriage.

EVEN if the woman follows a career or profession her whole life and never marries her education still has more reason to be liberal than that of men. Competition from men in the professions forces the woman doctor, lawyer, or merchant-chief to be even more inventive than her male contemporaries. Public confidence in women as professional leaders has not yet caught up with their merits. Women must be as professionally competent as men and more skilful in handling the peculiar problems posed by her traditional social status. The richness of her cultural heritage and orientation will serve her if her education has been sufficiently liberal.

In short, women need to possess the common denominator of all education. The point of stressing the areas of special significance in which women will need to excel is to call attention


A colorful biography of the beautiful dancer immortalized on canvas by Toulouse-Lautrec who whirled her way to fame across the gay scene of Paris in the sparkling Nineties.
JANE AVRIL
OF THE
MOULIN ROUGE
by JOSE SHERCLIFF
with 13 drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec
$3.50 at all book stores
MACRAE SMITH
Philadelphia 2

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
ELLERY QUEEN'S AWARDS *Ellery Queen, Ed.* (Little Brown: $3)	Seventeen varied yarns make up ninth number in classic series.	Fine selection, fine performance, as usual.	Aces up
THE DAMNED LOVELY *Jack Webb* (Rinehart: $2.75)	West Coast rabbi slain; Father Shanley and Sgt. Golden stir devil's brew.	Bad cops, good cops, thugs, lady mayor, bums, millionaires in this potpourri.	Average
DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.75)	Innocent Britisher gets noose verdict, lams; has several rough moments.	Pace tense most of way, but unorthodox dénouement is letdown.	OK, save as noted
SHROUD OF DARKNESS *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Near-murder in London fog prefaces real thing; nice Yarders cover much ground.	Treatment convincing, intelligent, all the way; pace swift.	You can't miss here
THE BLACK MOUNTAIN *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.75)	Nero Wolfe flies to Montenegro (that's right) to solve NY killing; Archie tags along.	Radical departure from tested routine develops into swell yarn.	OK all the way
UNFINISHED CRIME *Helen McCloy* (Random: $2.75)	Renegade pilot clobbered in heart of NY after jettisoning bauble in 5&10.	Innocent bystanders take over in moonstone murder merry-go-round.	Bit thinnish
SHE LEFT A SILVER SLIPPER *Frank Stevens* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Russell Ames, new NY eye, steps into society as show-gal hits salt water.	Too ruminative in spots, but fast elsewhere; little clothing worn.	Maiden effort holds up
THE BENEVENT TREASURE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Secret passages in Elizabethan landmark fail to daunt Miss Maud Silver, aging snooperess.	Much genealogy in author's 53d yarn; Tennyson, Keats quoted.	Gothic as all getout
ANOTHER MORGUE HEARD FROM *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.75)	5-hrs.-from-NY case takes pvt.-eye pair into political wingding with no holds barred.	Much thinking-out-loud, but problem is neat, action medium-fast.	Plus mark

—SERGEANT CUFF.

A BORZOI BOOK

WHAT DID IT MEAN?

The happy new novel about the Coronation and Barsetshire by

ANGELA THIRKELL

$3.95 *at all bookstores*

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

Do you know about
The Irish Book Club?
The best in Irish writing — current and classic — at a saving
For details, and list of books available, address the Club at:
23 E. 26th St., New York 10, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to what their liberal education must enable them to do. The crux of the matter is that a woman must be able to perform as a producer, an investor of wealth, a purchaser of goods, an educator, cultivator of the arts, and religious counselor. Her education should contain the common core of knowledge, methods of thought, and standards of value of the essence of "liberal" education.

When once this core or basic platform of education has been gained there is no reason why some downright "practical" or "applied" courses in economics, art, education, and religion should not be studied. But let the woman's courses stay as close to principles all four years as possible. Jacques Barzun has affirmed, "The only thing worth teaching anybody is principle." The four years of college are precious and there is little time to do much more than establish the basic principles. In such time as remains let the college girl get down to cases. Her studies in marketing, banking, drawing, pedagogy and child care, religious counseling and education will introduce her to the particular phenomena of human experience which confirm the more general principles of her basic education.

When the family budget has been pinched in the past the son rather than the daughter has been sent through college. But this cannot longer be good national economy. The functions women serve are equally fundamental to those of men, even though education for women should be even more clearly non-vocational than that of men. It is only that the preparation of women for their role is somewhat less direct and specific than the man who can aim for a vocational mark more certainly than his sister, for he knows for sure that he must find a wage-earning career.

Does this mean that the way to educate a woman should be different from that for a man? In some measure yes; in other respects no. There is a common denominator for all education and it is this which both men and women share. The basic introduction to major areas of human knowledge and facility in reasoning about typical problems found there should result in clarity and exactness in expression, both orally and in writing. Familiarity with the idiom of one or two established fields of learning usually forwards this ideal. Education short-cuts human experience and enables the learner to borrow from past accomplishments. But his facility in identifying this borrowing with exactness testifies to the adequacy of his studies. "Educated" men and women must be qualified to enter into a community of ideas and ideals whatever their educational history or future plans may be. And communication between trained minds remains essential to good society, as Plato saw.

IS THERE any particular kind of college in which a woman can be educated most advantageously? In the first place, women usually need to gain self-confidence in a classroom. Since social custom in America dictates that women should be courted by the men, at least overtly, women must not appear too aggressive in the presence of men. If they are too brilliant or too dull in a mixed class their social status is compromised. Men subconsciously do not wish to be outshone, nor do they wish to be burdened with a dull companion. These artificial barriers make the typical girl cautious in class. Consequently intellectual battles of the classroom are usually waged by the men while the girls look on.

Venturesome, active participation in learning is necessary to the greatest progress. Students fail more often because they do not believe in their ideas than because of their dogmatism. Self-confidence through belief in one's methods of procedure and in basic principles of reasoning and valuation must be presupposed by sound learning. Distraction from the main purpose of a classroom, which is instruction, by questions of social status means inefficiency in learning.

There is no reason why a woman who is able to think and succeeds in doing so should become a social misfit after she has learned to rely on her brain as well as her personality. Yet both men and some women fear this may be so. The result is an unrealized potentiality on the part of many women who rein in their natural thirst for learning before the forbidding eye of a self-confident man.

Secondly, the curriculum must be adjusted to the needs of women fully as much as to those of men. Most curricula in coeducational colleges are designed for men. Of course, there is no female version of mathematics, chemistry, or French. But the uses to be made of them may be different and more uniform on the part of women. Certainly the incidence of need for a researcher's knowledge of these subjects is far lower among women than men. A typical class of women is going to want economics for a different purpose from the average man. In a mixed class the instructor usually chooses illustrations that help the men and lets the women pick up such crumbs of insight as they may. A class solely for women presented to them in light of their interests, expected use of it, and typical idiom can be expected to yield greater educational profit per hour than one that must address itself at the same time to these same factors which are basic for men.

It may be argued that women need to think in terms that men use and to seek to interest themselves in the same things men are concerned with since they must live in a world where the population is nearly half men. But they have the remaining fifty or sixty years of their life to make that transition. The precious four years in college should make available to them as large quantities of knowledge and in as vivid form as possible.

Another area in which women deserve better conditions than they usually confront in a coeducational college is in their informal learning through extracurriculars. A campus for women can give to them opportunities for self-development not available elsewhere. All student offices are open to them there and not divided with, or rather conceded to, men. The new responsibilities demanded of women in adult life need to be prepared for in college. Women should not be mere spectators of sports, student government, publications, departmental clubs. Their participation in these becomes a basic factor in the maturing of their personalities. A school offering a maximum of opportunities for self-expression offers the richest educational community.

Further, college must assist women in learning how to get along with women. Unassisted by the sex attraction, which glosses over to men many a flaw, women develop genuine resources in living harmoniously with their natural competitors. A woman's woman commands as much admiration as a man's man. It is as poor a compliment for a woman to be her best in the presence of men as it is for a man to be so in the company of women. The woman who finds in college those factors which mature her personal resources most completely will be assured of her own happiness and of wide opportunity for usefulness and recognition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1079

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

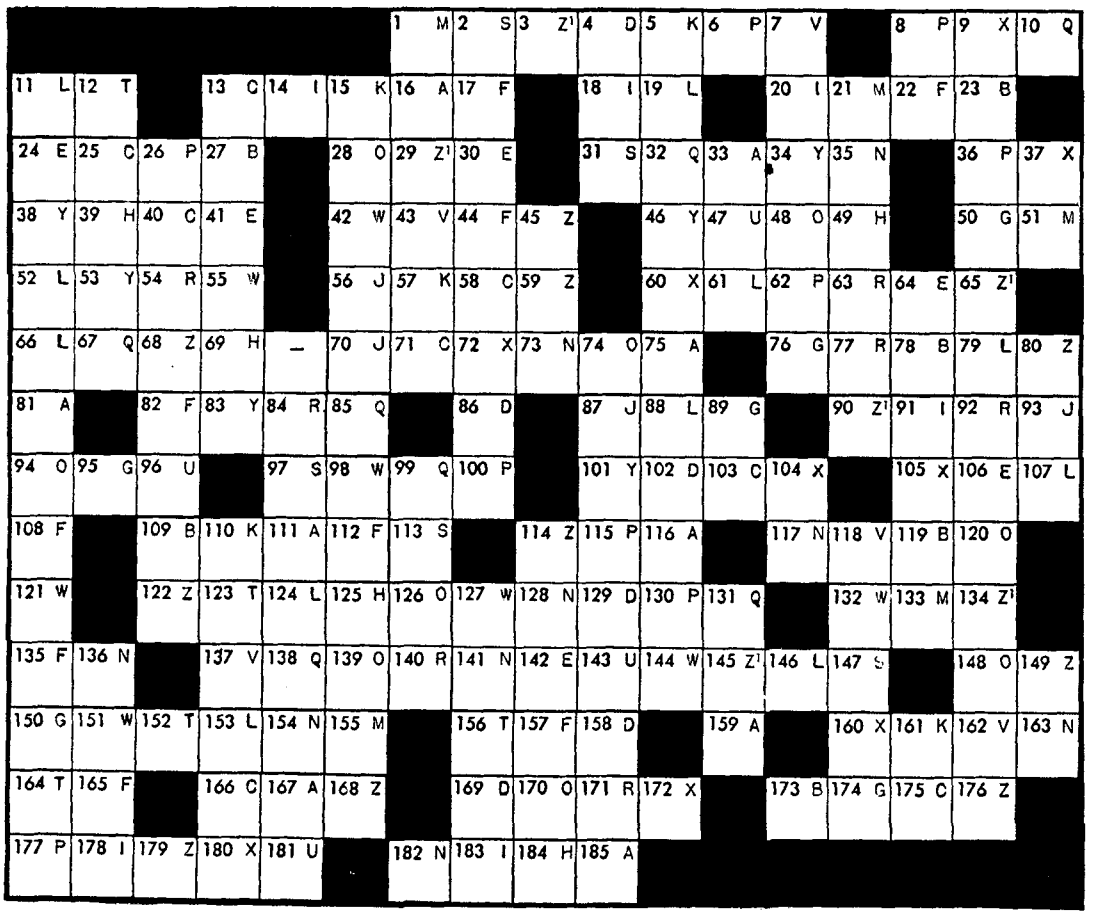
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The blue pointer (2 wds.).	116 159 111 167 81 185 16 33 75
B. The rose of Sharon.	119 23 27 173 78 109
C. Small dog used in Holland as watchdog and ratter on barges.	58 40 103 13 25 71 175 166
D. Large-flowered daisy resembling the common "oxeye."	158 102 86 129 169 4
E. Least occupied.	142 41 106 64 30 24
F. Temporary deciduous equipment of mammals (2 wds.).	108 82 22 17 157 165 112 44 135
G. What alabaster really is.	95 89 76 150 174 50
H. Central Caucasian, of mixed Mohammedan and Christian faiths, tall, unprepossessing.	125 49 39 69 184
I. Carpenter's tool with coarse teeth for cutting with the grain.	178 183 14 18 91 20
J. Characteristic regimental of the "Ladies from Hell," World War I.	70 93 56 87
K. Well-known climbing plants, once sacred to Bacchus.	161 5 57 15 110
L. Cup-shaped.	124 19 79 61 146 11 107 66 88 153 52
M. To escape by skill or dexterity.	21 1 133 155 51
N. Either *Capraria biflora* or *Scoparia dulcis*.	35 117 128 136 163 182 73 154 141

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A sort of panel on which the arms of a deceased person are displayed.	170 148 120 74 28 139 48 94 126
P. Dressmaker's device to give a lady in a narrow skirt some extra legroom (2 wds.).	6 115 8 100 36 62 26 130 177
Q. Foretelling a threatening future.	85 138 67 99 32 10 131
R. An East Indian grass cultivated in Louisiana which yields an oil used in perfumes.	63 171 84 77 92 140 54
S. Obscene.	97 2 31 113 147
T. The product.	123 156 152 164 12
U. See Word V.	96 181 143 47
V. Followed by Word U, the "Marco Polo sheep."	162 118 137 7 43
W. Archaic expression, to bear, abide (2 wds.).	121 151 98 55 132 42 144 127
X. Person who can see well only in bright light.	104 172 105 180 37 160 9 72 60
Y. Poet who wrote of being "faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."	34 46 101 38 53 83
Z. Granting or supposing that (2 wds.).	80 68 59 149 176 114 45 179 168 122
Z¹. Common red currant.	65 29 134 90 145 3

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMAGINE:

A holiday shopping spree

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in your own easy chair!

WHAT a wonderful way to solve all your gift problems. You just sit comfortably in your own living room and turn the pages of an attractive free booklet prepared for you with the cooperation of 55 publishers and 303 booksellers. You avoid the nuisance of fighting through shopping crowds . . . the traffic, the trains, the buses, bad weather. You escape that weary, footsore feeling, the frustrations, the disappointments. For now in the cozy comfort of your home you can do *all* your shopping happily, do it well, and do it easily.

How to prove your good taste

Here, in the attractive pages of this new kind of all-purpose gift book catalog, are 221 different, clever, and thoughtful ways to say "Merry Christmas!" And every way is *perfect,* because each gift is matched to the exact taste and desires of the individual on your gift list. As a result, you will make more people happy — and in the end, it will cost you less (prices range from $1, for a lovely Flower Arrangement Calendar, to $49.50, for an India paper edition of a magnificent unabridged dictionary).

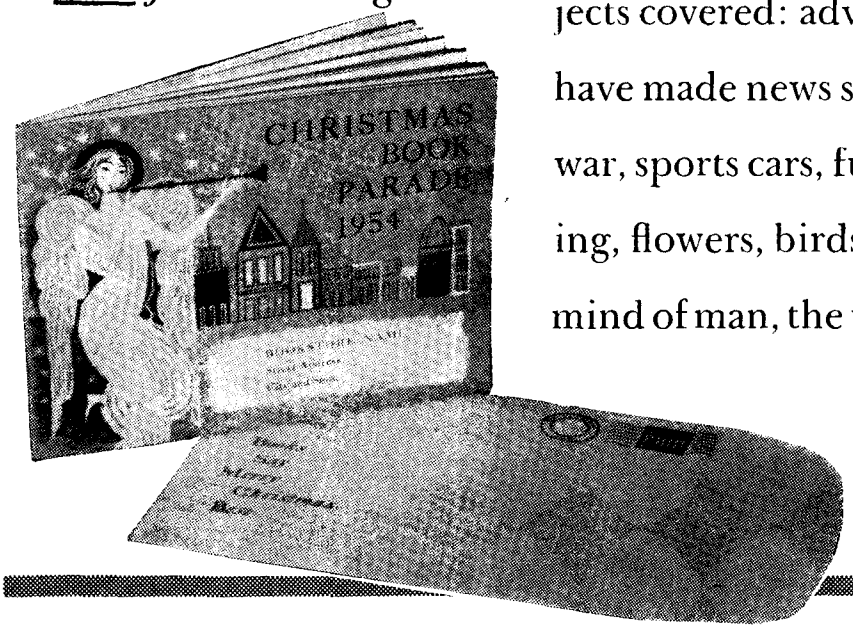
SEE NEXT 2 PAGES ☞

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something for everybody

No matter what the interests of the lucky person on your holiday list, you'll find something exactly right in the pages of this Book Parade.

FREE for the asking!



Here, for example, are just a few of the subjects covered: adventure, music, names that have made news since time began, painting, war, sports cars, fun, faith, sport, wood carving, flowers, birds, clothes, good eating, the mind of man, the universe he lives in, words, writing, the stars, stamp collecting, photography,

The Booksellers of America make Christmas giving easier this year.

Here's a handy list of the booksellers from whom you can get a copy of THE CHRISTMAS BOOK PARADE 1954. Or, use the coupon at the right.

ALABAMA
SMITH & HARDWICK, Birmingham
THE BOOK & ART SHOP, Dothan
MOBILE BOOK STORE, Mobile

ARIZONA
CORNER BOOK SHOP, Scottsdale
STEINHEIMER'S, Tucson

CALIFORNIA
SIERRA BOOK STORE, Bakersfield
RADSTON'S, Berkeley
MARTINDALE'S, Beverly Hills
BURBANK STATIONERS, Burbank
THE BOOK WORM, Carmel
CHICO BOOK STORE, Chico
PERKIN'S BOOKWORM, Coronado
OFFICE SUPPLY COMPANY, El Centro
ENCINO BOOK STORE, Encino
GORDON'S SATYR BOOK SHOP, Hollywood
MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Hollywood
WARWICK'S, La Jolla
KAY'S BOOK SHELF, Los Altos
CAMPBELL'S, Los Angeles
FOWLER BROTHERS, Los Angeles
THE VILLAGE BOOK STORE, L.A.
WESTWOOD BOOK STORE, Los Angeles
NEW YORKER BOOKSHOP, Manhattan Beach
BROWNING'S LTD., Menlo Park
REDWOOD BOOK SHOP, Mill Valley
DESERET BOOK SHOP, Palm Springs
MARION'S HOUSE, Pasadena
BRAY'S BOOK SHELF, Porterville
LEVINSON'S BOOK STORE, Sacramento
PAUL ELDER'S BOOKS, San Francisco
THE COTTAGE BOOKSHOP, San Rafael
SANTA ANA BOOK STORE, Santa Ana
MCLAUGHLIN'S THE BOOK SHELF, Santa Barbara
DECOLOTE BOOKSHOP, Santa Barbara
LASSEN OFFICE SUPPLY, Susanville
BENNETT'S BOOKSHOP, Van Nuys
COUNTY STATIONERS, INC., Ventura
WHITTIER BOOK STORE, Whittier

COLORADO
DELPHINE CARPENTER'S BOOKSHOP, Aspen
THE PRINTED PAGE, Boulder
TOOH CORNER BOOK STORE, Denver

CONNECTICUT
CAVALIER'S BOOK STORE, Bristol
DANBURY BOOKSHOP, Danbury
GREENWICH BOOK SHOP, Greenwich
G. FOX & COMPANY, Hartford
HUNTINGTON'S BOOK STORE, Middletown
INNER COURT BOOKSHOP, New Haven
G. REUSCHEL, New Haven
THE BARRETT BOOKSTORE, Stamford
THE HOMESTEAD BOOK & COPPER SHOP, Wallingford
THE HICKORY STICK BOOKSHOP, Washington Depot
MERCY BOYD'S BOOKSHOP, Waterbury
CLAPP & TUTTLE, Woodbury

WASHINGTON, D. C.
WM. BALLANTYNE'S & SONS
THE CADMUS BOOK STORE
KANN'S
WORLD AFFAIRS BOOKSHOP

FLORIDA
THE SANDY BOOK STORE, Clearwater
THE BOOK NOOK, Daytona Beach
HOMESTEAD STATIONERS, Homestead
AVILES BOOK SHOP, St. Augustine
THE BOOK SHOP, Sebring
MODERNE BOOK SHOP & LENDING LIBRARY, South Miami
THE BOOKERY, Winter Park

GEORGIA
DAVISON PAXON COMPANY, Atlanta
YELLOW LANTERN LIBRARY, Atlanta

ILLINOIS
THE BOOK SHOP, Barrington
W. B. READ & COMPANY, Bloomington
ROBESON'S, Champaign
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO BOOKSTORE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN BOOK SHOP, Chi.
WOODBURY BOOK COMPANY, Danville
HAINES & ESSICK COMPANY, Decatur
MERCK BOOK STORE, Freeport
ROBIN'S BOOKSHOP, LTD., Geneva
THE REPUBLICAN LEADER, Marion
WIRTZ BOOK COMPANY, Monmouth
ACORN BOOKSTORE & PRESS, Oak Park
THE BOOKFINDERS, Rockford
AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN, Rock Island
I. T. BOOK STORE, Streator
PEARCES' BOOK STORE, Waukegan

INDIANA
GARY BOOK STORE, Gary
L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, Indianapolis
THE BROWN STUDY, LaPorte
PENZEL'S, Muncie
MONTGOMERY & WEBB, South Bend

IOWA
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE, Des Moines
ROSHEK BROTHERS COMPANY, Dubuque
THE GORDON BOOKSHOP, Iowa City
MEYER BOOK SHOP, Maquoketa
YELLAND & HANES, Mason City
DOUDNA'S, INC., Spencer

KANSAS
COLLEGE BOOK STORE, Manhattan
TINDER OFFICE SUPPLY, Pittsburgh
TUPPER OFFICE SUPPLY, Pratt
GOLDSMITH'S, Wichita
GEORGE INNES COMPANY, Wichita

KENTUCKY
WILSON'S BOOK STORE, Paducah

LOUISIANA
WELLAN'S, Alexandria
OAK OFFICE SUPPLY, New Iberia
BASEMENT BOOK SHOP, New Orleans
METAIRIE BOOK SHOP, New Orleans
DUNBAR'S, Opelousas

MAINE
JONES BOOK SHOP, Portland
LORING, SHORT & HARMON, Portland
THE BOOK SHOP, Presque Isle

MARYLAND
MAY COMPANY, Baltimore
SCHILL'S BOOK SHOP, Baltimore
HARBAUGH'S BOOK STORE, Cumberland

MASSACHUSETTS
THE PAYSON HALL BOOKSHOP, Belmont
DEWOLFE & FISKE COMPANY, Boston
THE PERSONAL BOOK SHOP, Boston
HARVARD COOPERATIVE, Cambridge
CONCORD BOOKSHOP, Concord
WESTWINDS BOOKSHOP, Duxbury
THE BOOKSTORE, East Northfield
BORROWDALE BOOKSHOP, Edgartown
THE BOOK SHOP, Fitchburg
THE LIVING ROOM LIBRARY, Framingham Centre
WILLIAM G. BROWN & CO., Gloucester
MITCHELL & COMPANY, INC., Haverhill
HAMPSHIRE BOOKSHOP, Northampton
MARY SPALDING'S BOOKSHOP, Winchester

MICHIGAN
VARSITY SHOP, Alma
THE OVERBECK BOOKSTORE, Ann Arbor
MARTIN'S BOOK STORE, Coldwater
CAMPUS BOOK STORE, East Lansing
THE BOOK STALL, Flint
BRINK'S BOOK STORE, Holland
M. & M. NEWS STAND, Iron Mountain
ELLISON BOOK SHOP, Lansing
MICHIGAN STATE LIBRARY, Lansing
HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, Muskegon
THE LITTLE SHOP, Niles

MINNESOTA
ADAMS', Rochester

MISSISSIPPI
OFFICE SUPPLY COMPANY, Clarksdale

MISSOURI
OSTERLOH'S BOOK STORE, Cape Girardeau
MISSOURI STORE COMPANY, Columbia
THE OZARK BOOK SHOP, Springfield
SPRINGFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY

MONTANA
DUNDAS OFFICE SUPPLY CO., Great Falls
GREAT FALLS PUBLIC LIBRARY
SUSAN EAKER BOOKSHOP, Helena

NEBRASKA
GARY'S, Norfolk

NEVADA
THE NEVADA BOOK STORE, Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE
APPLE TREE BOOK SHOP, Concord
BATCHELDER'S BOOKSTORE, Exeter
G. H. TILDEN & COMPANY, Keene
THE BOOK NOOK, Manchester
GOODMAN'S BOOKSTORE, Manchester

NEW JERSEY
POST'S, East Orange
SUTTON MANOR BOOK STORE, Ritz Book & Gift Shop, Elizabeth
ERNEST F. DELL, Jersey City
EDWARD MADISON CO., Montclair
THE BOOKSHOP, Morristown
THE EXCLUSIVE SHOP, Morristown
PRINCETON BOOK MART, Princeton
WITHERSPOON BOOKSHOP, Princeton
THE BOOK MART, Red Bank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tile-setting, the theatre, history, glamorous personalities, far places, spectacular events, fishing, hunting, dogs, rivers, and hundreds of others.

Easy does it . . . by phone!

All you have to do is to write or phone to your favorite bookseller for your free copy of the CHRISTMAS BOOK PARADE 1954. He has just received his supply and will be delighted to send you one. And if you happen to be near his shop, you can also pick it up in person. Look over the list of bookshops printed on these two pages. If there isn't a bookseller near you, mail the coupon below and we will rush you a free copy of the CHRISTMAS BOOK PARADE by return mail. Do your shopping early and in comfort. Mail that coupon now, before you forget.

A. H. ROEMER COMPANY, INC., Summit
TRENTON BOOKSHOP, Trenton
THE TOWN BOOK STORE, Westfield

NEW MEXICO
THE VILLAGRA BOOK SHOP, Santa Fe
TAOS BOOK SHOP, Taos

NEW YORK
R. F. CLAPP, INC., Albany
THE EDNA MOON BOOK STORE, Auburn
MILLER BOOK STORE, Bronx
THE REARDON SHOP, East Meadow
BOOK ENDS, INC., Glen Cove
CORNELL CAMPUS STORE, INC., Ithaca
ROBERT M. STAMM, Jackson Heights
FRANK SUMMERBELL, Jamaica
NORMAN'S MANHASSET BOOK SHOP, Manhasset
THE CELLAR BOOK SHOP, Massapequa
ROBINSON & CUNNINGHAM, INC., Middletown
NEW ROCHELLE BOOK STORE, New Rochelle
CLARENCE W. SMITH, INC., Rochester
BRACKETT'S BOOKSTORE, Oneonta
THE BOOK SHOP, Rochester
E. L. GRAY & COMPANY, Saranac Lake
BETTY NIEHOFF, BOOKS, Saranac Lake
SCARSDALE BOOKSHOP, INC., Scarsdale
KEENE'S BOOKSHOP, Southampton
EMILY MUNDY'S BOOKSHOP, Syracuse
LAMBERT GRANT, INC., Utica

NEW YORK CITY
CANTERBURY BOOKSHOP
CENTER BOOK SERVICE
CHAUCER HEAD BOOK SHOP
COLONY BOOKS, INC.,
PHILIP C. DUSCHNES,
THE EXCHANGE BOOK SHOP
FUTURE BOOK & CARD SHOP
THE GUILD BOOK SHOP
KAPELL'S BOOKSTORE
THE LOBBY BOOKSHOP.
MODERN BOOKSHOP
NEW YORKER BOOKSHOP
THE POST BOX BOOKSHOP, INC.
THE PUTNAM BOOK STORE
SUTTON MANOR BOOK STORE
THRIFTY BOOK CLUB,
WOMRATH BOOKSHOP & LIBRARY

NORTH CAROLINA
THE INTIMATE BOOKSHOP, Chapel Hill
STRAUGHAN'S BOOK SHOP, Greensboro
COUNTRY BOOKSHOP, Southern Pines
HAYES' BOOK SHOP, Southern Pines
THE BOOK SHELF, Tryon
BELK-BEERY BOOK DEPT., Wilmington
SALEM BOOK STORE, Winston-Salem

OHIO
BERTRAND SMITH'S ACRES OF BOOKS, Cincinnati
THE KERNER & WOOD CO., Cleveland
FLEMING'S BOOKSTORE, Columbus
FLEMING'S GRACELAND BOOKSTORE, Columbus
MCCLELLAND'S BOOKSTORE, Columbus
CHARLES MCLEAN, Bookseller, Dayton
LEE'S BOOK STORE, Delaware
CENTRAL BOOK STORE, Elyria
FINDLAY PRINTING CO., Findlay
THE BOOKSHOP, Mansfield
J. A. DEVITO'S BOOK STORE, Newark
NORWALK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Norwalk
THE BOOK SHOP, Sandusky
SHAKER HEIGHTS PUBLIC LIBRARY
VAN WERT BOOK STORE, Van Wert
CITY BOOK STORE, Wooster

OKLAHOMA
CONWELL STUDIOS—BOOK NOOK, Altus
OLIVER'S BOOK SHOP, Tulsa
UTICA SQUARE BOOK SHOP, Tulsa

PENNSYLVANIA
THE COUNTRY BOOK SHOP, Bryn Mawr
THOMPSON'S BOOK STORE, Carlisle
FIRESIDE BOOK SHOP, Chestnut Hill
GARDY'S, Doylstown
ERIE BOOK STORE, Erie
LAUREL BOOK SERVICE, Hazleton
BARR-HURST BOOK SHOP, Lancaster
KASTENBAUM BOOKS, Media
THE DELAWARE BOOKSHOP, New Hope
SAMES BOOK STORE, Norristown
WILLIAM M. BAINES, Philadelphia
JOSEPH FOX, Books, Philadelphia
METHODIST BOOK ROOM, Philadelphia
SELBY & LOVELAND, Philadelphia
SESSLER'S BOOKSHOP, Philadelphia
THE SHOP, Philadelphia
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia
PROFESSIONAL BOOK STORE, Pittsburgh
UNITARIAN BOOKSHOP, Pittsburgh
J. R. WELDIN COMPANY, Pittsburgh
HERITAGE BOOK SHOP, Pottstown
H. F. SMITH & SON, Pottstown
BERKSHIRE NEWS COMPANY, Reading
W. B. KEELER—COLLEGE BOOK STORE, State College
ROWE'S BOOK STORE, Wellsboro
HELEN L. BARNHART'S BOOK & CARD SHOP, York
ZELIENOPLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

RHODE ISLAND
LITTLE ACORN BOOKSHOP, Pawtucket

SOUTH CAROLINA
PINE TREE BOOK SHOP, Greenville

TENNESSEE
MILLER BROTHERS CO., Chattanooga
BLUE & GRAY BOOK SHOP, Memphis

TEXAS
A. C. GREENE'S, Abilene
COOPER & MELIN, Amarillo
UNIVERSITY COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, INC., Austin
TAYLOR'S BOOK SHOP, Beaumont
SAUNDER'S BOOK STORE, Bonham
THE BIBLE BOOK STORE, Childress
MCINNES BOOK STORE, Corpus Christi
PRESBYTERIAN BOOK STORE, Dallas
PERSONNEL ASSOCIATES, Edinburg
BOOK MART, Houston
BOOK & STATIONERY CENTER, Lubbock
ANGELUS BOOKSHOP, San Angelo
LESLIE KEITH, Books, Sherman
CLEVELAND'S BOOK STORE, Texarkana
PLAZA GIFT SHOP, Victoria

UTAH
AUERBACH COMPANY, Salt Lake City
DESERET BOOK COMPANY, Salt Lake City

VERMONT
THE VERMONT BOOK SHOP, Middlebury

VIRGINIA
NEW DOMINION BOOKSHOP, Charlottesville
THE STUDENT BOOK SHOP, Lynchbu
BEACON BOOK SHOP, Norfolk
MILLER AND RHOADS, Richmond

WASHINGTON
COLUMBIA BOOK STORE, Richland
HARRY HARTMAN BOOKSELLERS, Sea
LOWMAN & HANFORD CO., Seattle
WALLA WALLA BOOK SHOP

WEST VIRGINIA
JAMES & LAW COMPANY, Clarksbu
BOOK EXCHANGE, INC., Morgantow

WISCONSIN
CONKEY'S BOOK STORE, Appleton
MOORE'S BOOK SHOP, LaCrosse
BROWN'S BOOK SHOP, Madison
UNIVERSITY CO-OP, Madison
HAMPEL'S BOOK SHOP, Milwaukee
THE STEVENS PHARMACY, Oconomo
MARTHA MERRELL, INC., Racine
FISCHER'S CITY NEWS, Sheboygan
MEAD PUBLIC LIBRARY, Sheboygan

WYOMING
BALCONY BOOK SHOP, Cheyenne

FOREIGN
LA BOHEMIA BOOKSTORE, Havana
ESSO CLUB BOOKSTORE, Aruba, N.W
ARNOLD J. SALAS, Curacao, N.W.I.
PAN AMERICAN BOOK STORE, San Juan, Puerto Rico

In case there is no bookseller near you, use this coupon

R. R. BOWKER CO., Dept. C
62 W. 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

I want to go on a holiday shopping spree in my own easy chair. Please send me my *free* copy of the CHRISTMAS BOOK PARADE 1954. I understand this will be rushed to me by the bookseller nearest to me, from the list of 303 printed here.

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING? Uniquely personal services: style-improving, ghostwriting, criticism, marketing. Top standard typing, research. Recommended leading authors, publishers. SARA CLYNE, 119 West 57 St., NYC 19. CIrcle 5-7735.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

FICTION, NON-FICTION, and POETRY manuscripts marketed directly to trade editors. New authors encouraged. No charge for reading and editorial advice. SPOON RIVER ASSOCIATES, 3554 73 St., New York 72, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

OVERNIGHT DUPLICATION SERVICE. Letters, Manuscripts, Reports, Sketches, Legal Documents, Musical Arrangements, Galley Proofs, or similar material reproduced the same day or overnight at the latest, by new photo-copy method. From carbon copies as well as originals. 5¢ per page. Bindings to specifications, including plastic rings. Hotel Schuyler, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED for publication. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MSS. REVISED, TYPED PROFESSIONALLY by free-lance editor, wide publishing experience. Research, proofreading, indexing, translating. KAHN, ENdicott 2-1017. Box P-970.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays. MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghostwriting, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT PREPARATION or any part of it: Abstracting, Editing, Indexing, Manuscript analysis, Proofreading, Rewrite, Englishing. Also manuscript typing including medical and psychiatric. Reasonable rates. FORREST-NEUMAN ASSOCIATES, 949 West End Ave., NYC 25. UNiversity 5-8184, ACademy 2-8961.

MANUSCRIPTS, theses, etc., expertly typed. Reasonable, rapid; conveniently located. LOrraine 7-8659 (NYC).

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

COLLEGE MANUALS published without cost to author. Scholar's Library, 1640 York Ave., NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS on any subject. BAY BOOKS, Box 2423, San Francisco 26, California.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

SECURE your Out-of-Print books from THE AUDUBON BOOK SERVICE, 415 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

COMPLETE STOCK hard-to-find books. Free service. One of world's largest buyers, sellers since 1900. CRIST BOOKS, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept. L, BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED! We can find that book for you. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-M, Beverly Hills, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

GANDHI'S early autobiography, SATYAGRAHA IN SOUTH AFRICA. First American edition. $5. Ask your bookdealer or ACADEMIC REPRINTS, Box 3003, Stanford, California. Free catalogue.

SAVE 50% to 80%. SEND for FREE bargain catalogue No. 385-SR. UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

DISTINGUISHED CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS! The famous David Ewen Series on: American Composers Today (265 pp. $4—lists recordings); Composers of Yesterday (488 pp. $5—lists recordings); European Composers Today (200 pp. $4); Living Musicians (398 pp. $5). These collected biographies have photograph portraits and critical analyses. Excellent pre-concert references covering every important composer and solo artist. International Musician says: "David Ewen can always be counted on to be thorough and . . . accurate." Order from Box AB, THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY (founded 1898), 950 University Ave., NYC 52. IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT.

SEND 10¢ for bookchest 14 (Philosophy) 15 (Psychology) to: CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago 40, Illinois.

"TAXCO—THE ENCHANTED CITY," by American resident. Full information. $2 postpaid. Leslie Curtis, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

PERSONALS

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91, NYC 24.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

ELLERY QUEEN's MYSTERY MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 1 to date. Make offer. Box V-128.

PERSONALS

GROUP FORMING to leave Laredo, Texas, shoestringing Mexico, Central-South America January 4, 6 months. No guide. Probable basic $1,200. Box T-910.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc. $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

ROOM with private bath in pleasant Midwestern home, for woman desiring quiet, inexpensive living. Box V-104.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D.C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

RESEARCH in history, economics, marketing, literary subjects. Morrison Research Associates, 7 Berkeley Place, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES. All types, sent Special Handling, postpaid. Bartlett Hendricks, Pittsfield 50-B, Massachusetts.

BRILLIANT BULLFIGHT POSTERS—Unique Xmas gifts. Exclusive direct Spanish imports. Lithographed in 11 vivid colors, they're superb for den, patio, bar, recreation room decoration. Large 1¾ by 3½-foot display size, complete with Spanish text, two different $3; four different $4. Giant 3¾ by 5½-foot size, $3 each; two different $5. LOS TOROS, Box 5964-K, Indianapolis 20, Indiana.

I'LL BE GLAD to help you shop. Reasonable fee. MUrray Hill 8-1658 (NYC).

BOOK ADVERTISING for publishers. George Butterly, Times Tower, NYC.

SURPRISE A FRIEND or relative with stationery or playing cards with sketch of own house on them. Splendid for Christmas. Ask TIFFT, 283 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

SHOPPING SERVICE FOR INTERIORS—furniture, fabrics, lamps, gifts—save thru decorator. Mail orders accepted. OREgon 5-2598. Miss Ruth, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 19.

BACHELOR, 40's, planning trailer trip Southwest, February-March, desires another to share expenses. Box T-973.

CHILDREN LOVE GRANNY GUINN'S weekly letters about her real Virginia farm. For 4 to 8-year-olds. Gift card. Letters are 13, $2; 26, $4, and 1 year $8. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

CALIFORNIA BOUND? Ideal gift, beautifully illustrated, "California as Place to Live," by UCLA Professor John Crow. Scribner's, $3.95.

TOWARD A THEORY OF CREATIVITY—lead article by Carl R. Rogers in current issue of ETC., official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms tend to limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 33, 400 West North Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois.

LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY NEWSLETTER. Articles, notes, correspondence, bibliographies. Five 1954 issues, $1; trial issue 25¢. Box T-968.

ARTIST-POETESS would relinquish sea gulls for moderate, midtown winter sublet, NYC. "Seascape," Cundy's Harbor, Maine.

ONLY IF YOU LOVE to cook should you read further. If you are a woman under 50, active, experienced, and unencumbered, you are wanted for our early American adult family's private residence on our Colonial estate, Eastern New York, where we also operate a mechanized farm. With all modern conveniences and assisted by a congenial, non-servant type staff, we have enjoyed year-round, comfortable country living for many years. Good wages and full maintenance. Excellent living conditions. Permanent. Give birth date, background, and qualifications. References required. Telephone number. Box V-125.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

OFF-BROADWAY BULLETIN, "8:40" (issued monthly, September-June) tells the what, where, and when of Off-Broadway productions. Interviews with producers, directors, and actors. Reviews. $1.25 for 10 issues. Address 8:40 Theatre, West Side Y.M.C.A., 5 West 63 St., NYC 23.

MOVING IS FUN, CHEAP, SAFE. For bonded moving, large or small, call KING ARTHUR—any time. ALgonquin 5-0794 (NYC).

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER, nursery school director wife, will be tutor and governess to family traveling to Europe June through September. Fare and expenses only. 11651 Everston, Norwalk, California.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Selling half subscription two balcony seats Saturdays. Box V-115.

ADVERTISING MANAGER, capable in graphic arts, writing, sales approach of advertising, seeks new plateau of endeavor. Gathered experience as ad manager of small daily and prize-winning weekly. Willing to switch to other medium or field. Present salary $9,000. Looking for higher income, or nourishment of cultural and esthetic instincts. Box V-116.

XMAS GIFTS from "The Town of Grand Ole Opera." Charm bracelet, CRYING salt 'n pepper, hand-painted ring holder, $1.50 each, hand-painted lighter, bone china label floral decoration, $3 or $5 pair. BLUEBIRD SHOP, 1412 Stratton Ave., Nashville, Tennessee.

FORMER LANGUAGE TEACHER seeks companion position: sews, prepares light meals. Box V-126.

BOARD YOUR DOGS while you vacation. Registered kennels, Hopewell, N. J. Large outdoor runs. Heated buildings. Excellent menus. Grooming, bathing, clipping. Pick up and delivery NYC area. ELdorado 5-7600, ext. 23 (NYC).

REGISTERED NURSE, cultured, educated, experienced in travel, wants position as companion to elderly person or child. Can furnish the very best references. Environment more important than salary. Give full details of what is expected in answer. Box V-114.

WRITER wants to rent small, inexpensive cottage, beach shack, California coast January, February. Box V-117.

DELIGHTFULLY different original greetings. Divine gifts. Samples. $1. Box V-119.

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE. B.A., 8 years' experience national magazines, book publisher, writing copy, captions, editing, reading manuscripts, proofreading, research. Box V-120.

ITALY THIS SPRING? Start Italian now with Roman radio announcer. Box T-916.

GIRL WITH FLAIR for writing, working with young people, seeks worthwhile challenge to creative talents. Journalism degree, 3 years personnel experience. Box V-121.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA. Retiring? Delightful acre wooded residential lot, utilities; overlooking ocean. Box V-118.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MERRIMACK VALLEY, New Hampshire. 165-acre farm, 11 miles from Concord on hard surface road. 8-room Cape Cod house, excellent condition, artesian well, central heat, large barn, hen house, garage. Plenty of standing timber and tillage, 400 bucket maple orchard. Practical farm for all livestock. Delightful residence. Present owner raises sheep. $13,000. Arthur Buchanan, Canterbury, New Hampshire, Story 3-6431.

For Rent

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED! On beautiful Captiva Island. Guest cottage of doctor's estate, right on gulf. Privacy. 2 bedrooms, bath, living room, electric kitchen, 2 porches, carport. Completely furnished. Fishermen's paradise! Shelling famous. All of Dec. to middle Jan. NYC telephone: ELdorado 5-5655.

MILL FARM, Thermal Belt, Tryon, N. C., cosmopolitan community. Attractively furnished second-floor apartment. Beautiful valley and mountain view. Entrance to 12x25 living room by wrought iron stairway through large sun deck. Modern electric kitchenette, 2 large bedrooms, 6 closets. Heat, water, electricity furnished. $1,500 for remainder of season. HESTER-RICHARDSON AGENCY.

TRAVEL

A NEW YORK HOTEL specializing in friendliness, comfort, service. Towering 26 stories into the sky. 400 sunny outside rooms overlooking the buildings and gardens of United Nations. On exclusive, historic Beekman Hill. Many of our discriminating guests say, "There is no better hotel value in New York." Transportation at door to entire city. If you come BY AUTO: at 49 St. exit East River Drive . . . Garage adjacent. BY PLANE: 9 blocks on same Avenue from New Airlines Terminal. BY TRAIN: 9 blocks to Grand Central Station. Single $4-$8. Double $8-$15. Suites $12-$22 (some with terraces). Permanent residents invited. Restaurant-Coffee Shop. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. overlooking East River, NYC.

EUROPE 1955: "GRAND CIRCLE," 17 countries, 80 days, starting mid-June. Age group 18 to 40 years. Tourist class steamer, luxury coaches, good hotels. $1,155. "Standard Circle," 12 countries, 66 days, $995. No additional expenses. MIDWEST TOURS, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota.

VACATIONS

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SEVILLE HOTEL, DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA, your home away from home, offers sunny room with bath and meals for $8 and $9 daily; less per person for double occupancy. Spacious grounds only four blocks from churches, stores, and amusements. Ownership management.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual, intimate. SKI TOW. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

DIFFERENT VACATION for hard-earned dough. Pot-bellying food. Tropical island. Practically nothing to do. INactivities galore. FINAL SEASON December through April. Phil DeGraff, SEA GRAPE ISLAND LODGE, Bokeelia, Florida.

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. Charming, delightful, homelike. Write for folder.

YOU'LL LOVE the old-world charm of St. Augustine, Florida. ALENCIA HOTEL.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for Christmas-New Year's. All cold-weather sports, square dancing, folk singing, hot drinks and good talk 'round-the-fire. Our popular daily art lessons. Dramatic readings by Don Roscher. Write or call Lenox 8677.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA. Spend Christmas holidays with us in our nation's oldest city. Enjoy old-world atmosphere, sincere hospitality, good food, modern comforts, reasonable rates.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School campus. Reservations by week or month the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

LOUISIANA COUPLE living in ancestral plantation mansion in romantic Acadian country (70 miles west of New Orleans) desires winter guests. Superior accommodations, excellent cuisine; informal, restful, golf, fishing, tours. From $8 daily, $45 weekly, meals included. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Munson, Glenwood Plantation House, Napoleonville, Louisiana.

SMALL, FRIENDLY COUNTRY INN invites you to enjoy homey atmosphere and good food this winter. Special weekly and holiday rates. WAYBURY INN, East Middlebury, Vermont.

FOOD DELICACIES

ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT, uncolored, juiceful, individually selected, $3.50 bushel. RIOLEMSAT, Palatka, Florida.

BLUEBERRY JAM FROM BLUEBERRY HILL! Lush, cultivated berries. Lucullan with biscuits. CUCUMBER MARMALADE, tangy foil for lamb, chicken, fish. $9.95 dozen, $5.25 six, $2.95 three, prepaid, gift wrapped, 12 oz. THE MASTERTONS, Brandon, Vt.

Just out in time for Christmas—the new

DOUBLE-CROSTICS

book with twice as many puzzles as ever before!

AN extra-special Double-Crostics book has just been published to celebrate the 20th anniversary of America's Number One Literary Puzzle.

DOUBLE CROSTICS #33 by Doris Nash Wortman contains twice as much entertainment as usual: not fifty but one hundred hitherto unpublished DC's.

It is the first book in the series to include—in addition to Doris Nash Wortman's superbly constructed puzzles—a special section of 25 Double-Crostics created by expert fans:

Patricia H. Condict	Constance Lane
Mary Vincent Day	Fred L. Mandel, Jr.
Lydia S. Driggs	Charles Merz and
W. S. Eldridge	Arthur Hays Sulzberger
Henry D. Ephron	Mr. and Mrs. David E.
Leon C. Friel	Moeser
Mary Hazard Frost	John S. Newberry, Jr.
Virginia Gerson	Roger Pack
George M. Greene	Elmer Rice
Katharine D. Harvey	Dorothy F. Rodgers
Catherine L. Jones	Burnette B. Staebler
Gerard B. Lambert	Robert Tree West
E. E. Thum and	Margaret R.
M. S. Thum	Williamson

Each of the 100 puzzles in this book appears in print for the first time. Each is guaranteed (as in the preceding 32 volumes) to tingle the brain, relax the spirit, inflate the ego—and make your Doublecrosticophile friends happy at Christmas. It's just off the press. Price $2.95. Send for your copies today on the coupon below.

To your bookseller, or

The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

Please send me.....copies of *Kingsley Double-Crostics Series 33, The Double-Size 20th Anniversary Edition.* Price $2.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $.....

Name .....

Address .....

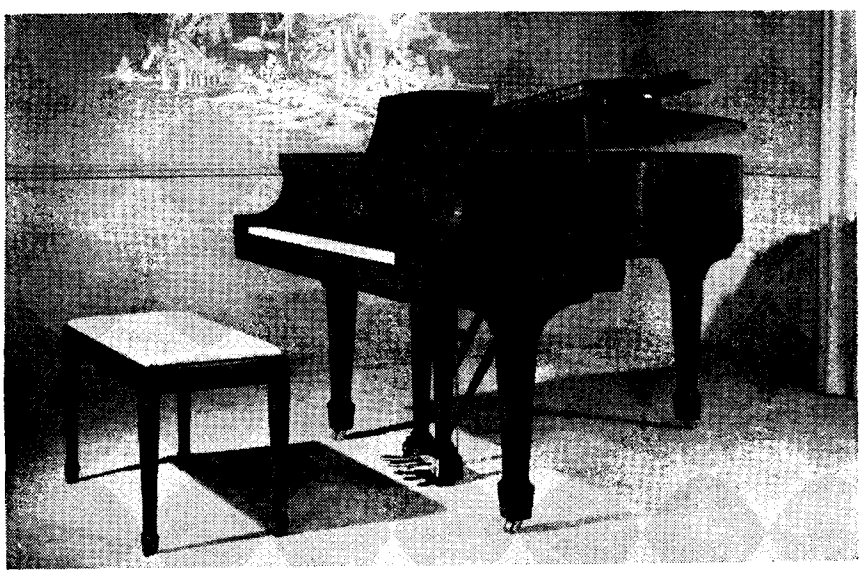
City ..... Zone ....State.....

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the things that money can't buy

...come into your home with a **STEINWAY**



THE BEAUTIFUL BABY GRAND—It has the glowing golden tone and majestic presence that belong only to the Steinway. It can be delivered by your Steinway dealer for as little down as . . . $271.00 Liberal terms. Slightly higher in the West

You cannot measure, in dollars and cents, the overtones of value in a Steinway. There is the glory of tone that uplifts listeners; the power the Steinway has to enrich the home, to release tensions and calm cares; and the pleasure you have in creating pleasure. Above all, there is the gentle authority the Steinway holds for the child, pointing beyond distractions of the gadget age to strength and sufficiency in things of beauty. Values like these do not come automatically. The Steinway, which depreciates so little over the years, is an investment in the inner wealth that life shares so abundantly with those who look for its treasure.

Most of the world's great artists use the Steinway exclusively—Among them are Artur Rubinstein, pictured at right, and great names like Bruchollerie, Cantelli, Lateiner, Dorothy Maynor, Milstein, Mitropoulos, Morley & Gearhart, Novaes, Solomon, Szell, Tureck...also nearly all of the nation's leading orchestras, radio and television stations.

Our booklet, "How to Choose Your Piano," will be sent free if you write Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

NOVEMBER 27, 1954

CONTENTS

THE JUKES ARE NO JOKES
By D. W. Brogan 49

TCHAIKOVSKY'S "MAZEPPA"
By Victor Seroff 52

GOOD KING LOUIS
By Whitney Balliett 54

BACH'S WILL, LANDOWSKA'S TESTAMENT
By Abram Chasins 56

STRAVINSKY AND HIS FIRMAMENT
By Arthur Berger 58

MUSIC FROM THE LEFT AND RIGHT BANKS OF THE RHINE
By Everett Helm 60

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin 62

THE WORLD OF TAPE
By Joel Tall 68

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 70

POP ROUND-UP
By Bill Simon 72

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 75

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 80

THE JUKES ARE NO JOKES

By D. W. BROGAN, *the well-known interpreter of America for England (and the other way round), who is professor of political science at Cambridge and a Fellow of Peterhouse.*

ANDREW FLETCHER of Saltoun was a patriotic Scot much concerned about the state of his country and the attitude of his countrymen to life and its problems. Writing at the end of the seventeenth century, he worried over the problem of how to get his countrymen to absent themselves from the felicity of theology combined with civil war and to take some interest in economic progress and to show some submission to the profit motive. Whether his sermon had any effect or not, it is to be noted that, as he died, the Scots were beginning to turn to the things of this world, to revel in the delights of bookkeeping by double entry, and to be a little ashamed—a little—of that fine old covenanting motto "Jesus and No Quarter." But Fletcher of Saltoun is only remembered today (except by pedants) not for his economic program, but for the remark of a "wise man [who believed] that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

If Saltoun's wise man was right, the state of the balladmongering business is a matter of great public moment and, at a moment when America is rather feverishly taking stock, spiritually and materially, the ballads that the nation is taking to deserve the attention of a Senatorial Committee as much as do the comics or the colleges. And taking the fashionable gloomy view, it is my opinion that the ballad business, coarsely called "Tin Pan Alley," is letting the nation down, that in the hottest time of the Cold War the balladists are offering something as dull as "cauld kale het again" as the Scots put it—or as a highball left out and drunk in the morning.

I should not like it to be thought that, in my view, the only duty of a balladmonger is to produce patriotic songs. His function of pleasing, diverting, encouraging the populace may take other forms than the creation of stirring patriotic lyrics for stirring, patriotic tunes. Balladmakers of genius such as Robert Burns did more for the maintenance, or even for the creation, of a national ethos by songs directed to obliging young women or agreeable pieces of landscape than by straightforward songs on patriotic themes. "My luve is like a red, red rose" and "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon" are more important than "Scots Wha Hae"; and Moore, by producing "Oft in the Stilly Night" or "Believe Me if all those endearing young charms" did as much for Irish popular culture as he did by writing "The Minstrel Boy." Nor is this very surprising, for good patriotic songs are rare. Stephen Foster did more for the Southern legend by "My Old Kentucky Home" than any formally patriotic Confederate ballad did, ranging upwards from the worst ever written ("Maryland, My Maryland") to the "Bonnie Blue Flag." (Indeed, the superiority of Northern war songs suggests that both the big battalions and the best songs can be on the same side.) Few ever pause to consider the almost drivelling character of the words of the most famous of patriotic songs, the *"Marseillaise,"* whose "lyric" is so much overshadowed by the admirable tune and is so inferior to the *"Chant du Départ."* And it probably proves something or other that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welcome, Strangers!

Of course you recall them from concerts—the oboe, 'cello, celeste, harp, piano—and other instruments whose beauty eludes ordinary recording.

The problem of capturing instruments in their original beauty has challenged the entire recording industry. Indeed it has taunted us. For years, our determined effort at Capitol has been to perfect our Full Dimensional Sound technique so that it might deliver, for your home concerts, music that would achieve live concert quality.

To make our task more complicated, we have insistently approached our high fidelity recording as a matter of music, not of contrived sound effects. Instruments and choirs of instruments are recorded in their proper perspective and tonal balance, true to the composer's intent, the performer's interpretation.

To borrow a phrase from our Engineering Department, you hear—in Full Dimensional Sound—"the maximum possible within the present limits of the recording art."

This "maximum possible" is, we are convinced, incomparable—magnificently near our ideal of perfection. So near, in fact, we confidently invite you to listen to a Full Dimensional Sound recording. Listen and renew your acquaintance with music as the composer intended you to hear it. Listen—and welcome to your home concerts even the most elusive of musical "strangers."

All Full Dimensional Sound records come to you in Inner Protective Envelope
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY

Incomparable High Fidelity in Full Dimensional Sound

FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Capitol RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the author of the *"Internationale"*—which used to be the Communist world anthem—did much better (seen from an apolitical point of view) when he wrote that admirable piece of corn, *"Le temps des cerises."*

Nor is the failure of American balladmongers to produce suitable patriotic songs a matter of reproach to them alone. In the late war the other belligerents did no better. Where is the British equivalent of "Tipperary," the French of *"Madelon,"* the American of "Over There?" Oddly enough, the only song that really seemed to serve the needs of the troops was a German song, "Lili Marlene," which was captured by the Eighth Army as the Union troops, according to Lincoln, captured "Dixie." Moreover, the implied theme of "Lili Marlene" is that of a very popular Civil War ballad, "When This Cruel War Is Over," although of course there is no suggestion on my part that either the Blue or the Gray were regretfully leaving ladies of Lili's profession behind them in Charleston or Columbus.

But it is worth noting that the songsmiths have not managed to provide singable material even at the level of "God's Country," that now forgotten anti-Fascist ballad of round 1938 or, indeed, any "songs of social significance" at all. When all the world is being asked to take its stand for the values of the American way of life, those values have not, with one doubtful exception, been successfully set to music.

THAT exception, though interesting, seems to me to reveal the barrenness of the land. For the sudden rush of religious songs into the popular repertory is a sign of the times but not, I think, a good sign. I have nothing against good, rousing popular hymns. They are very definitely in the American tradition and, if there is no American equivalent of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley, there is the great popular tradition of Moody and Sankey. Nor is the use of popular melodies to be deprecated. It is a long time since the Scots made "godly ballads" to very ungodly tunes, tunes whose original words admirably fitted Bishop Percy's classification, "lewd, loose, and humorous songs." To reflect on the original words must have been a means of enlivening many a dull Sabbath, as it has been known to enlighten a dull "Nicht wi' Burns." But this legitimate device of not letting "the Devil have all the good tunes" is not being employed by the songsmiths or balladmongers of contemporary America. What we're getting on the jukeboxes are lachrymose ditties, not a bit like "Throw Out the Lifeline": things like "Won't You Talk to the Man Upstairs" (*i.e.*, God). And a new height, or a new depth, has been reached in the introduction of a song called "I'll Walk with God" into the latest film version of that *too* hardy perennial, "The Student Prince." It would be arresting—and novel—to think of the American people as being overwhelmingly obsessed with the idea of their duty to God, but I can see no evidence that this is true or that the songs do more than create a mild irritation in bars and other places of resort and, for the more irreverent, suggest easy ways to blasphemous parody.

What is the dominant theme (as far as a scrappy investigation can justify me in putting or answering the question)? It is not the fear of God, it is the fear of love. Never has the *grande passion* been more productive of melancholy. This is, of course, not a new theme. *"Venus à sa proie attachée"* is as old as the Old Testament. Some of the very best poetry in English, like "Take, O, Take Those Lips Away," has been written on that theme. But Shakespeare had other strings for his beaux. He reminded coy young women that "present mirth has present laughter" and suggested courses of action based on this premise. Even the more austere Milton admitted that there was a lot to be said for sporting "with Amaryllis in the shade." It is only in very modern times that it has been taken as axiomatic that "most gentlemen don't like love." But once that view is accepted it naturally follows that the ladies who are still believed to be on the whole in favor of it should come out at the small end of the horn. And do they!

"Moaning low" is of course no novelty. "Farewell ungrateful traitor, farewell my perjured swain" was sung long before Miss Dinah Shore started singing "Blues in the Night." From Carthage, where Dido:

> *At regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura volnus alit venis et caeco carpitur igni,*

to the Seville where the Countess Almaviva (in words provided by a future professor at Columbia College) lamented the *"bei momenti di dolcezza e di piacer"* the fact that man is "two-faced" was well established. But other things were well established too; that with all his faults man was not to be sniffed at and with all its dangers love had its points.

BUT now what is the situation? The current jukebox victor (as of last month) has a lachrymose young woman asking the boy friend to take her in his arms before he says good night. She has got to *ask* for it. What have American men come to?

They, apparently, have come to an

(*Continued on page* 65)

—*United Press.*

Listening to Sinatra (1944)—". . . young women in a state of recalling the Maenads."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tchaikovsky's "Mazeppa"

By VICTOR SEROFF

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Mazeppa." Opera in three acts. Libretto by V. P. Burenin after Pushkin. Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theattre.* (CHS-1310, $17.85.)

THE Concert Hall Society has brought out of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow and into the great world a Tchaikovsky opera, one of his ten, which is supposed to rate as third in popularity (after "Evgeni Onegin" and "The Queen of Spades") in Russia. But before I go into the merits of the work and this performance, let me clear up one thing about the man whose name serves as title for this work. Contrary to the notion of many music students and critics (outside of Russia) Mazeppa was not a national hero in Russian history as were Ivan Sussanin, Prince Igor, Taras Bulba, and Alexander Nevsky, whose patriotic deeds have inspired musical scores. Ambitious, unscrupulous and cruel, a master of intrigue, Ivan Stepanovich Mazeppa-Koledinsky (1644-1709) denounced his friends and benefactors, gained Peter the Great's favor only to betray him while scheming to become king of Ukrainia, independent from both Russia and Poland, joined Charles XII, king of Sweden, in the battle of Poltava, and thus reached the sad end of his career. The Ukrainians may regard him as a rebel and a national hero, but to the Russians he was a quisling, excommunicated by the Church and damned by the people, and as such he appears in Pushkin's dramatic poem "Poltava," from which V. P. Burenin carved the libretto for Tchaikovsky's opera.

Mazeppa's passion for Maria, the daughter of Kochubei, Mazeppa's comrade-in-arms and a wealthy landlord, Maria's dishonoring her family by becoming his mistress, Mazeppa's execution of her father, Maria's insanity, and Mazeppa's doom after the defeat at the battle of Poltava—these are the subjects of Tchaikovsky's lyrical interpretation of Mazeppa's bloodcurdling last amorous adventure.

In Russian history the battle at Poltava (1709) stands next to the burning of Moscow (1812) and Stalingrad (1944), and this center of gravity in Pushkin's poem is described in the Tchaikovsky score in a programmatic prelude to Act III. Nothing in the whole score shows as plainly that Tchaikovsky's palette lacked the colors for the canvas that portrayed the three-day massacre and Peter the Great's final victory. To be sure there are the bugles and a quotation from Glinka's "Slavsya," and a church choral used by Moussorgsky, but it is too Schumanesque to be an equal to Prokofiev's "The Battle on Ice" in "Alexander Nevsky," or certain pages in Shostakovich's "Leningrad Symphony." Tchaikovsky's interpretation is anemic next to Pushkin's own masterful description. It is unfortunate that listening to the score one is unconsciously prodded to constant comparison and to regret that this drama was written by Tchaikovsky and not Moussorgsky, Borodin, Prokofiev, or Shostakovich.

But you must not hate a donkey because it is not a horse. Yet, taken at its face value, as another Tchaikovsky composition, it still lacks the musical material which made his "Evgeni Onegin" and "The Queen of Spades" immortal. The aria "Still Is the Ukrainian Night" is no match for Pushkin's poetry; the violin solo is a bit nightclub-like, and neither Andrei's dying aria nor the insane Maria's lullaby seems to have any intrinsic musical value. Incidentally, I understand that this plaint over Andrei's dead body had been substituted by Tchaikovsky for Maria's suicide in the closing scene of the opera. The similarity to Moussorgsky's final scene of "Boris Godunoff" (in the original version), the idiot's lament, is as obvious as the drunken Cossak's jeers in the gallows scene are reminiscent of the same opera, except that Tchaikovsky failed to produce the eerie effect of one and the bitter mockery of the other.

The chief merit of this performance lies in the impeccable diction. The names of the cast are not well-known outside of Russia and, although there is no new Caruso or Chaliapin among them, they are as competent opera-singers as anywhere else in the world, and they may be excellent actors as well. The orchestra is well-balanced and never overpowers the singing. Even without knowing the language, I imagine, one could easily follow the story from the translated text supplied with the recordings.

The opera was written in 1893 and performed almost simultaneously (February 1894) in Moscow and St. Petersburg. It has been reported that despite the lavish production it did not have much of a success. Many in the audience, including those connected with officialdom and the court, walked out. But Tsar Alexander III stayed till the end. He would.

Now the opera has been resurrected and it enjoys, as I said, the third place on the list of Tchaikovsky's operas. Two hundred years ago Maria's fate was sung as a legend by blind beggars to the Cossaks' young daughters. Does the drama, in our time, also serve as a reminder—"see that this doesn't happen to you!"—to the would-be Mazeppas and Charles XIIs, or is it a form of masochism that draws the people to a spectacle of base intrigues, denunciations, tortures, confessions and gallows, insanity and humble submission? I do not know. But what once was referred to as "Oh, how Russian . . . ," has become universal. Perhaps, human?

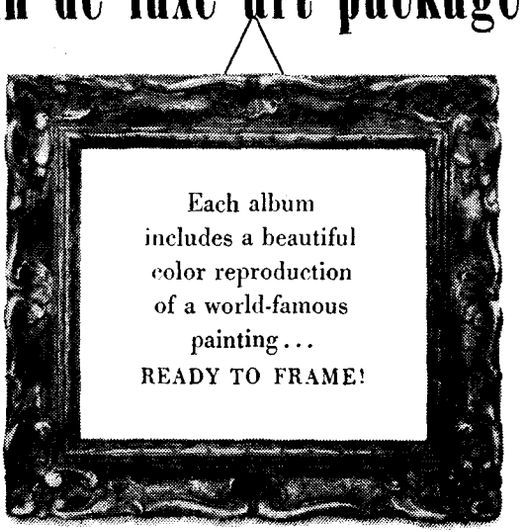
—*Culver.*

Death of Mazeppa—"bloodcurdling last amorous adventure."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luxurious gifts everybody wants!

the first of a magnificent new series of RCA VICTOR "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RECORDINGS* in de luxe art packages



CONCERTO GROSSO IN D (Corelli). **CONCERTO IN F** (Vivaldi). **SYMPHONY IN D** (Clementi). Virtuosi di Roma; Renato Fasano, conductor. Painting: "Madonna and Child" by Carlo Crivelli. LHMV-2 (Long Play) $5.95. "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity.

THE RITE OF SPRING (Stravinsky). Philharmónia Orchestra; Igor Markevitch, conductor. Painting: "Pastoral" by Arnold Blanch. LHMV-1 (Long Play) $5.95. "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity.

VIOLIN CONCERTO (Bartók). Yehudi Menuhin; Philharmonia Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Painting: "Study by Candlelight" by Vincent Van Gogh. LHMV-3 (Long Play) $5.95. "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity.

And don't forget to hear

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD: Die Götterdämmerung: Brunnhilde's Immolation. Tristan and Isolde: Prelude and Liebestod. Philharmonia Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. LHMV-1072 (Long Play) $5.95. High Fidelity.

GRUVE/GARD **RAISED RIMS GIVE PERMANENT PROTECTION FOR RECORD SURFACES.**

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

*Made in U. S. A. by Radio Corporation of America from Masters Recorded by the Gramophone Co., Ltd.

Prices suggested list includ. Fed. Tax. Add local tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good King Louis

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

IN "Swing That Music," which was Louis Armstrong's first autobiography, published in 1936, Louis wrote:

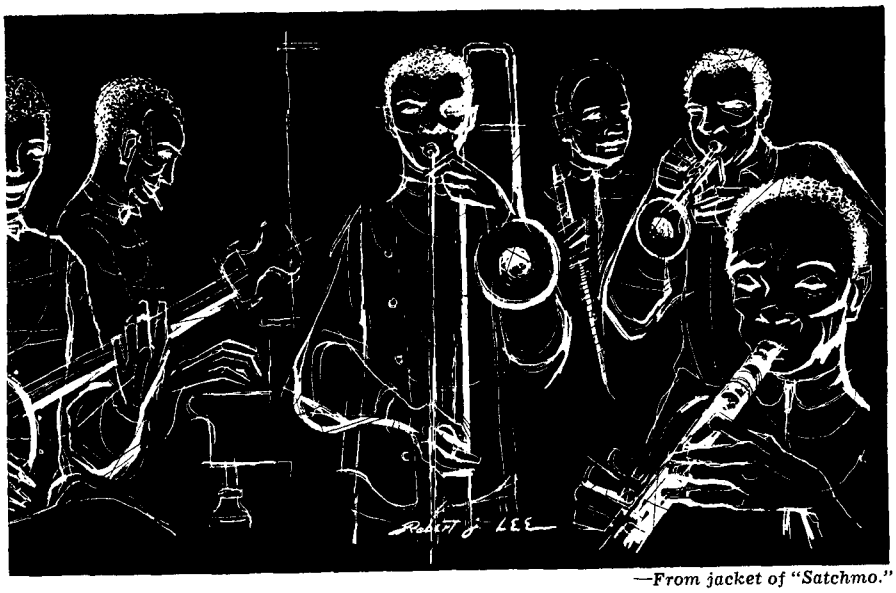
> The *Dixie Bell* was moving along in almost pitch dark, her paddles making a soft chunking sound. I could see a few stars high up overhead. I found my old corner and sat down. Above the beat of the paddles, everything was still. The shore seemed a long way off. I could just make it out, going past very slow, like a black wall . . . Pretty soon I began to feel alone, and looked round me. There was nothing but the darkness and the steady plunk, plunk of the wheels. I felt far off and not there where I was. I put my hands down on the deck and let them run over the planks to feel them under me. After a little while I got quiet and began to take comfort out of the stillness, and didn't mind being alone.

It was such speculative passages as this, which would galvanize the ghost of Huck Finn, and one where Louis describes the flowers of New Orleans in the spring with eloquent directness, that made "Swing That Music" a touching and genuine book, in spite of the very good chance that much of it was prettied up by zealous editors. The same judgment, unfortunately, cannot be made about Louis's second attempt at autobiography, **"Satchmo, My Life in New Orleans"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), which ends when Louis is called to Chicago at the age of twenty-two by King Oliver to play second trumpet in his Creole Jazz Band. It is a kind of fuzzy and slapdash roundelay about a life that appears to be very remote to its author now. (Jazz musicians have, perhaps because of the hop, skip, and jump nature of their profession, notoriously weak memories. These two books, which contradict each other in half-a-dozen places, exemplify it.) Here Louis weaves a little of himself back and forth through a largely impressionistic gallery of semi-grotesques—pimps, toughs like Black Benny and Nicodemus, whores, honkytonk owners, police, and bums—who have in common not so much the narrator as the blare of poor urban life that is the recurrent theme of the book. It is a theme that Louis chuckles at now, and even blesses and says he would live through all over again. This faintly Olympian, and unreal, laughter pervades the book. There are few passages with the reflective serenity and depth of those that appeared at intervals in the earlier work, which was written when Louis, musically at least, had reached his peak.

Now, of course, Louis, who was born on July 4, 1900, is past that peak; his trumpet-playing is only rarely evocative of the clarity and surge it possessed twenty years ago, and his singing, although still capable of making one's skin travel, has become bearish in comparison with the delicate, quarried instrument it once was. But even if he is going downhill insofar as his skills are concerned, he has been going steadily upward—our idolatries, as always, are either presumptuous or too late—in the estimation of the general public, and has become that comfortable thing: a household name. He has also become, in his way, as noble a figure as we ever allow any creative person in this country to be. For in the thirty-five years that he has been singing and playing professionally, Louis, more than anyone else, has personified jazz, and justly so. And in such a capacity he has been responsible for a creativity that it would be hard to match, in either quality or quantity, in the same period in any of our other arts. There was, indeed, a kind of Elizabethan abundance about Louis's art when he was in his pink that was humorous, poetical, pure, and good, and that was invariably moving.

As far as jazz itself goes, this generosity of talent has proved practically inescapable. There are very few jazz trumpeters, or even popular singers, alive or dead, who have not at one time or another in their careers fallen under his influence. The list is long: Roy Eldridge, Bunny Berigan, Taft Jordan, Bing Crosby, Cootie Williams, Snookie Young, Rudy Vallee, Wingie Manone, Bobby Stark, Max Kaminsky, Muggsy Spanier, Red Allen, Jabbo Smith, Emmett Berry, Charlie Shavers, Sidney de Paris, Rex Stewart, Tommy Ladnier, and Joe Guy. It has only been in the past ten years, with the emergence of the present champion, Dizzy Gillespie, who learned from Eldridge, who learned from Armstrong, that the influence has been breaking down.

Although "Satchmo," (for "Satchelmouth"—a name that Louis says was given him in the Colored Waif's Home in New Orleans where he was sent for a year in 1913 for shooting off a .38 on New Year's Eve, and where he was taught the first rudiments of trumpet playing) is not much of a memorial, there are glimpses in it of the curiously mixed being who has been so ebullient and enduring, and at the same time wholly capable, when at work, of giving the impression that he was plainly in touch with the question of beauty. Perhaps if the publisher had let the manuscript alone—Louis has a written style, typographically and otherwise, that makes E. E. Cummings's seem like ladyfingers on a spree—and not hoked it up with grammar and sentences that its author could never have written, this personality might have come closer to the surface. But then there are always Louis's records, which number in the hundreds, and which are the least mortal testament that he could leave us.



—From jacket of "Satchmo."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

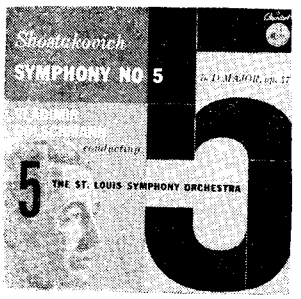
GOLSCHMANN

Great Artists of Our Time

on CAPITOL RECORDS
in Full Dimensional Sound

SIDNEY PALMER – *Arkansas Gazette* "Vladimir Golschmann, conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, has held the post since 1931. His tenure has been notable in its effect on the stature of the orchestra. Golschmann's vigorous, progressive personality has given the St. Louis orchestra a place in the front rank of the world's musical organizations."

HERBERT KUPFERBERG
New York Herald-Tribune
"This is romantic, almost passionate music, in an intense, almost ecstatic performance, with the entire production enhanced by Capitol's rich sound."
SHOSTAKOVICH:
Symphony No. 5 in D



P-8268

B. DOROFF
Syracuse Post-Standard
"Golschmann (occupies) a special niche as an interpreter of Tchaikovsky. Here, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, he provides a superb version of the oft-recorded Romeo and Juliet . . . stunningly reproduced in Capitol's Full Dimensional Sound which captures brass and percussion with dazzling effect."
TCHAIKOVSKY:
Romeo and Juliet • Francesca da Rimini

P-8225

FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Capitol RECORDS

INCOMPARABLE HIGH FIDELITY IN FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . the force of her personality is so overwhelming that one is ready to succumb."

Bach's Will, Landowska's Testament

By ABRAM CHASINS

THE musical world has cause for celebration. It has now received in full an opulent legacy from Wanda Landowska*: her completion of the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues from J. S. Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," on LP for RCA Victor. Landowska herself calls this project her "last will and testament." We are fortunate to benefit from that "will" and to be able to express our gratitude directly for the benefaction.

I am certain of the reader's willingness to assume with me that the "48" are representative of Bach's maturest musical thought, and that Landowska is a supreme harpsichordist. May I also assume that none of us wants to become embroiled in that tiresome argument of the superiority of piano versus harsichord as the best instrumental medium for these works? As for the clavichord, there isn't the slightest doubt in Landowska's mind, or in mine, that Bach with a harpsichord at his disposal would hardly prefer to entrust the "Well-Tempered Clavier" to the limited domain of the clavichord.

In any event, the entire range of these diversified masterpieces has been realized on Landowska's Pleyel harpsichord with an eloquence, a variety of touch, phrasing and registration, an imagination and rhythmic inspiration which prove once again her absolute stylistic sovereignty.

The cause of music would be greatly advanced were it possible to prevent all but a handful of performers from playing or recording another note of Baroque music until they absorb and put into practice what is to be learned from this set.

This seems both the time and place to say firmly and publicly what is usually spoken *sotto voce* in scholastic conclave. Namely, that with appallingly few exceptions the performances of Bach's music in the concert hall and on recordings disclose that Baroque scholarship is still in the Dark Ages. It is an exceptionally dismal fact because illumination has been available for some time now and any real artistic integrity could acquire it. The sources, no longer inaccessible, include such recordings as the Landowska discs of the "Italian Concerto" and "Goldberg Variations" by Bach and of many works by his French, English, and Italian precursors and contemporaries. Had they alone been properly evaluated and utilized, some of our most famous conductors, instrumentalists, and vocalists might have saved themselves from innocently exposing an encyclopedic ignorance in taking Baroque music to the platform and to disc.

How is this possible, and how did it come to pass? Briefly, due to musical, theological, and social changes around the time of Bach's death, his music lay scattered and forgotten for almost a century. It was re-assembled by nineteenth-century musicians who had the best will in the world but who knew little of seventeenth-century music and less about the man who synthesized it. So it was that Bach's music was revived, compiled, edited, and performed by a generation which spoke an entirely different musical language. A "tradition" which stems from the wrong century is responsible for the ubiquity of unreliable editions and stylistically distorted performances which are generally accepted today. Accepted, that is, by all except a small band of scholarly musicians and Landowska is one of them.

Whoever regards the pursuit of stylistic validity as an academic activity unrelated to the emotions will quickly discover his error when he hears in Book One the rich five-part polyphony which emerges from the constant arpeggio figure of the very first Prelude, the rhythmic vigor of the C sharp major Fugue, the beautiful melodic lines of the B flat minor Prelude, the tragic tension of driving dissonance upon dissonance in the last Fugue. In Book Two, Landowska's most recent achievements include the spaciousness of the A flat Prelude, and the powerful climax of its Fugue, the sonority of the three-part A major and B minor Fugues, and above all, the declamatory freedom of the A minor Prelude.

Such freedom of the heart stems from the severest discipline of the mind and body. It demonstrates a complete grasp of that improvisational age in which publication was rare and expensive, in which manuscripts were prepared mainly for the composer himself or for pupils and disciples. All of which, in addition to the figured bass notation, led to the labor-saving and time-saving device of writing scores in a musical Morse-code for those thoroughly familiar with the common practice of the day.

This left the performer free to ornament the skeleton. But how? That touchy subject inevitably brings forth the cliché which immediately stamps the uninformed: "It is purely a matter of taste." In all aspects of art, taste is certainly an essential, but taste must be based on knowledge. Many important things about ornamentation may be learned from hearing Landowska on these recordings, by listening and observing hard enough and long enough to discover the harmonic, rhythmic, and melodic basis of seventeenth-century embellishment. The hearer may hand himself a diploma from the first moment he feels the desire to change the name "ornamentation" to "expressimentation."

Those performers who do not de-

*Landowska's complete recording of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" on six records for RCA Victor: Nos. 1-8, LM-1017; Nos. 9-16, LM-1107; Nos. 17-24; LM-1136; Nos. 25-32, LM-1152; Nos. 33-40, LM-1708; Nos. 41-48, LM-1820. Each $5.95.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANGEL RECORDS

in Spirit and Message

Hansel .....Elisabeth Grümmer
Gretel .....Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
Father .....Joseph Metternich
Mother .....Maria von Ilosvay
Witch .....Else Schürhoff
Sand Man, Dew Fairy
Anny Felbermayer
Philharmonia Orchestra
conducted by
HERBERT VON KARAJAN
German and English Libretto
Delightful Illustrations
Two 12" Records Angel Album 3506 B
"Gala Christmas package. Surely some of Oberon's kindlier minions must have had a hand in the making of this fairy-tale opera set, for the whole thing savors of benign magic. The recorded sound is slightly supernatural." *John M. Conly, The Atlantic*

Christmas Music and Carols
Motets . . . Anthems . . . Madrigals
Two 12" Records Angel Album 3516 B
"THE SINGING BOYS OF PAUL'S" *(Ben Johnson)* in their first long play recording. Two-color illustrated booklet with pictures, story of historic Cathedral and Choir, texts of songs, etc.

By T. S. Eliot
OLD VIC COMPANY
and ROBERT DONAT
Produced by Robert Helpmann
Illustrated booklet with picture of Canterbury Cathedral, photographs and excerpts from play, essay, etc.
Two 12" Records Angel Album 3505 B
"A magnificent version of one of the great literary works of our time. The Christmas sermon is ever so beautifully spoken by Robert Donat . . . Indeed, one is inclined to claim this as the finest recording of a play that has yet been achieved." *New York Times*

Huddersfield Choral Society
Liverpool Philharmonic
Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent
Three 12" Records Angel Album 3510 C
"There must be at least half a dozen recordings of *Messiah* but surely none could be more completely satisfactory than Angel's new release. As usual, the Angel packaging is superb, the notes (by Sargent) are intelligent, the record surfaces perfect, and the sound gloriously faithful." *Boston Globe*

Electric & Musical Industries (U. S.) Ltd.
38 W. 48th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

serve the name of musician because they pretend to love Bach. if not enough to assume a decent minimal responsibility toward him, and those lesson-sellers who do not deserve the name of teacher, are forewarned that examples such as Landowska's can do a lot for us, but only if they stimulate us to do more for ourselves.

In addition to intellectual integrity and instrumental mastery, Landowska possesses a magical individuality and expressiveness. Even when an interpretation or a tempo is at drastic variance with one's preconceived ideas, her convictions are so solidly grounded, her intentions so clear, and the force of her personality so overwhelming that one is ready to grant her conception, or, more usually, to succumb.

On one matter I am not willing to succumb, but it has not to do with Landowska the artist. It concerns the commentaries which she supplied for the record-sleeves. She first states that "Bach's Fugues and also the Preludes are masterpieces of the science of counterpoint." Later, she refers to "The Fugue—a high and involved art form." And still later, "—the relationship between these Preludes and Fugues is often undeniable and—it is plain that Bach selected and coupled them on account of the relationship they show."

First, one must respectfully but dogmatically state that counterpoint is not a science; it is entirely an art. Next, there is no such thing as a "fugue-form." Fugue is not a form, but a texture with no power whatsoever to determine the shape of a composition. As for the relationship between the Preludes and Fugues being "often undeniable," I deny it completely unless Landowska is willing to agree that the Bach who selected and coupled these works was a man who valued the relationship of dramatic contrasts above far-fetched resemblances. I know only one Prelude and Fugue, the twenty-third in Book One, which shows more than a casual thematic relationship.

However, if Landowska wrote as perfectly as she played, the gods might become jealous and seek to destroy her. So let us return to her music and to these discs which are the fruition of her great art. We are grateful for the labor and the heart she must have put into their preparation. She has truly utilized the opportunities which the "48" provide, indeed necessitate, of allowing the performer to become a creative partner of the composer.

Long life to our benefactor, and may she keep changing her testament by adding still more to our inheritance. And may we deserve it.

ANGEL RECORDS

to See and to Hear

Complete Works for
Piano Solo
11 Records — 63 Works
Each record in individual, white-and-gold jacket designed in Paris, booklet with introduction by Gieseking, royal blue silk-moiré gold-stamped case . . . all this and Mozart, too!
The Price is $75.00

3-Record Album
Music of 11 Ballets
Commemorating the 25th anniversary of the death of the genius of the Ballet Russe. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch, one of Serge Diaghilev's last protégés.
Album cover by Gontcharova. Elaborate brochure in color, printed in France, contains ballet designs and sketches by Picasso, Bakst, Benois, Derain, Matisse, Seroff etc. Articles by Beaumont, Markevitch, Cocteau. Informal photographs of period.
Parade • Spectre de la Rose • L'Après Midi d'un Faune • Daphnis et Chloe • Swan Lake • Les Sylphides • The Good-Humored Ladies • Three-Cornered Hat • La Pas d'Acier • Kikimora • Dances from Petrouchka
Angel Album 3518 C

Latest in Angel's series of
"champagne operettas"
(previously issued:
the best-selling
Merry Widow and *Land of Smiles*)
Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
Nicolai Gedda Erich Kunz
Emmy Loose Erika Köth
Alois Pernerstorfer Karl Dönch
Philharmonia Orchestra
Conductor: Otto Ackermann
Illustrated German and English libretto with delightful essay on Johann Strauss by JOSEPH WECHSBERG.
Angel Album 3519-3 S

Choose your Christmas gifts from Angel's *new catalogue* — at your dealer or write
Dario Soria, President
Electric & Musical Industries (U. S.) Ltd.
38 West 48th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Stravinsky and His Firmament

READING Paul Henry Lang on Bach in these pages some time ago I kept thinking how appropriately Stravinsky's name could be substituted and how odd it is that the same characteristics when they turn up in this contemporary master are so often cited as deficiences. Lang was discussing Bach's use of various regional styles (French, Italian, etc.), his continued interest in them even when they had gone out of fashion, and his revival of "long-past wonders of Netherlandish music." But he might just as well have been pointing to the way in which Stravinsky took the purest eighteenth-century classicism as inspiration for his Symphony in C, or studied the fifteenth-century Isaak for his cantata, establishing a connection between this contrapuntist and certain serial procedures (but not the atonality) of the recent Viennese school (Columbia 4899). Along the same lines, Stravinsky in his turn apostrophized Bach of the Brandenburg Concertos in "Dumbarton Oaks" and parts of "Danses Concertantes" in the way that Bach apostrophized his own Flemish predecessors (Concert Hall 1229, with Robert Hall conducting the Rochester Chamber Orchestra). And Stravinsky himself evoked this same Flemish school in his Mass (Vox PL-8630, with Margaret Hillis conducting the New York Concert Choir). I do not hesitate to carry my analogy even further and to maintain that Stravinsky, as Lang said of Bach, having surveyed the "musical output of the world . . . proceeded with Olympian sureness and grandeur to organize all this into apotheoses."

The analogy breaks off when Lang claims that Bach was "not a man of his time." For Stravinsky lives in an era when consciousness of the past is part of our present as it has never been before. Moreover, Bach brought a whole trend to a belated close, whereas today we are in the midst of consolidating our century's wealth of innovation. Finally, Stravinsky showed himself capable of being both "modern" and personal in the usual sense in his compelling early Russian works, and he may be heard in this vein in "Les Noces," which is sung in English on the Vox LP mentioned above. (It is also out on a new Vanguard LP recorded in Vienna in the original Russian.) The incisive rhythmic traits, the tricky ostinatos, the instrumental ingenuity of "Les Noces" carry over into his later works much more than is granted by those who judge by superficialities. Nor may it be justifiably said that the Mass, because it draws on Flemish sources, is at all inferior to "Les Noces," which draws in precisely the same fashion on Stravinsky's native Russian sources.

But if Bach's genius was capable of exercising itself within his retrospective attitude, why need we make apologies when this attitude appears in others? It is not by virtue of his retrospection, but by virtue of his genius that Stravinsky has rewarded us with a steady supply of masterpieces over the years. Among them the Symphony in C occupies a position of eminence. Its availability in an authoritative reading with the composer conducting the Cleveland Orchestra affords us all the more reason to rejoice since it is almost never played. The filigree of solo parts in the "Larghetto Concertante," recalling "Apollon," would give any conductor pause in view of limited rehearsal time for concerts. But I suspect that the neglect of this, one of his noblest achievements, may be due to the same causes that relegated Bach's music to the shelf for the better part of a century after his death. Both composers require more than average attention to detail, to interweaving of elements. Surface novelty is not their aim, nor gross effects to arouse torpid ears. As in a Bach fugue, the austerity of the Mass or "Dumbarton Oaks" may be easily mistaken for aridness. The converse is also true. For the charm of "Danses Concertantes" may be mistaken for frivolity.

To the younger generation of the eighteenth century, launched on the new homophonic trend, Bach was old-fashioned. But Stravinsky has had vast influence as a medium through whom the new synthesis of past and present has been conveyed. Of all the young men who have come under his dominion I doubt that any has responded more violently to the implications of Stravinsky's achievement than Harold Shapero. It would almost seem by design that this highly gifted New Englander's Symphony for Classical Orchestra (1946) has been issued by Columbia the same month as the Symphony in C in a reading by Bernstein that has uncommon vitality, breadth, and spaciousness of sound (ML 4889). I stress "implications" since the two works are actually quite different in quality. Stravinsky's has a Mozartian elegance (with even a suggestion of the opening accompaniment figure from the G minor Symphony) while Shapero's emulates the sweep, fullness, drama, and long eventful codas of Beethoven—to all of which he comes surprisingly near at times. (I hear some of my readers murmur, "I could do this pastiche too, but it's not worth the time." All I can say is, just try. See if you can come up with Shapero's momentum, tunes, and developments.) But where Stravinsky absorbs his stylistic allusions into a thoroughly new context, Shapero tends to be literal, though a certain jazzy sauciness—a bravado—betrays him as a contemporary. Occasionally Shapero seems to drive himself on to fill preordained proportions, and here lies the main difference from Stravinsky, who never ceases to present glittering, subtle little finds while fulfilling the needs of the grand line. But for the work of a composer in his mid-twenties the Shapero was a *tour de force* in its sheer capacity to maintain such shape through forty-five minutes.

IF STRAVINSKY'S retrospective attitude is narrowed down in Shapero to a single object, in Piston, if it may be said to exist in him at all, it is widened to embrace Romantic curves and flow as well as a certain Americanism. Piston's warm, polished manner is, perhaps, best exemplified by his Fourth Symphony, which is to be released by Columbia—soon, I hope. But any Piston work is sure to have substance and quality, and I recommend his Third Symphony in the impressive Rochester performance under Hanson who is, incidentally, among all our conductors, the worthiest of inheriting Koussevitzky's mantle as a tireless and effective protagonist of American music (Mercury MG 40010). The slow movements of this work nicely contrast a placid, sustained line to the sharply interrupted figures of the allegros, though at times I find slow passages taking their function of inertness a bit seriously for my taste. Hanson's pacing of the Adagio may, however, be partly to blame. If Piston has any debt to Stravinsky's Symphony in C for the motif of his finale, it is thoroughly cancelled by his individual orchestration, development, and association of material.

Besides being one of our foremost symphonists Piston has contributed substantially to chamber music. In the all-too-limited list of contemporary trios it is a pleasure to find one by him, a work of 1935 admirably solving, as it sets out to do, the "problems of balance and sonority presented by this medium" (Perspec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive 2004). The New York Trio, which is augmented for Hindemith's clarinet quartet on the reverse side, is to be complimented on its forthright playing.

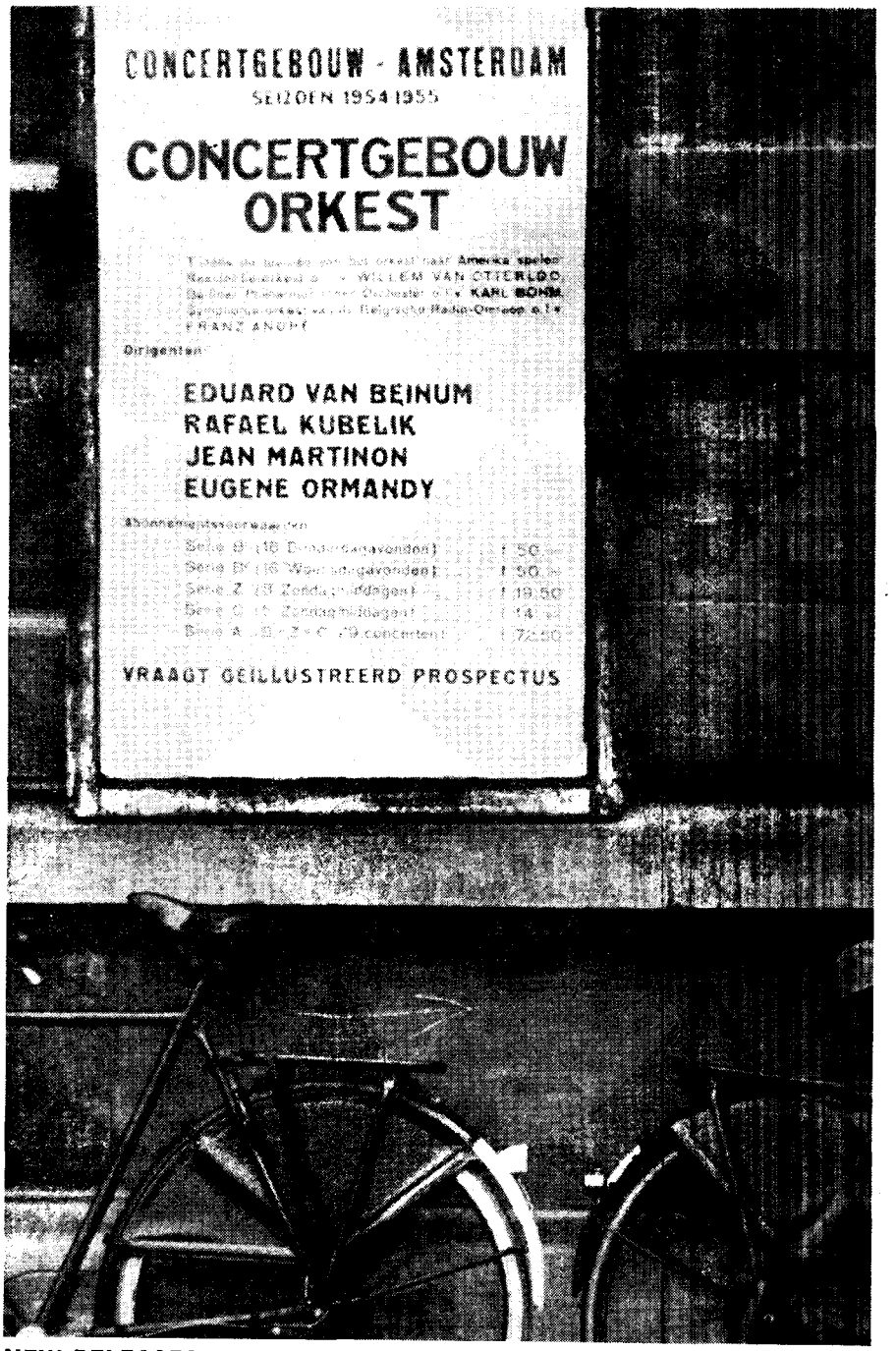
That none of the composers discussed above are academicians, despite a deep concern with the past, becomes apparent when we consider Quincy Porter, whose Sixth Quartet has been recorded by the Pascal Quartet under a transitory UNESCO project which would be a very good thing if it were to be set up on a permanent basis (Angel 35105). If we were to judge from Porter's quartet, our musical idiom would seem to have been frozen in the heyday of French Impressionism. There is a bit more personality in the less ambitious "Music for Strings" which is included in lively assortment of contemporary American string music conducted by Izler Solomon (M-G-M E3117). But again we sense a placid acceptance of conservatory practice, with obsessive dwelling on safe scale-wise motives. Yet his music is redeemed by its sincerity, skill, musicality, gentleness and impeccable writing for strings.

Solomon makes a laudable contribution to American music in his string LP. He has forcefulness and real feeling for American music. It takes quite a bit of enterprise these days to find a Copland work not already on LP and Solomon has succeeded by reviving the attractive Two Pieces of 1928. I was delighted to hear in Diamond's brilliant Rounds, which is also on this LP, the slap pizzicato that Golschmann slighted in his recording.

In the gratifyingly long list of recent American works on LP there is one out of the way item that merits mention. It is a non-commercial release of the University of Illinois Orchestra, directed by Bernard Goodman, playing Gordon Binkerd's "Sun Singer" and Eugene Weigel's "Prairie Symphony." Binkerd is a young man with much vitality and musical flair, and while this early work has its disparities, it predisposes us to look forward to what will come next from this able Midwesterner who has a fine feeling for orchestra antiphony. Weigel, whose music is not new to me, shows good signs of getting away from Hindemith's domination, even though a rather obvious Americanism is his means. The university performers are surprisingly able and their conductor clearly knows what he is about. Not least of all, the recording trend among our universities is much to be encouraged. (Copies may be obtained only from the University of Illinois bookstore, at $2.75.)

—ARTHUR BERGER.

FROM AMSTERDAM



NEW RELEASES BY THE FABULOUS CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA:

"A Triumph of Art." ..... (*New York Times*)
"As Rich as a Rembrandt Painting." ..... (*Time*)
"Close to Perfection." ..... (*The New Yorker*)

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major, Op. 97 ("Rhenish") Carlo Zecchi, Conductor. LC 3092

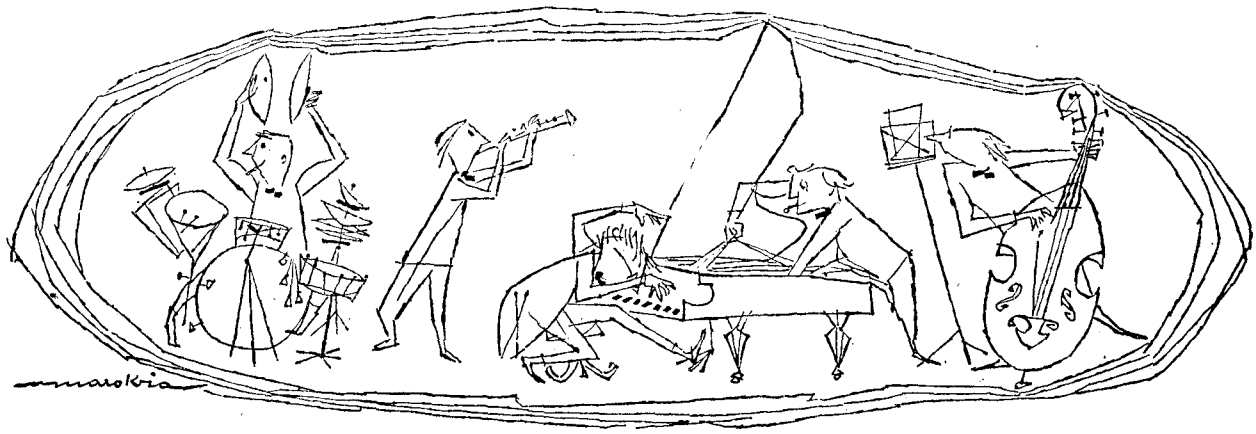
HENKEMANS: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—Theo Olof, Violin; PIJPER: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra—Hans Henkemans, piano; and Six Epigrams—Eduard Van Beinum, Conductor. LC-3093

OTHER EPIC RECORDS BY THE CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA OF AMSTERDAM INCLUDE:

Schubert: Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished") and Mozart: Symphony No. 35 ("Hafner")—Eugen Jochum, conductor. LC 3006
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor—Paul van Kempen, conductor. LC 3013
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 in B Minor ("Pathetique")—Paul van Kempen, conductor. LC 3003
Richard Strauss: Don Juan and Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche—Eugen Jochum, Conductor. (With Liszt: Les Preludes) LC 3032

EPIC
"Epic" Trade-Mark

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Music from the Left and Right Banks of the Rhine

By EVERETT HELM

"FESTIVAL" is to a certain extent a misnomer for what goes on each October in the enchanting town of Donaueschingen in the Black Forest. The German name for it is *"Donaueschinger Musiktage für zeitgenössische Tonkunst,"* which in literal translation produces the quaint phrase "Donaueschingen Music Days for Contemporary Tone Art." This is a fairly exact formulation, for it is a question of days (two, to be exact), it is all extremely contemporary, and there are many tones and quantities of music. The only word that may not always apply is "art." But this is decidedly a matter of opinion, and nowhere is the old saying so pertinent: one man's meat is the other man's poison.

The avowed purpose of Donaueschingen is to be provocative, to incite to discussion, revulsion, rapture, or riot. To this end the local Society of the Friends of Music, as sponsoring organization, and the *Südwestfunk*, the radio station serving the southwest part of Germany, combine their resources annually to produce a two-day orgy of very modern music indeed. This year there were two orchestral concerts that included seven world premieres, two European premieres, and one first German performance of composers from eight countries. Several of the new works were commissioned by the *Südwestfunk*.

Both concerts were played by the superb orchestra of the *Südwestfunk*, which probably plays more modern music than any other orchestra on the face of the earth and plays it with ease and mastery. Both were conducted by Hans Rosbaud, whose appetite for difficult and complicated scores is equalled only by his ability to turn out performances that are close to perfection. The mastermind behind the planning and programmaking is the director of the *Südwestfunk's* music department, Dr. Heinrich Strobel, for many years a champion and active supporter of modern music. Finally the entire festival transpires under the high patronage of the Prince of Fürstenberg, who contributes not only monetary but also moral support, and whose active participation lends dignity to the occasion and establishes a visible and highly valuable connection with the past. The anomaly of holding this most progressive festival in a town that reeks of tradition and still preserves the atmosphere of being the seat of a ruling family is a most agreeable and important factor in the festival's psychology.

It is the custom each year to provide at least one sensation—that is, at least one performance of such an "advanced" nature that cat-calling and near-rioting will automatically follow. This year's sensation was to be John Cage's music for prepared pianos. There was a certain amount of disapproval, to be sure, registered by what appeared to be an organized group of youngsters in the gallery, but the hoped-for sensation did not come off. Perhaps the audience, which is much the same from year to year, has become blasé and like the pacifist bull, Ferdinand, refuses to be goaded into a *scandale*. There was a prevailing mood of amused tolerance for the strange sounds produced by Cage and his partner David Tudor, as they hit the pianos in various parts of their anatomies, reached inside to pluck the strings, and interspersed the performance with peeps and toots from small whistles. And there was laughter when Tudor twice crawled under his piano in the course of Cage's work "34′ 46.776″" that had its world premiere on this occasion, reduced by the stringencies of the time-schedule to only "12′ 55.6078″." Even Earle Brown's "Octet" and Cage's "Williams Mix," each employing eight tape recordings of various and assorted noises, emanating from eight loudspeakers placed in all corners of the hall, evoked only mild interest, although both works contained some original effects.

Only two works, in fact, shook this year's audience from its comparative apathy. One was a short "Elegy for Viola and Small Orchestra" by the Hungarian born Matyas Seiber, now living in England. This is an intimate work, tonally conceived, eschewing effect in any form and displaying on every page of the score an intense musicality. The tumultuous applause with which it was received would seem to indicate that there is still a place, and a very large one, for music that is felt rather than contrived.

The second work that brought down the house was the Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann's Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra. This piece again fulfils none of the requirements for advanced music. It is in no sense problematic, and it is thoroughly enjoyable. Although the composer makes a point of stating that it is written on a twelve-tone series, this concession to modernism goes quite unnoticed and in no way interferes with the jolly good fun the piece generates. It has eight short movements, four of which stem directly from popular music (Jump, Blues, Boogie-Woogie, and Mambo); the other four are free forms, employing

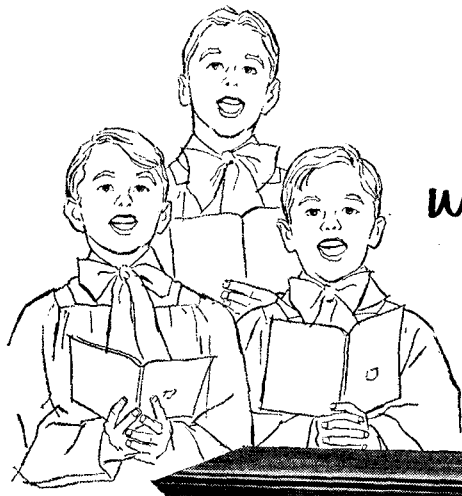
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

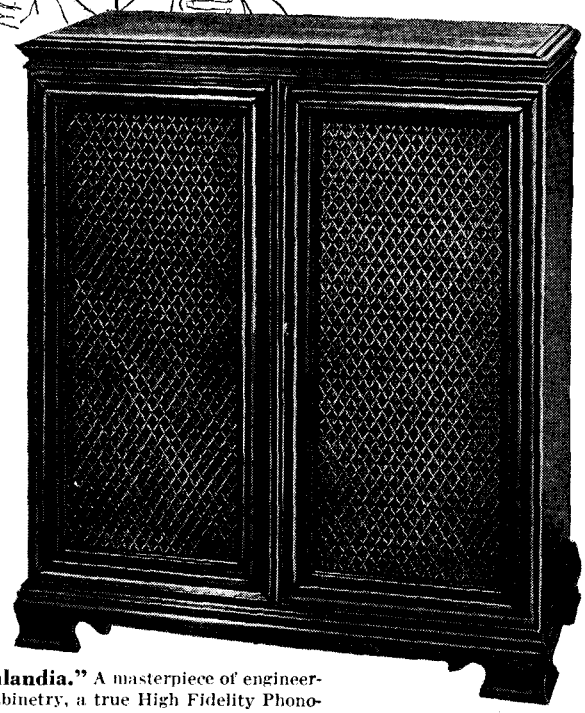
jazz elements in a more serious context. With the exception of the Blues, which misses the boat by being too learned, all the movements come off.

Liebermann was wise enough in this piece to avoid any attempt to "raise" the jazz idiom to the serious level. Instead he brings the general style "down" to the jazz level. Most of the dirty stuff is assigned, and rightly so, to the jazz band, which he treats like a solo group in the baroque *concerto grosso*. He does not ask the "straight" players of the symphony orchestra to play "hot" (a mistake other composers have sometimes made, with dreary results), but requires a real jazz band (in this case the *Südwestfunk's* excellent band of Kurt Edelhagen) to carry the burden. The Concerto is written with great skill; it is clearly the work of a gifted, serious musician. At the same time it is written without inhibitions and with no holds barred. It is effective in the best sense of the word, but it is not cheap. The applause following its performance was such that the last movement —the rip-snorting Mambo—had to be repeated, an extraordinary occurrence in Donaueschingen, the more extraordinary considering the nature of the work.

ONLY two "big names" were represented on the program: Milhaud with the first European performance of his gay, charming "Ouverture Méditerranéenne"; and Stravinsky with "Ebony Concerto," the contrapuntally constructed Septet (1953) with its curious affinity to the Viennese twelve-tone school, and the first European performance of his remarkable and strange "In Memoriam Dylan Thomas; Dirge-Canons and Song," combining a thoroughly abstract contrapuntal (canonic) device with expressive melody. Mario Peragallo's effective violin concerto received an excellent performance by André Gertler. Hans Brehme's piano concerto, a ponderous, bombastic piece, was not helped by the composer's own rendition of the solo part. Israel was represented by Roman Haubenstock-Ramati's "Blessings for Voice and Nine Instruments," given its world premiere—an interesting mating of Oriental and Western styles. The German composer Hans Ulrich Engelmann produced a Partita for String Orchestra and Percussion that displayed a high degree of musicality and a vitality that are characteristic of this gifted young composer's work.

Donaueschingen provides a stiff dose of modern music in the space of little more than twenty-four hours. More than that it has in the past, since its founding in 1922, been a fairly clear indication of which way the musical

(*Continued on page 77*)

The most wonderful present Christmas can bring



The "Finlandia." A masterpiece of engineering and cabinetry, a true High Fidelity Phonograph—AM-FM Radio. **$499.95***

THE INCOMPARABLE

Capehart

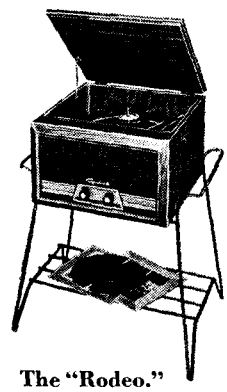
High Fidelity Instruments

Never have you heard music sound like this—full-toned, full-ranged, vibrant, "alive." Every tone your ear can catch is poured forth from this magnificent Capehart to fill your home with music—Christmas chorus or lilting aria, solo trumpet or violin, deep-voiced organ or orchestral crescendo. Here is a wonderful present all the family can enjoy—for a lifetime! Hear this Capehart today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

CAPEHART—The most complete line of quality High Fidelity instruments in the market—from **$129.95* to $549.95***

*Suggested list price. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
A Division of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



The "Rodeo."
Table Phonograph with three Symphonic Tone speakers for true High Fidelity reproduction of your favorite recordings. **$129.95***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

The Tenth of Shostakovitch

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *Symphony No. 10. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia ML-4959, $5.95.) *Eugene Mravinsky conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Concert Hall Society 1313, $5.95.)

TIME races. It is but a few years since Shostakovitch was in New York for a well-remembered propaganda bee, and I presented him with a then-new LP of his first symphony, an early entry in the Columbia catalogue. He turned the unfamiliar object around in his hands, unable to puzzle out by what deviltry Americans had compressed his work onto a single disc. And now we have his tenth symphony in a similar form from his native country, to go with one played for the microphone by Mitropoulos in the aftermath of its recent U.S. premiere in New York.

Whichever version is preferred (and there are advantages and disadvantages to each), it is a sizeable piece of music with which one is confronted. And I am not speaking only, or exclusively, of length. It has form, proportion, balance, and a convincing management of the symphonic process . . . whether or not it is necessary for persuasiveness that such a score embody the recurrent themes with which Shostakovitch is working here.

The one element I find lacking, and without which such a lengthy work must have lapses and longuers, is a *modus vivendi* . . . that is to say, a compelling esthetic reason that gives it scope and momentum. Shostakovitch has declared that it is a plea for all people to unite in a search for peace, to further "our" (Russia's) aspirations for friendly relations with other nations by recognizing the rights of peoples to their own national individualities. This is all, of course, right as rain; but is it the kind that falls gently from heaven on the just and the unjust alike, or is it something else?

The musical exemplification of this viewpoint is rather more questionable, though sometimes the music snarls angrily as in rebuff of "aggression," say, and there is a horn call which embodies a noble impulse, and the finale is eminently pan-slavic. If the day of rejoicing has really come, the evidence is that it has a decidedly Russian accent. In any case, the program could well have been tailored to the music, rather than *vice versa.*

Mitropoulos has so much the advantage in mechanical facilities—one of the best products, this, of Columbia's 30th Street studios—to go with a penetrating command of the score that the Mravinsky is deprived of real competitive status. Nevertheless, it is easy to detect in the latter a looser, more easygoing statement of the content, less "streamlined" let us say, which can be consulted for additional illumination on the darker corners of the creation. Moreover, the finale is decidedly more vulgar as Mitropoulos conducts it. But the extremely advantageous reproduction of the Philharmonic—especially in the extremes of register with which this work abounds—makes the merely acceptable quality of the Russian product unacceptable.

Schubert from the Source

SCHUBERT: *Octet, opus 166. The Vienna Octet.* (London LL-1049, $5.95.)

IT MAY not be good news for those who have invested in other versions of this work that this is by more than a little the best of them. There was, after all, ample reason for imagining it would be. A fine version by much the same players in 1946 was one of the earliest indications that a nucleus of fine Viennese musicians had survived the war, and would rise to make the Vienna Philharmonic one of the world's great orchestras again. Then there was their later 78-rpm version that even improved on that standard.

Now, with all the advantages of present day technical procedures, and the benefit of continuity, Willy Boskovsky and associates have achieved a result that can have rarely been equalled in the concert hall. Not is only every man master of his instrument—the names of Günther Breitenbach (viola), Nikolaus Hübner (cello), Alfred Boskovsky (clarinet), Josef Vebla (horn), and Rudolf Hanzl (bassoon) are known to all who have followed recent chamber-music issues—but they have a community of musical culture which does not flourish elsewhere.

Something of the same sort may be found in the version of a few years back by the Vienna Konzerthaus Octet, but this is a rather more refined product, musically, and mechanically superior to its Westminster predecessor. Whether it wins any *Grand Prix du Disques* or not is doubtful; but it shines like a beacon of good taste and musical quality in a confusion of lightning flashes and thunderous effects purveyed in the name of high fidelity.

Non-"Curtained" Gilels

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 3. Emil Gilels, piano, with the Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens.* (Angel 35131, $5.95.)

FROM his earliest recordings of Russian origin heard in this country, it was apparent that Emil Gilels was a piano virtuoso of the first order, with fingers as disciplined as any we know of. There was some question whether a hard tone was an inevitable consequence of his pianistic style, or whether it was due to faulty recording technique. The answer, as provided by this French-made product, is that he does not get much resonance from the strings, so that if any is lost his recordings suffer considerably.

Musically, the experience is an interesting one, for it suggests that sound concepts of Beethoven have too long been established, universally, for any such estrangement as has existed between East and West in recent years to affect them materially. Yet it is fairly simple to hear how Gilels's basically admirable ideas about Beethoven are colored by a national disposition contra "sentimentality," emotional display, etc. To call it "reserved" playing expresses only a part of the restrictions the player seems to have put upon himself. Yet it has a high degree of artistic conscience within these limitations, and a deal of physical beauty. Cluytens leads his usual kind of workmanlike and thoroughly impersonal playing of the orchestral score. Good sound.

First Flight for Martzy

BRAHMS: *Concerto in D. Johanna Martzy, violin, with Paul Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Angel 35137, $5.95.)

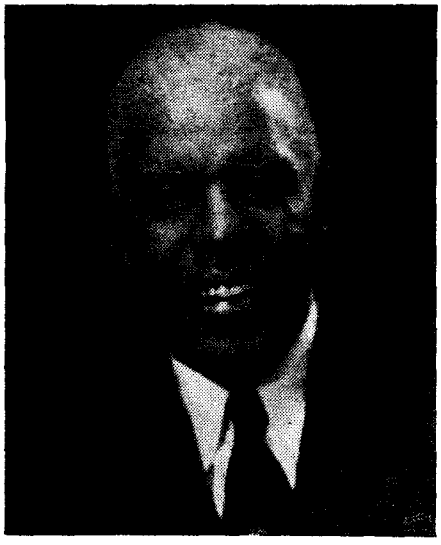
IS THERE room for another Erica Morini? I doubt that even that peerless artist herself would deny so fine a violinist as Johanna Martzy the place that may rightfully come to her if this initial effort is a true index to her qualities. Now approaching thirty, Miss Martzy (Hungarian by birth) has only recently begun to attract international attention, in the aftermath of winning a prize at the Geneva competition of 1947.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Martzy—"she says something with her tone."

Miss Martzy's present qualities begin with a tone that has both suavity and personality; continue with rhythmic instincts of an arresting order; and culminate in a sense of melodic phraseology that might be envied by some of her better known contemporaries. It is routine to say that she has a formidable technique, for the Brahms concerto is a searching test of any violinistic machinery, and hers passes it in high and without stress.

What is most important, of course, is that she says something with her tone, rhythmic instincts, and technique, something that makes Brahms a fresh and rewarding experience all over again. It is not high-pressure playing, nor is it in any regard "dramatic," but it is fine-grained, thoroughgoing, and expressive. Paul Kletzki's handling of the orchestral score is one of his most creditable efforts for the phonograph, and the sound is warmly suited to the musical values involved.



Hayes—"much of his prime abilities."

VIVA VOCE

Ferrier, Hayes, Dermota

FRIENDS and admirers of the late Kathleen Ferrier will be delighted to know that there is an unexpected treat in store for them on London LS-1032, $4.95 . . . nothing less than thirty-odd minutes of singing not previously issued. Termed a "broadcast recital," it offers a dozen songs from a BBC occasion of June 5, 1952. Even more fortunately, only one of them—Britten's arrangement of "O Waly Waly"—has previously been offered in another collection (LS-538).

The date preceded Miss Ferrier's lamented death by only a year or so, and she had, of course, been suffering from her ailment for some time previously. There is, however, no evidence of it in the sound of these songs, which give us the essence of her personality in its most attractive vein, as a singer of the simple songs of her own people, such as the enchanting "Kitty, My Love," arranged by Hughes, "Come You Not from Newcastle," and the best kind of English art-song writing: "Silent Noon," a Vaughan Williams masterpiece, Warlock's "Sleep," etc. Miss Ferrier was superb in the Mahler cycles, in some Brahms, the "Alto Rhapsody," etc. But that was an acquired skill which others have equaled, or in some instances bettered. Here she is singing from the heart, with no intervening technical barriers to overcome. Frederick Stone is the able pianist, and the recording is quite studioish in technical quality, very direct in emotional appeal.

Even more, in a similar vein, can be said about the best parts of the two Lps entitled "The Art of Roland Hayes" (Vanguard VRS-448-9), in which he traces "six centuries of song" from Machaut of the thirteenth century to Villa-Lobos of the present one. That best part would, inevitably, have to be the generous sampling of spiritual material, work-songs, etc. of his own people (spread in a cannily commercial, if not wholly consumer-happy, arrangement over both discs). There have, of course, been other fine singers of his race, but he was the first, the original; and the emotions that produced "Were You There," "He Never Said a Mumblin' Word," "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," and, of course, the classic "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" are very close to him. After all, there are not many mothers of those who followed him who said, as his did: "Son, the white folks don't want to listen to our songs." In spite of which, he made them listen to anything he chose to sing.

Merely listening to the intensity of "Xango" (an African chant arranged by Villa-Lobos), followed by the charm of "Lil Girl," gives one a notion of the range this artist commands. Peculiarly, too, though such a song as "Roun' About the Mountain" works in the same register and at about the same degree of force as some of the art songs, it is sung much more freely, with less of the tension and sometimes disturbing deviations from pitch which afflict the Italian "Alma del Core." It is, to be sure, amazing that a man in his sixties should command so much of his prime abilities as Hayes does, with the results what they are—often astonishing, sometimes considerably less, but always an experience.

In the eighteenth-century literature—Schubert's *"Jungling an der Quelle,"* *"Musensohn,"* and *"Liebe hat Gelogen,"* Berlioz's "Absence" (one of his best efforts), a "Song of Solomon," by Moussorgsky, and Debussy's "Le Faune"—the intention has to be sometimes taken for the accomplishment, but the mood is always present, the words meticulously organized, even if the tones are not squarely on pitch. It is also a pleasure to hear the consistently fine pianistic work of Reginald Boardman, his long-time associate. The technical work is first class, though it seems to me that the singer has occasionally been given an assist in microphone placement.

It may be an injustice to juxtapose a great artist, such as Hayes, with one who is merely a very good singer, such as Anton Dermota, but the record-release list is no respecter of persons. His *"Schöne Müllerin"* has much beautiful singing in it, and his lyric voice is well suited to Schubert, though its upper range is not what it was before he suffered the malaise that prevented his Metropolitan appearance a few years ago. However, whatever the beauty of the sound, one can always listen to it quite calmly, for he rarely goes beyond a polite expression of emotion. The shades and intensities of Schubert are paralleled in a careful, scholastic way, but he rarely wrings real music from his voice. Hilde Dermota plays the appropriate kind of accompaniments for his conception of the cycle, though her fingers are a little put upon for the scamper and swing of the piano part of *"Ungeduld,"* for example. Excellent clarity and balance in the recording.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports I: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Walter Barylli, violin, with orchestra conducted by Hermann Scherchen. Westminster WL-5318, $5.95.	Scherchen at his best is a formidable workman, and here, it seems to me, his vitality and musicianship are channeled to wholly productive results. Barylli is better in the A minor than the E major concerto, but the integration and suitable sound of the ensemble almost take precedence over the solo performance. Very good reproduction.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Clifford Curzon, piano, with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL-1045, $5.95.	Tactful piano performance by Curzon, with all the amenities observed. However, his rather neutral musical personality would profit from association with a conductor of stronger convictions about this kind of music than Knappertsbusch. Beautiful sound, and a high standard of artistry throughout.
Chopin: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster WL-5308, $5.95.	His first venture in this literature shows Badura-Skoda to be a considerable Chopianist, with a highly agreeable flexibility of phrasing and a sound that consorts well with the composer's thought. Artur Rodzinski's orchestral direction has the competence long associated with him. The sound, however, is not consistently of Westminster's best quality.
Decruck: "Andante et fileuse," etc. Marcel Mule, saxophone, with Marthe Lenom, piano. London LS-986, $4.95.	Startling virtuosity by a past master of his *metier* hardly atones for the thin musical substance of works by Tomasi, Bozza, Pascal, Tcherepnin, etc. which he must call upon. London's series of solo recitals by clarinet, saxophone, etc. is well worth investigation. Excellent sound.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt," (two suites), etc. Hans-Jurgen Walther conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra of Hamburg. MGM E-3139, $4.85.	At the price, the two suites plus Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" are reasonably good value, though the coupling puts Grieg's "Morning" at the end of the "Nutcracker" side, with a turnover necessary to continue with "Ase's Tod." The performances are well recorded, but the direction and playing are tediously routine.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 25 and 38 ("Prague"), with Georg Solti conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL-1034.	A repetition of a previous pairing on London, where the conductors were Celibidache and Ansermet, with a gain, surely, in orchestral sound. However, Solti is not a sufficiently skilful hand in such music as this to compete (in the "Prague" especially) with such a specialist as Beecham or the even more vigorous Kubelik.
Mozart: Concerti for Clarinet (K.622) and bassoon (K.191). Leopold Wlach, clarinet, Karl Oehlberger, bassoon, both with Artur Rodzinski conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster WL-5307, $5.95.	Highly adroit execution in both instances, though the Viennese taste in tempo and dynamics does not yield results, in the instance of Wlach, to dislodge previous preference for Kell, Etienne, or Cahuzac (according to couplings). The bassoonist achieves a more Mozartian result than Toscanini permitted Leonard Sharrow in his collaboration, but he has to work hard for the result. Both are well recorded, though the solo instrument in each is too far from the microphone.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante (K. 297 B), and "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with first desk soloists. Angel 35098, $5.95.	The glories of this work are well known from several versions of the past, and a particularly good one of the present on the Oiseau-Lyre label. Karajan here is a more dynamic influence on the players than Froment is there, but a choice would depend on personal inclination to one style of woodwind playing or another. I incline to the French. Karajan's way with the "Kleine Nachtmusik," as known from an early Columbia issue, is rather strenuous, though it is now somewhat modified. Fine sound in both.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Antar." Glazunov: "Stenka Razin." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London LL-1060, $5.95.	Excellent work by Ansermet in both titles, with the strong score of Rimsky-Korsakov more responsive to the virtues of his treatment than the weaker one of Glazounov. The latter, however, has its curiosity value. In sheen and texture, this is some of the most musical sound London has given us from Geneva.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherezade." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-4888, $5.95.	A maximum output of physical and engineering effort make this a fine sample of the art of phonography, if not a particularly convincing performance of "Scheherezade." It is all too calculated and purposeful to give the particular fantasy of this music an opportunity to cast a spell. However, if it is dazzling sound you want, it is here in all the colors of Joseph's robe. Loud, too.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 4. Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony. LL-1059, $5.95.	Apparently Collins is slated to do substantially all the symphonies of Sibelius, which is well for the listeners who relish diversity in any literature. This is a sensitive, well-planned performance, and perhaps a shade more lively in mood than the recent excellent one of Karajan. It also offers a very good performance of "Pohola's Daughter" to fill side two, whereas Karajan's is paired with "Tapiola." Clear, finely balanced recording.
Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty." Adolf Fritz Guhl conducting the Orchestra of Radio Berlin. Urania URLP-7127, $5.95.	Just how this can be described as anything but "excerpts" baffles me, but there is no indication of such qualification to the labeling which describes it as "Tchaikovsky: Sleeping Beauty, opus 66." There are, in all, some nineteen of the best-known episodes included, but the conducting is pedestrian, the orchestral sound jangly, with a preposterous emphasis on percussion. In other words, not recommended.
Tchaikovsky: "Pique Dame." Gershwin: "Porgy and Bess." Andre Kostelanetz and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML-4904, $5.95.	The first observation above might apply here also, save that it is captioned "opera for orchestra" which could mean anything, including a Stokowski-like "symphonic synthesis." Eleven sections from the opera are played in the sequence of their appearance in the complete work. Melodic charm it does have, but also a somewhat faded harmonicaroma. The Bennett "Picture" of "Porgy and Bess" is a Kostelanetz speciality, and he delivers it very well. Typically good Columbia sound.
Tchaikovsky: Concertos No. 1 and 2. Ethel Farnadi, piano, with Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hermann Scherchen. Westminster WL-5389, $5.95.	The pairing of works is reasonable, more so indeed than the pianist and conductor, for Scherchen's endeavor to find a new way of playing the B flat minor concerto leads the pianist into some dubious paths. They are more fortunate in the G major (No. 2), which is reasonably straight-forward and full of energy, especially the finale. Farnadi's technique is impressive throughout, though the pickup of her tone makes makes it sound harder, more metallic than in some other discs. Big sound, but for my taste, on the blarey side. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jukes . . . Jokes

Continued from page 51

equally melancholy state of mind. For, Signori Pinza and Lanza apart, the male warblers are themselves in the most doleful dumps. They don't get their girls in the manner of Don Giovanni, or a score of other heroes of opera; they, too, have to go moaning about their business. The old fashioned heartwarmers were of the school of John L. Sullivan as they got ready to blast "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" or "Drink to Me Only." The great dreamboats of today are featherweights—at heaviest—and their version of the *bel canto* is the sob in the throat round which the dishevelled collar loosely clings.

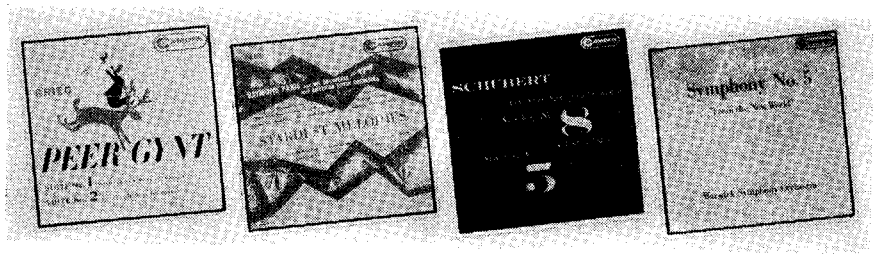
It is not for me to reprove popular taste. I can remember being in a taxi in Times Square at the beginning of the Sinatra boom, when the star was being assailed by thousands of young women in a state recalling the Maenads; some got their legs broken; some had their clothes torn off. My driver said gloomily to a colleague in the same traffic jam. "What has he got that I haven't got?" "I don't know, but I wish I had it," was the sardonic reply. And this mother-lover complex, or whatever it is, is not confined to America. Messrs. Ray and Laine pack them in in London and Glasgow, and the Palladium, some years ago, put on a parody of Mr. Sinatra's style, with choreography, that made it only too plain what the management thought the appeal was. But we who are well passed the *"mezzo del cammin di nostra vita"* may be pardoned for not thinking this mode a good thing.

We can be equally critical of songs that don't involve swooning or moaning. It would be absurd to say that the mere nonsense song is new. "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is now in the fairly far distant past and it was quite as silly as most of today's offerings. But the old silly songs could be *sung*. Bouncy, pneumatic, anti-Dior sopranos and contraltos could let it rip, singing "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bowwow," but what can be done with "Doggy in the Window," not to speak of "I Tot I Taw a Puddy Tat"? In short, the *really* popular muse is in a very bad way and something should be done about it.

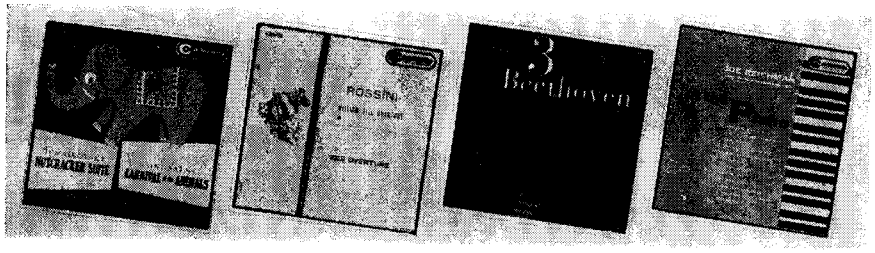
THE popular middle-brow muse is in a much better way. We laugh at the inanities of "The Boy Friend," no doubt with some nostalgia for that happy age before the hydrogen bomb (it was, after all, the age of "The Garrick Gaities" and of some very good tunes by Irving Berlin). But the

now CAMDEN
A PRODUCT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RECORDS BY RCA



BRING YOU THE GREATEST



MUSIC VALUE IN RECORD HISTORY

12" Long Play $1.98

45 RPM "Extended Play" 69c

Camden records give you the quality and technical perfection of records costing more than double the amazing low price. Memorable performances by world-famous artists . . . reproduced with "Plus Fidelity" on these Vinylite records. And, all Camden Long Play records have "Gruve/Gard" . . . permanent protection for record surfaces.

Start your Camden collection with these Long Play Records:

CAL 174 — BACH, J.S.: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and No. 4 — **BACH, K.P.E.:** Concerto for Orchestra in D.
CAL 171 — LAWRENCE TIBBETT Sings **OPERATIC ARIAS:** From Barber of Seville — Carmen — The Masked Ball — Tosca — Faust — and 5 others.
CAL 101—PROKOFIEFF: Peter and the Wolf — **RICHARD STRAUSS:** Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks.
CAL 156—RAVEL: Daphnis and Chloe Suite No. 1 — **RAVEL:** Daphnis and Chloe Suite No. 2 — **RAVEL:** Valses Nobles et Sentimentales.
CAL 191 — STRAUSS, R: Burlesque in D Minor — **WEBER:** Konzertstuck in F Minor, for piano and orch.
CAL 128—RICHARD CROOKS SOUVENIRS: Because—The Lost Chord—Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life — A Dream — and 8 others.
CAL 137—A CHRISTMAS CAROL—Charles Dickens. Adapted, Produced and Narrated by **ERNEST CHAPPELL.**
CAL 190 — SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS: Macbeth—The Taming of the Shrew—Julius Caesar—Romeo and Juliet—Merchant of Venice—As You Like It.
AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LYRIC VERSE: 22 Poems.
CAL 209 — THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS present **CHRISTMAS** and **FOLK SONGS:** Silent Night—Joy to the World—and 14 others.
CAL 233—MEMORABLE MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES: Selections from Moulin Rouge—Limelight—and 7 others.
CAL 231 — SHOWCASE OF SHOW TUNES, VOL. 1: 16 Hits from "Carousel"—"Annie Get Your Gun"—"Miss Liberty"—and Guys and Dolls".

NOW YOU CAN GET THIS GREAT RECORD BARGAIN AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S

Camden music fully deserves a permanent place in your record library. Ask for a complete listing . . . 12" Long Play and 45 "Extended Play" . . . or, write P.O. Box 701E, Camden, N. J.

CAMDEN
A PRODUCT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

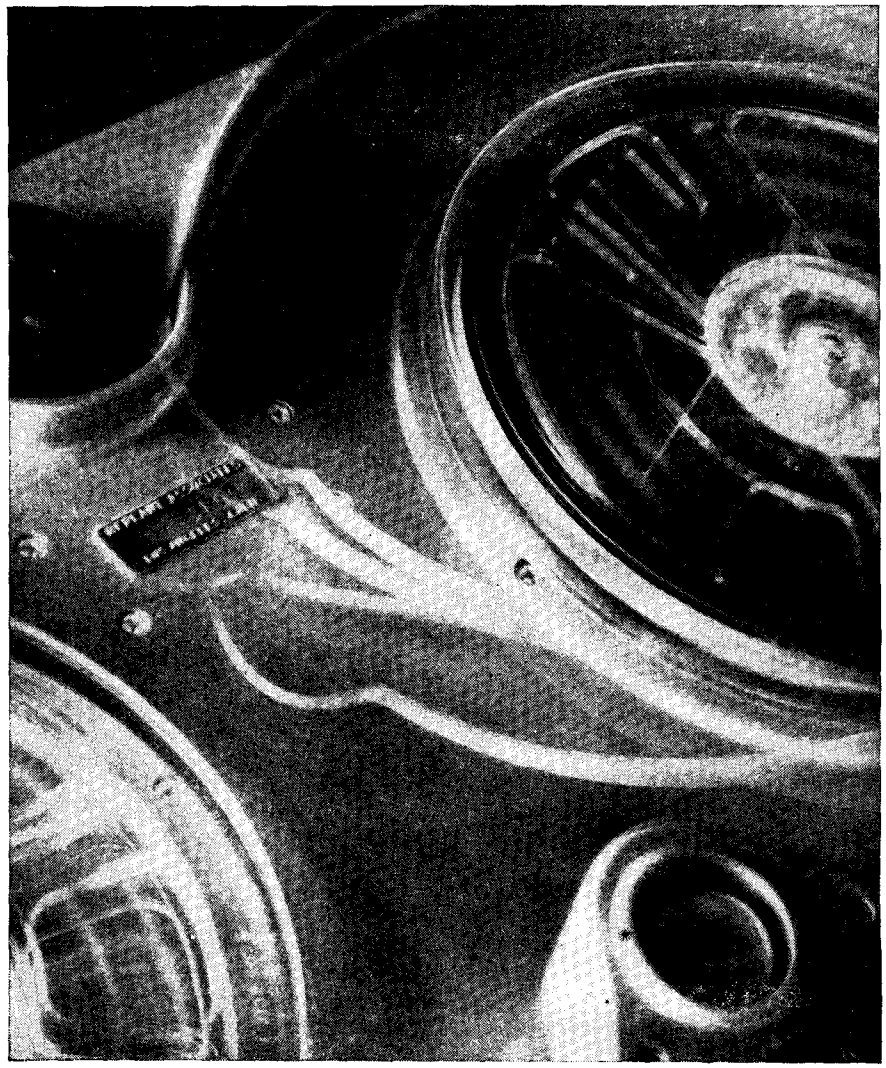
Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz, M.: Sonata in D, etc. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Westminster WL-5312, $5.95.	Artful execution of a dozen pieces by lesser eighteenth-century Spanish composers of which at least one, Padre Hipolito Fernandez, provides a C minor sonata of first-rate qualities. The others range from fair to diverting, but Valenti plays them all with thorough artistry. Good reproduction of the instrument.
Bizet: "Pearl Fishers" excerpts. Janine Micheau, soprano, Libero de Luca, tenor, and Jean Borthayre, baritone, etc. Alberto Erede conducting. London LL-939, $5.95.	Qualities of interpretation may be a matter of opinion, but not so the too-frequent wrong notes from the various participants, especially Miss Micheau in the overside excerpts from Gounod's "Mireille." The sound identifies the London manner, but not the musical qualities of what is performed. Or is this, perhaps, the French vocal standard of today?
Brahms: Ballades, op. 10, Capricci and Intermezzi, op. 76. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. London LL-959, $5.95. Rhapsodies, op. 79, also Intermezzi, op. 117. The same. LS-961, $4.95. Capricci, Intermezzi, op. 116. Intermezzi, E flat Rhapsody, op. 119. The same. London LL-960, $5.95.	These performances vary from labored to perceptive, but one, at least, should be noted as outstanding: Kempff's conception of the E flat Rhapsody strikes me as the most convincing, in plan and execution, I have heard. The smaller pieces, however, tend to elude his aim, which is driven home with consistently more force than is desirable for them. On the whole, the Gieseking collection (which covers much the same repertory, minus op. 10) provides more diversity of treatment, and several high spots to match Kempff's revealing rhapsody. The piano sound is clean, but a little quavery.
Casella: Sonata for Harp, etc. Laura Newell, harp. Philharmonia PH-109, $5.95.	A musicological treat as well as a novelty, this sonata for unaccompanied harp is one of its composer's most distinctive works, unlike much of his other music and different from most works for the harp. Miss Newell plays it with convincing enthusiasm and fine definition of its attributes. Side two is devoted to a Respighi nocturne self-transcribed, three of the "Antique Dances and Arias," and the harp soli from "Lucia." In addition to her musical abilities, Miss Newell has contributed a prose commentary better than that of many professionals.
Chopin: Etudes (opus 10, 28). Alexander Uninsky, piano. Epic LC-3065, $5.95.	Uninsky has all the technique one requires to play these works with a reasonable approximation to the effortless, but the result is not tonally distinguished, and the musical imagery, the poetry, and passion they contain are not conveyed in a really impressive way. However, some details of texture are given a personal accent, pianistically speaking. Novaes is more to my taste in this music.
Dohnanyi: Quartet in D flat, Quintet in E flat minor. Curtis String Quartet, and Vladimir Sokoloff, piano. Westminster WL-5301, $5.95.	The performance of the little-known but uncommonly fine quintet is better than that of the well-favored quartet, in which a good feeling for the work is marred by less than the cleanest execution. That element is fortunately not a consideration in the partner piece, which is done in good ensemble style. The close-up microphoning has excellent presence, but a little more reverberation would be welcome.
Griffes: "The White Peacock," etc. Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M E-3129, $4.85.	The title "Encores in a Quiet Mood" may attract or repel, but Pressler's way with such works as Bartok's "Evening in the Country," Chabrier's "Idylle," Poulenc's "Pastourelle," and a Respighi "Notturno" is decidedly attractive, likewise his treatment of the more familiar "Cordoba" (Albeniz), or "Pavane for a Dead Princess." Where the results could be soporific, Pressler makes them merely restful. Good sound.
Falla: "Fantasia Baetica." Siciliani: "Tres Danzas Argentinas." Mignone: "Sonatina No. 4 Braziliana," etc. Paolo Spagnolo, piano. London LL-1040, $5.95.	In the context of the more elaborate pieces, Liadov's "Musical Snuff Box" seems out of place in this collection introducing Paolo Spagnolo, a young Italian pianist. However, its uncommonly deft articulation tells us more about his capacities than the other pieces, well played though they are. His is a light hand on the piano, and a sensitive musical mind. Well-shaded piano sound.
Hubeau: Sonata, etc. Louis Menardi, trumpet, with Marthe Lenom, piano. London LS-988. $4.95.	The musical values in this tailor-made work for the trumpet are not exceptional, but they permit a fine display of trumpet playing in the French style by an excellent instrumentalist of the Conservatoire school, especially in a quiet, muted section. On the reverse side, Raymond Sabarich, professor of trumpet at the Conservatoire, plays two short works of his own brilliantly, and Menardi performs a pair of pieces by Jean Thilde. Very clean sound.
Mozart: Fantasy in C minor (K. 475), Sonatas in C minor (K. 457) and A (K. 331). Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster 5317, $5.95.	Strong-minded, beautifully-articulated playing by Badura-Skoda, though I am not always in agreement with his phraseology and dynamic emphases. However it is obviously a product of thought not impulse, and may be respected accordingly. A good example, recordingwise, of what Westminster means by "natural balance."
Schubert: Sonata in A minor ("Arpeggione"). Mendelssohn: Sonata in D (No. 2). Roger Albin, cello, with Claude Helfter, piano. Telefunken LGX-66015, $5.	Who these performers are I have no way of knowing, but they are individually of high quality and together an ensemble team of excellent qualities. Albin's cello tone is first class, his feeling for the material uncommonly communicative, though he might guard against an occasional technical slip that he has allowed to get by, especially in the Schubert. In the Mendelssohn, which allows more latitude for the piano, Helfter performs with fluency and good sound. Highly satisfactory reproduction, too.
Tchaikovsky: "The Seasons," Eva Wollman, piano. Westminster. WL-5290. $5.95.	Were there fewer months in the year, this might seem more attractive than it is, for twelve pieces in the same vein are more than I care for from Tchaikovsky at a sitting. However, Miss Wollman, a Viennese, is an artist of quality and one whose further endeavors will be awaited with interest. She is devoted to a softer, more clinging kind of sound than most young pianists of today, and it is gratifying to hear it so well reproduced as it is here. —I. K.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doom was upon the popular muse when the talkies came along. Al Jolson pumping out "Sonny Boy" started us on the downward path. It also ensured the triumph of American popular music, for the movies spread the latest Hollywood novelties from China to Peru and some of their prestige rubbed off on singers and writers and composers who did not get or did not want employment on the Californian assembly line. For how few are the really popular songs that have gone round the world and have not started from USA! Where are the successors of the Viennese school, of the English music halls, of the Paris café chantants that gave us Maurice Chevalier? Drowned, swamped in the molasses that flows from America.

But it will be objected, what of Cole Porter, what of Rodgers and Hammerstein? I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. Porter. "You're the Top" is a masterpiece in its kind, and "Night and Day" touches female heartstrings now many years after it was launched. And "Were Thine That Special Face" may well be a permanent addition to the repertory. So too with "Oklahoma," which will, I think, live like Gilbert and Sullivan. I can only repeat my doubts about "South Pacific," but I may be wrong. Then Mr. Berlin has come up to scratch for nearly a generation. To hear "Annie du Far West" at the Châtelet in Paris, to see the French children swept into the seventh heaven, was to have proof of the universality of art in its proper sphere. But even though English audiences went wild after the first night of "Oklahoma" and warmly welcomed "South Pacific" and "Annie Get Your Gun" it is, I fear, a sad proof of something or other that "Pal Joey" has had to be withdrawn in London long before its destined run was over. Real wit, real satire, mere truth was not welcomed. True, the English press suggested as a reason that the theme was too sordid, but Chicago at its rowdiest was not more wide open than upper Shaftesbury Avenue, and "little dens of iniquity" are all around. No, "Pal Joey" was too intelligent for an audience spoiled by modern sweets. It is, of course, not only the movies, or the facilities for plugging given by radio and television. There is the sudden rise of popular instrumentalists, ranging from "Satchmo" Armstrong down to Mr. Liberace. But whatever the causes, there is the fact. But to console America, on the political if not the cultural level, it might be noted that though the Jacobites had all the good songs, the House of Hanover kept the throne and gave away the jobs. The sounds that come from the jukeboxes of the Union may be depressing, but they are not final proof that the Republic is doomed.



NO MORE "UNFINISHED" SYMPHONIES!

WITH THE NEW SOUNDCRAFT "PLUS-50" MAGNETIC RECORDING TAPE! 50% EXTRA PLAYING TIME! NO COMPROMISE IN STRENGTH OR QUALITY!

Here at last is the *perfected* "long-playing" magnetic tape, bringing you *50% extra* playing time with no compromise in strength or recording quality.

Backed with DuPont "Mylar" Polyester Film a third thinner than standard acetate, it's a third as strong as steel—and *stronger than standard tapes.*

A normal 5″, 600′ reel now holds 900′—a 7″, 1200′ reel holds 1800′. And yet cost-per-foot remains almost exactly the same!

Symphonies up to 48 minutes long can now be recorded or played at a full 7½″ per second on a single 7″ reel—without interruption. Forty-eight minutes against only 32 on standard tapes!

And yet the same perfected Soundcraft magnetic oxide, in full standard depth, is still there to give you the utmost high fidelity obtainable. There's been no change in output level! No change in bias characteristics!

Add to all this: "Plus-50" is Micro-Polished® for perfect high-frequency response right from the start. It's Pre-Coated with adhesive to prevent oxide chipping, peeling. It's lubricated on both sides, eliminating squeals. It can be interspliced with any quality tapes. Output variation is an inaudible ±¼ db. within a reel, ±½ db. reel-to-reel.

More than 200 million feet of this identical tape have been supplied by Soundcraft to the U. S. Government prior to this announcement.

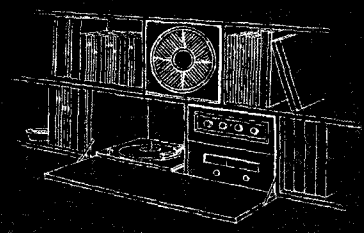
See for yourself why there's no finer tape at any price than Soundcraft "Plus-50" Tape. Get some at your dealer's today!

For further facts, write Dept. AC 11.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custom Hi-Fi

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE FINEST...



FOR CHRISTMAS AND YEAR 'ROUND LISTENING ENJOYMENT

Hear today's favorite all-family gift...G-E Custom Hi-Fi! Preferred for performance yet costs no more than most TV sets. So, this Christmas make the carols more beautiful than ever. And, reserve a seat up front for every recorded orchestration. Superb quality has classified G-E components as the gift for a lifetime of listening pleasure. Mastermind your G-E installation now!

Symbol of Genuine High-Fidelity

Remember...you don't have to pay high prices for the finest quality record production!

General Electric Company
Section R41114-27
Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send literature and name of nearest retail outlet for G-E High Fidelity Equipment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Rewind in Reason

IN THE summer of 1948 the writer operated a bank of recorders at Convention Hall in Philadelphia. Because of his previous experience the recorders were equipped with air-blowers to dissipate motor heat, which heated the heads. Trouble of many kinds due to overheating was thus avoided. But one incident sticks in his memory. An engineer recording a speech on tape rushed in and cried, "My recorder is distorting horribly! What shall I do?" He was told to cool the heads by any possible means. He did! He rushed back from the downstairs bar with an ice-bag which he laid on the heads—and the day was saved. This is an extreme example of the effect of heat on magnetic recording heads. No one at that time and place was equipped to find out what the actual trouble was or how the heat had caused distortion. One guess was that the core structure had become so deformed by the heat as to short-circuit the magnetic gap. It is a fond theory of the writer's that possibly, where heat invades the tape coating, there is less effect from magnetism. It has been observed that recording is cleaner and less distorted at low temperatures than at high temperatures. Whatever the governing theory may be, there is no practical guide except experience. And experience indicates that recorders should be kept as cool as possible for best overall results, but not so cold that the oil or grease in the bearings congeals.

When heads are overheated the tape tends to stick to them, especially to the erase head; the tape or film also sticks to guides. When the medium sticks, and is jerked away by the drive, there is audible "screeching" caused by the resulting vibration which records as heavy flutter or even as a "tone." Internally or externally lubricated tapes are not subject to this trouble at ordinarily encountered conditions of operation.

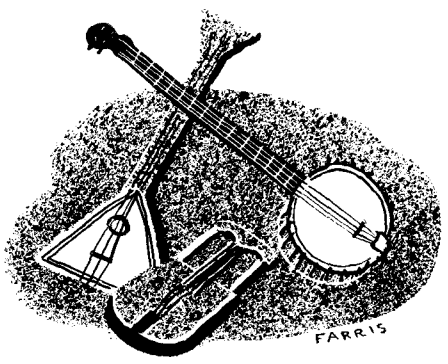
For all locations that are very hot, and in tropical and subtropical climates, cooled air forced from a small blower, so that its stream hits the head assembly, will contribute to better recording.

The aggravating troubles that happen to a tape recorder in extremely cold weather have driven more than one experienced engineer to distraction. Rubber friction drives get hard and slippery, tape becomes brittle and breaks easily (with the exception of Mylar tape), and the drives do not get up to speed until the bearings are warmed up. The cure for all these troubles sends us back to what was noted above: these machines are primarily meant to operate in normal temperatures. When the temperature gets low enough to congeal grease no attempt should be made to record until the machine has been warmed. It can be brought to normal temperatures in any convenient way—by inserting an electric heating element or bulb within the cabinet near the capstan shaft, by using a chemical heater (alcohol-aluminum), or by keeping it near an old-fashioned wood fire. But, one may ask, how can the operator know when the recorder is up to speed? There are several ways he can find out whether the speed is normal. The easiest way is to take along a tape recorded with pitch-pipe tone and the pitch-pipe itself. Play the tape back and blow the pitch pipe at the same time. If there is any difference in frequency—which indicates a speed different from that at which the original recording of the pitch pipe was made—the recorder is not up to speed. You can do the same job by using an oscillator to produce the tone—but oscillators can vary considerably in their dial settings under different conditions and are subject to drift. If an oscillator is used, *it also* must be warmed up before using, whereas the little pitch-pipe can be carried in a warm pocket next to your body and its frequency will vary but little.

The fact that the capstan drive motor is a synchronous motor, and that the supply current is of the correct frequency, will not prevent it from running slow if the temperature is *low enough to congeal the grease.* Dry-lubricated drives may lessen this somewhat, but not entirely. The rule to follow is: Get the mechanism up to normal temperatures and then *beat* an accurately recorded tone against the *same tone* produced on the spot. If they match, all is well; if they do not, do not record unless accurate reproduction of sound is not required.

FLUTTER in a drive system comes from a variety of causes. It is recurring instantaneous speed variation which may not necessarily be heard as such but can cause considerable roughness and distortion of the reproduced sound. There are a number of flutter measuring equipments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



available which will give a fair approximation of the amount of flutter in a drive system and the rate at which the flutter occurs. In one accepted method of flutter measurement, a 3,000-cycle tone is recorded and the output from the tape reproduction system is compared to the input tone. Rhythmic flutter components may then be measured and noted, graphically if wanted. Excessive flutter can generally be traced to out-of-round parts in the drive, vibration of the medium in any direction, or any other condition which contributes to uneven motion of the medium.

If machines are maintained properly and proper care observed in handling and storing the media there is no reason why consistently good results cannot be obtained. A few observations may be made, however, regarding obvious faults at this writing.

Many machines now rewind tape too tightly, which is generally the result of too rapid rewinding under tension. *Tape should be rewound at a speed not exceeding approximately ninety inches per second.* At this rate, if the back tension is properly adjusted, the result will be a fairly loose, evenly rewound reel of tape which will record well for many thousands of times, if properly stored. If high-speed rewind is essential to operation, the sideways excursions of the tape should be limited by using reels with .270 inch inside spacing between flanges instead of the usual NARTB reels which measure .345 inch between flanges. The glass-filled plastic reels now obtainable are made with this .270 inch in inside spacing. When the tape winds unevenly no harm is done provided that it is reused immediately—and provided that winding tension has not been great enough to stretch the tape unduly. But, if a tight, unevenly rewound reel is stored under dry conditions the loss of moisture from the plastic in its unevenly compacted form will result in poor subsequent recording and reproduction. The tape will have "ruffles" and kinks, more or less permanent, which will *not* be removed even by a tight drive. Consequently, the tape will be forced away from the heads by its own distorted shape. Tape in this condition is useless for good quality recording.

Most machines may be reworked, according to manufacturer's instructions, to obtain a slower speed rewind. This may be effected by means of a motor field rheostat controlling the motors' speed. Most simply, if time is no object, the reel may be rewound at normal playback speed by changing the reels, placing the tape reel in the supply position and playing it "backwards" onto a blank tape-up reel. Along this same line of thought, there is no reason why the tape should not be stored *reversed*, without rewinding, and rewound just before putting it into the player.

The best non-technical way of telling whether tape is too dry and brittle for good recording is by its "hand." Tape in good condition is very limp; if you hold a few inches of it up between your thumb and forefinger it will droop around one of your fingers. If it is too dry it will droop but will *stand away from your finger.* If you suspend a strip of brittle tape in a closed mason jar containing just enough water to cover the bottom, leave it in there for an hour or so, and then repeat the above test, there will be no doubt in your mind as to the difference in "feel" between dry, brittle tape and moist, limp tape.

—JOEL TALL.

Renata Tebaldi

Mario Del Monaco

Hilde Gueden

Cesare Siepi

"the dawn of a new era in operatic recording"

We inaugurated these words the moment we heard our new complete editions of Salome (LL-1038/9) and Der Rosenkavalier (LL-22). Response from critic and public has been such to prove that we have not been overstating the case.

Soon to be shipped to your favorite dealer are the following complete recordings of these well-beloved operas:

MANON LESCAUT (Giacomo Puccini)
Renata Tebaldi as Manon
Mario del Monaco as Des Grieux
Fernando Corena as Geronte
Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus
Conductor: Francesco Molinari-Pradelli

OTELLO (Giuseppe Verdi)
Mario del Monaco as Otello
Renata Tebaldi as Desdemona
Aldo Protti as Iago
Fernando Corena as Lodovico
Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus
Conductor: Alberto Erede

RIGOLETTO (Giuseppe Verdi)
Mario del Monaco as Duke of Mantua
Hilde Gueden as Gilda
Aldo Protti as Rigoletto
Cesare Siepi as Sparafucile
Giulietta Simionato as Maddalena
Fernando Corena as Monterone
Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus
Conductor: Alberto Erede

LA TRAVIATA (Giuseppe Verdi)
Renata Tebaldi as Violetta
Gianni Poggi as Alfredo
Aldo Protti as Germont
Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus
Conductor: Francesco Molinari-Pradelli

Giulietta Simionato

Fernando Corena

Aldo Protti

Gianni Poggi

LONDON® RECORDS

TRUE HIGH ffrr® FIDELITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMEN CORNER

Under the Tree

MY EARLIEST Christmas memories are of the magical odor of fir and the scarcely less thaumaturgic effect of a little painted picture of a railway track. Trying to recall equally potent musical initiations, I remember a youthful seat a few yards from the engulfing Wagnerian orchestra of "Tristan" and, also, my first hearing of records by The Original Dixieland Jazz Band. These are spells not to be recaptured, but the Christmas season continues to have charms, easily procurable:

There is elegantly rousing modern jazz from the alto saxophonist Bud Shank, with three trombones and a rhythm section. This unusual group devotes itself to compositions and arrangements by Bob Cooper, including strong rhythm numbers and a rich choral treatment of "Little Girl Blue." Bud Shank's fine melodic invention, restraint, and rhythmic subtlety are all in evidence (Pacific PJ LP-14), and the supporting cast is top drawer. One of the trombones on the date, Bob Enevoldsen, is to be heard fronting a fine rhythm section and doubling on tenor saxophone (Nocturne NLP6). His appealing chamber-jazz program ranges from "Lulu's Back In Town" to a Latin-American style original, "Danza do Brazil," by the pianist Marty Paich. Enevoldsen has some slight difficulty with intonation on the valve trombone (this instrument seems to challenge players somewhat in the manner of the French horn), but his faults are easy to overlook in view of his robust talent.

Light, lovely jazz of a kind suggesting the old Benny Goodman Quartet and Quintet is offered by two groups of rather more modern temper. One is headed by the eminent clarinetist Artie Shaw, who has survived the days of his notoriety to become a skilled and dulcet performer of chamber jazz. His quintet elaborates such fine themes as "Yesterdays," "September Song," "My Funny Valentine," and "Dancing On the Ceiling" (Clef MG C-630). And Benny Goodman's old coadjutor, the vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, leads his virtuoso five in a Hampton original, "Je Ne Se Pas," plus "On the Sunny Side of the Street," "April In Paris," and a full, twelve-inch, long-playing version of the leader's specialty, "Flying Home." I have often found Hampton's big-band productions blasty and tediously mechanical, but here he is at his discreet best, with excellent assistance from Buddy de Franco, clarinet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums (Clef MG C-628).

Speaking of blasting, I have played over the several LPs in "Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic Volume 16" (Clef MG Vol. 16) and I can only echo the sentiments regarding the Granz musical circus which were recently offered in these pages by Whitney Balliett. These discs are concert recordings from Granz's 1953 season and in general the procedure is to assemble some of the finest instrumentalists in jazz (I would blush to list their names) and encourage them to play in solo competition full of saxophones braying and honking and trumpets wildly screaming. All the while there is high-fidelity reproduction of the whistling and yowling of the goons who attend these concerts. The effect on this phonograph listener is morbid in the extreme. I don't propose to discuss the delicate question as to whether the musicians concerned *submit* to the Granz process or encourage it them-

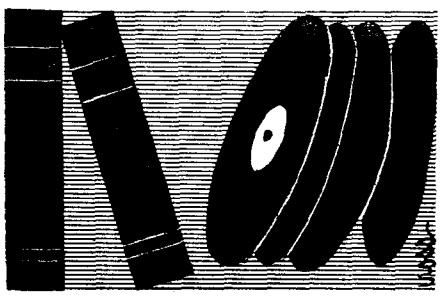
NATURAL BALANCE
IT'S A Westminster CHRISTMAS!
LONG PLAYING RECORDS
NADIA
REISENBERG
PLAYS TCHAIKOVSKY!
Reisenberg's virtuosity and sensitivity are captured and revealed in her debut on the "natural balance" label. A rare treat, including a number of shorter works never before available on long-play, by this foremost recitalist.
D.E.
INGHELBRECHT
CONDUCTS DEBUSSY!
Close friend of the composer, Inghelbrecht gives *the* definitive reading. And he here conducts the orchestra that won last year's "Grand Prix du Disque" for its superb Ravel!
WL 5330 TCHAIKOVSKY: Grand Sonata, Op. 37
Piano Pieces, Op. 2, 5, 10
Nadia Reisenberg, piano
WL 5327 DEBUSSY: La Mer, Iberia
Orch. du Théâtre des Champs Elysées, D. E. Inghelbrecht, cond.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves. A solution would presumably require the psychoanalysis of all concerned. I will merely say that the only record of the batch I can imagine keeping on the shelves is one which contains some beautiful trio playing by Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Oscar Peterson, piano; and Gene Krupa, drums (this is Part VI of the set, and is *not* devoid of the caterwauling audience).

To return to cheerful Christmas topics, there are four twelve-inch LP sides of hitherto unreleased performances by the late Fats Waller, sometimes solo, sometimes accompanied by his ineffable little band (the saxophonist Eugene Sedric is one of my all-time favorites for his eccentric grace and suppleness). The tunes amount to a whole cornucopia of Fats's favorites, from "Sweet Sue" to "Tea for Two." There are thirty-eight numbers in all, including some double versions, and among the delights with which I did not happen to be familiar are Fats's conceptions of "You're The Top" (lyrical rather than effervescent) and "Poor Butterfly." At this date it goes without saying that Fats Waller at the piano is morning music *par excellence;* the keynote is blithe radiance, and a sunlit Christmas could scarcely have happier adornment (RCA Victor 6001-1, 6001-2).

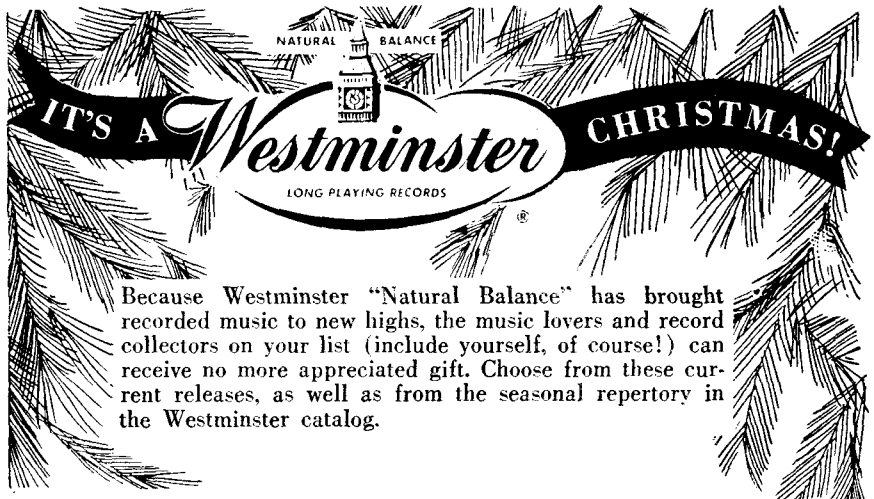
AS IS usual these days, the revival market has been very busy. Stirring traditional jazz comes from Sidney Bechet and His New Orleans Feetwarmers ("X" Vault Originals LVA-3024). Four numbers are mostly Sidney himself on the soprano saxophone. The other four are some of his best small band sides, with Sidney de Paris's muscular trumpet and Sandy Williams's trombone: "Old Man Blues," "Wild Man Blues" (a good foil for Louis Armstrong's classic version), "Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Mornin'" and "Shake It and Break It." There is further New Orleans vigor in an album by the bands of trumpeter Bunk Johnson and trombonist Kid Ory. Bunk's 1945 music, with George Lewis and Jim Robinson, clarinet and trombone, is rather rudely recorded but includes their version of "Tiger Rag." Kid's 1947 playing, with Joe Darensbourg and Andrew Blakeney, clarinet and trumpet, is well reproduced and offers an aromatic "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" as well as a trio of jazz evergreens (Riverside RLP 1047).



And still the great Ma Rainey's blues arrive, this time an especially sturdy selection with sundry versions of her Georgia Band (Riverside RLP 1045). One group includes the rare Joe Smith, trumpet, and stems obviously from the Fletcher Henderson combination of 1926. Other personnels are listed in the program notes as unknown, but I will offer the scholarly suggestion that one band is under the direction of a certain Professor C. M. Russell, whoever he may have been (it is the same outfit so described on a Paramount disc I once possessed). Melissa Nix Rainey, born Gertrude Pridgett (Columbus, Georgia, 1886) also sings four eloquent blues in an album featuring the late trumpeter Tommy Ladnier, and on the other side he supports a strident, far less gifted blues singer, Edmonia Henderson (Riverside RLP 1044).

I am a devotee of the stomping and scronching, angular and assertive jazz that Bennie Moten's band was playing in Kansas City back in 1927 and 1928 ("X" Vault Originals LVA-3025). This is dance-hall music, transitional between old New Orleans and suaver developments that came later, but it is full of rhythmic beans.

—WILDER HOBSON.



Because Westminster "Natural Balance" has brought recorded music to new highs, the music lovers and record collectors on your list (include yourself, of course!) can receive no more appreciated gift. Choose from these current releases, as well as from the seasonal repertory in the Westminster catalog.

WL 5326 **LULLY: Te Deum**
Ensemble Vocal de Paris; Orch. de la Ste. de Musique de Chambre de Paris; P. Capdevielle cond.

WL 5327 **DEBUSSY: La Mer, Iberia**
Orch. du Théâtre des Champs Elysées; D. E. Inghelbrecht cond.

WL 5328 **America's Children sing Christmas Carols for the Children of America**
Children's Choral Groups

WL 5372 **CANTELOUBE, Arr.: Christmas Around the World**
Chanteurs Traditionnels de Paris; Orch. du Théâtre des Champs Elysées; Honegger cond.

WAL 402 **J. S. BACH: Geistliche-Lieder (complete)**
Roessel-Majdan, contralto; Cuenod, tenor; Harand, cello; Holetschek, harpsichord

WL 5387 **COUPERIN: Leçons de Ténèbres (complete)**
Cuenod, Sinimberghi, tenors; Harand, cello; Holetschek, harpsichord and organ

WL 5329 **MENDELSSOHN: 10 Piano Pieces**
Reine Gianoli, piano

WL 5330 **TCHAIKOVSKY: Grand Sonata, Op. 37; Piano Pieces, Op. 2, 5, 10**
Nadia Reisenberg, piano

WL 5331 **FRANCK: Piano Quintet, F min.**
Curtis String Quartet; Sokoloff, piano

WL 5306 **J. S. BACH: Sonata #1, Partita #2**
Julian Olevsky, solo violin

WL 5333 **JANACEK: Dumka, Sonata, Concertino**
Barylli, violin; Holetschek, piano; Barylli Ensemble

WL 5334 **World Festival Folk Song and Dance**
Under auspices of UNESCO

WL 5335 **BEETHOVEN: Overtures (6)**
Orch. of Vienna State Opera; Scherchen cond.

WL 5337 **DVORAK: Piano Quintet, Op. 81; String Quartet, Op. 105**
Barylli Quartet; Farnadi, piano

WL 5336 **Spirituals**
Lucretia West, mezzo-soprano

WL 5313 **SCHUBERT: Sonatas, Op. 42, 122**
Kurt Appelbaum, piano

WL 5339 **LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsodies 16-19; Rhapsodie Espagnole; Consolations 1-6**
Edith Farnadi, piano

WAL 220 **J. S. BACH: Art of the Fugue (Redel orchestration)**
Orch. de Chambre Pro-Arte; Redel cond.

POPULAR

WL 3044 **Xmas Hi-Fivories**
Ferrante & Teicher, duo-pianists

WL 3019 **In the Continental Manner, Vol. 3**
Herb Seiter, piano; Rhythm group

WL 3032 **Dance to Paris Swing, #2**
Jerry Mengo and Orch.

WL 3033 **Morgan plays Waltzes for Organ**
Virginie Morgan, Electric Organ

WL 3034 **Date for Dancing, #2**
Chiboust, Luiz & Cahan-Colombo Orchs.

WL 3035 **Dancing in ¾ Time**
Chiboust, White & Pourcel Orchs.

WL 3036 **Piano Waltzes from Vienna, Vol. 2**
Herb Seiter

WL 3037 **Americans in France**
Jerry Mengo and Noel Chiboust Orchs.

WL 3038 **Dance to Latin Rhythms, #2**
Luiz, Bourdin, Mengo & other Orchs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never Have You Heard Such Fidelity

READ ABOUT THE GOODMANS Axiom 80 AND OTHER GOODMANS LOUDSPEAKERS

ROCKBAR CORPORATION, DEPT. BL-4
215 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send complete description of the Axiom 80 and other Goodmans Loudspeakers.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

My Dealer Is_____

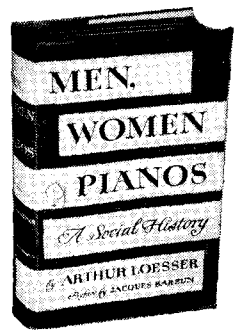
POP ROUND-UP

Musicals on Disc

M-G-M RECORDS has issued the soundtrack music from its filmed version of BRIGADOON (M-G-M E-3135), which was a smash musical play on Broadway not too many months back. Rarely since Jerome Kern have we had such a batch of warmhearted lilting tunes. Composer Frederick Loewe and author-lyrist Alan Jay Lerner are served adequately in this recording by such of the film cast as Gene Kelly, John Gustafson, Van Johnson, and Carol Richards. Johnny Green, not a bad writer himself, conducts the orchestra. Kelly sings most of the important songs, "Almost Like Being in Love," "The Heather on the Hill," "There But for You Go I," and as usual compensates for his vocal deficiencies with warmth and charm, which would be the main requirements here anyway.

WHITE CHRISTMAS is Irving Berlin's most successful song by his own word, and he has included it in a Paramount picture bearing the same title. This and new tunes from the score have been re-taped for a long-player (Decca DL-8083). Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye of the original cast are on hand, while fetching Peggy Lee, a Decca regular, has been sent in to sub for fetching Rosemary Clooney, who picks up her checks at Columbia. Berlin has contributed some new, very typical Berlin songs in "Count Your Blessing Instead of Sheep" (Bing) and "The Best Things Happen While You're Dancing" (Kaye), and the girl has engaging material in "Sisters" and "Love, You Didn't Do Right by Me." The comedy numbers, "Choreography" and "What Can You Do With a General," don't seem quite funny enough, and actually nothing here gives Kaye a chance to inject his own brand of hilarity. In fact, this score is more marshmallow than mustard. I believe the recording itself, with its close-up focus on the voices and too-distant perspective on the background, saps much of the sparkle.

Sparkle, wonderfully synthesized, comes across profusely in the original cast recording of the new Broadway hit, THE BOY FRIEND (RCA LOC-1018) a song-and-dance fabrication in the manner of the Twenties. However, I wonder how many times this gag can make the rounds without wearing thin. British author-composer Sandy Wilson has given us a score which, in this production, reminds us warmly and hysterically of the Victor Company's "Gems from . . . (this or that)," the "orthophonic" show mementoes of the bathtub-gin era. The band is Paul



How can a book be so "persistently and freshly funny, brilliant, wise and witty" for 613 pages?

An unusual book, just published, is turning out to be the surprise of the season: a magnum—if not a jeroboam—of literary champagne.

It is called **Men, Women and Pianos.** It is a piano's-eye view of social behavior and taste since the 17th century, written by ARTHUR LOESSER.

And how it is written!

CLIFTON FADIMAN, who read it in advance of publication, says: "It is so written, with such wit and humor and humanity, it is so larded with anecdote and spiced with reflection, that it should appeal even to the non-musical."

And CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN sent this note to the publishers:

"I am so enthusiastic I can't hold still. I have read many books about music, but never one so highly entertaining as this. How anybody can be so persistently and freshly funny about musical history is astonishing. I laughed aloud and so did my husband to whom books on music are as a rule sheer horrors.

The book is large and feels heavy to the hand. But I rejoice that you took nothing out of it. I couldn't spare a word. I predict a great popular success, something I am sure Arthur Loesser did not himself look for when he wrote it. It's brilliant, wise, witty and extraordinarily 'well informed.' I congratulate Simon and Schuster on its publication."

What ARTHUR LOESSER has done in so entrancing a manner is to trace the history of the piano from the harpsichord to the latest bleached wood spinet. Always present in his cliché-proof mind are these questions:

For whom were the instruments made? How were they used? Who made them and why? What social forces altered their structure?

In search of the answers, you visit middleclass parlors, aristocratic drawing-rooms, concert halls, workshops, factories—in a three-century social whirl through Europe and America.

You will discover how, in the development of the piano, the interior decorator has been quite as important as the virtuoso, and the ambitious mama more important than either.

The preface is by JACQUES BARZUN. You will, we promise, be completely charmed. And so—may we add, since Christmas time is near—will your friends. Price $6.50 at your bookseller's.

—SIMON AND SCHUSTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McGrane and his Bearcats, with a few straggly fiddles, tenor saxes, banjo, etc. The soprano is sweet and innocent, the "Perfect Young Ladies" of the chorus sound perfectly naughty, and the male lead is properly pompous. Several of the tunes, I'm sure, would have enjoyed roaring success in the flapper age. I'm partial toward the ballad duet "I Could Be Happy with You" (the next line, of course—"If you could be happy with me") and "You Don't Want to Play with Me Blues."

I have one complaint regarding all three sets mentioned above. None of them provides an adequate set of program notes for those of us who dwell in the provinces. None provides a story thread, and it's usually difficult to determine who's singing. For "White Christmas," Irving Berlin has scribbled a short note expressing his own satisfaction with his score. For "The Boy Friend," Bill Zeitung has composed an enjoyable, atmospheric evaluation, but the company lists the titles only on the record itself, and then identifies the performers by their last names alone.

And speaking of album "liners," there's a real honey penned by the sometimes tempestuous George Frazier for a new set of LEE WILEY SINGS RODGERS AND HART (Storyville LP 312). Miss Wiley obviously has strong appeals for Mr. Frazier and he lays bare his soul for all to observe. Personally, I don't see where Miss Wiley merits such adulation. I've never objected particularly to her borderline jazz styling nor her non-communicative lyrics—as long as she sang good, otherwise unobtainable show tunes—and her previous albums have included such fine jazz men as Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, and, recently on Columbia, Bobby Hackett. Her early shellac album of Rodgers and Hart on Gala contained such rarities as "Ship Without a Sail," "I've Got Five Dollars," "A Little Birdie Told Me so," etc. The new set has two remakes, "You Took Advantage of Me" and "Glad to be Unhappy," plus "My Romance," "My Heart Stood Still," the no-longer rare "My Funny Valentine," "Mountain Greenery," "It Never Entered My Mind," and the still obscure "Give it Back to the Indians" from "Too Many Girls." My own favorite Rodgers and Hart collection is the one Margaret Whiting did a few years ago for Capitol. And now there's a special E.P. edition of four R and H tunes by Frank Sinatra, who also knows how to handle a substantial show tune. It's simply SINATRA SINGS RODGERS AND HART (Col. EP-B-1872) and it includes "Where or When," "Falling In Love with Love," "Spring is Here," and the best available version of "Lover."

Frazier, in his enthusiasm for Lee Wiley, comes closer to describing my own feelings for another artist on the new Storyville label, MISS TEDDI KING (Storyville LP-314). Miss King, who has grown up professionally in jazz circles (she worked and recorded with the George Shearing Quintet) could become a very successful pop singer. For the nonce, happily, she's concerning herself with show tunes and off-beat ballads, which she renders with more warmth and feminine appeal than we've encountered in several dozen new vocal "finds." What's more, she's intensely musical without getting tricky. Among the tunes graced by her attention are "I Saw Stars," Carmichael's "New Orleans," "It's the Talk of the Town," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "Love is Here To Stay," and a couple of specials, including "Love is a Now and Then Thing," by Johnny Richards, the jazz arranger who hit recently with "Young at Heart."

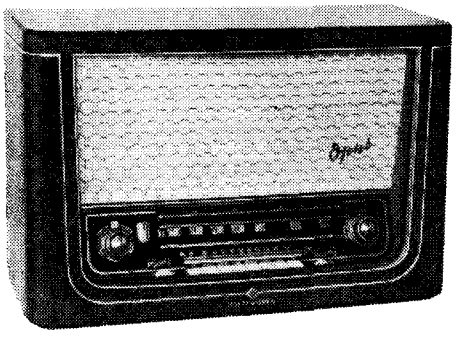
One of our proven commercial singers, Rosemary Clooney Ferrer, lends her precise, pleasing, intimate style to eight good or fair songs dealing with Youth in WHILE WE'RE YOUNG (Col. CL-6297). Included are the Alec Wilder beauty from which the title derives, as well as "Too Young," "Hello, Young Lovers," and similar fare.

—Bill Simon.

Not just a radio, but an all new table model

HI-FI AUDIO SYSTEM

. . . the ultimate in high fidelity



TELEFUNKEN "opus 55"

Includes FM - AM - Short Wave Radio, 3 Hi - Fi Speakers, etc.

A complete high fidelity table model audio system, with a quality of reproduction which defies description. Extreme highs and lows come through in all their beauty, even at a very low volume. FM (no drift), AM, short wave (that really works), input for phono, input and output for tape recorder, output for additional speakers. 3 high fidelity speakers (including an electro-static tweeter); separate bass and treble controls. The hand finished solid French walnut cabinet is a masterpiece of design and craftsmanship.

$249.00

TELEFUNKEN PORTABLE FM

Be sure to hear the truly remarkable performance of America's first FM portable. **$124.50**

•

Table model radios start at $84.95

•

Telefunken tubes are interchangeable with American types . . . in fact, Telefunken "long-life cathode" tubes will improve the performance of *any* radio or television set.

Available at leading dealers everywhere, including:

NEW YORK
Abercrombie & Fitch
Haynes-Griffin
G. Schirmer
Henry Mielke Co.

BOSTON
Jordan Marsh Co.

CHICAGO
Marshall Field
Voice and Vision
Von Lengerke & Antoine

DETROIT
J. L. Hudson

HARTFORD
The Record Shop

LOS ANGELES
Koessler Sales

MIAMI
Flagler Radio Co.

NEW HAVEN
Loomis Temple of Music

PHILADELPHIA
Witte Radio Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Campbell Music Co.

Dealer inquiries invited. Imported and distributed by

AMERICAN ELITE, INC.

1775 Broadway • New York 19, N. Y. • PLaza 7-7491

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You love Music!

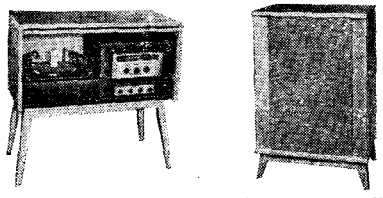
That's all you need to enjoy...

CUSTOMIZED *High Fidelity* BY RCA

A graduate electronics engineer? A trained musician? Probably you're neither . . . but you do want to hear music from records, radio or tape *exactly* as it's played. Then you'll doubly appreciate RCA "new orthophonic" High Fidelity Components! First . . . because they're engineered to re-create the full range of musical sound. And second . . . because *you yourself* can easily plug together RCA's precision components and place them in your choice of superb cabinets. You needn't be any kind of expert.

And remember, the RCA name and RCA reputation mean *years* of good music with RCA High Fidelity. RCA record changer, stylus, amplifier, and speaker—ready to assemble in your own cabinet or bookcase—for as little as $143.22*. See and hear them at your RCA dealer's.

*Suggested retail prices.



RCA record changers, radio tuners, amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, speakers, tape recorders, cabinets and speaker enclosures can be assembled into any one of 32 combinations to give the customized music system of your choice.

RCA

Customized

HIGH FIDELITY

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 31

the first violinist was no one else but Daniel Guiliet, who recently cued the conductorless "Symphony of the Air" through its historic Carnegie Hall program, the need of this leadership was evident.

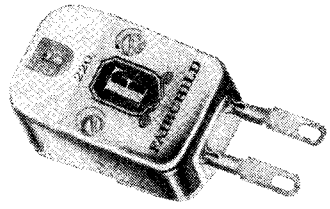
Following came Phyllis Curtin singing Thomson's "Stabat Mater" with string-quartet accompaniment, and Alice Howland offering his settings of four poems by Thomas Campion with viola, harp, and clarinet respectively, very well played by Emmanuel Vardi, Edward Vito, and Robert McGinnis. Both ladies sang pleasantly. The "Stabat Mater" did not add up to anything impressive to me, but several of the songs were pretty in a way oddly reminiscent of Benjamin Britten. The prosody, of course, was typical of Thomson's skill in such matters, though the whole effect was a little too pastel for my taste.

The ladies then came back to share the performing rights of Satie's "Socrate," heard for the first time in New York, and much belated. However, before this Thomson directed a playing by a chamber orchestra of twenty-five or so of the Mozart B flat symphony (No. 33). This was, in the manner of the Bach, metronomic and not too subtly shaded, with the conductor's attention fixed on the score and the players likewise absorbed. Here and there some manifestations of *rapport* could be noted, but the end-product was more angular, probably, than Thomson meant it to be, and lacking in flavor. The finale, on which the major rehearsal time appeared to have been expended, came off best. If this was the price for hearing the almost legendary "Socrate," it was, if not too high, at least no bargain.

THE most talented newcomer of the young season (and it could be, of the whole winter) is young Van Cliburn, a nineteen-year-old Texan still enrolled at the Juilliard, who gave a notable demonstration of pianistic prowess in playing the Tchaikovsky B flat minor piano concerto on a recent Philharmonic-Symphony broadcast. A striking figure of over six feet two, Cliburn literally commands the piano as he plays, and in many ways the music too. He is far from a finished performer as yet—an inclination to rush tempi and accelerate accelerandos was evident, also a little lack of technical discipline—but he has, in abundance, the qualities of fervor, audience appeal, and musicianship which make for distinction.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

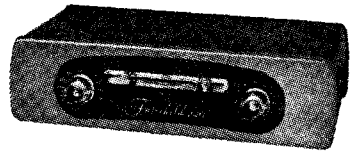
NEW FAIRCHILD 220 CARTRIDGE



An unparalleled achievement in high fidelity cartridge design. No peaks! No sharp cut-offs! Completely uniform response to 17,000 cycles – and slow roll-off beyond – giving smooth natural sound. Identify the NEW Fairchild 220 by its sparkling silver finish, symbolizing peerless performance.

$37.50

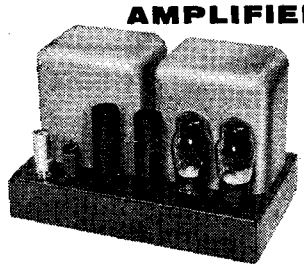
NEW FAIRCHILD 240 BALANCED-BAR PREAMPLIFIER



Matches the tonal balance between your high fidelity system and the acoustical properties of *your* listening room . . . automatically. And a special feature provides the most pleasant low-level listening you ever heard—plus correct balance at normal levels.

$98.50

NEW FAIRCHILD 260 POWER AMPLIFIER



Tremendous power – 50 watts – in a most compact unit. Output is unaffected by load power factor. Exceptional stability. No ringing at any level. And an exclusive Fairchild balance adjustment.

$149.50

These Fairchild products are now available at better audio dealers.

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT

Powells Cove Blvd., Whitestone, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

DG'S ARCHIVE PRODUCTIONS

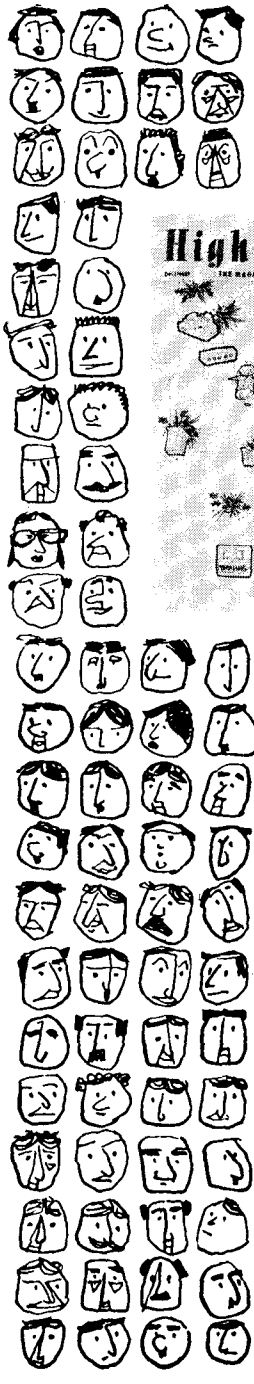
LONDON.

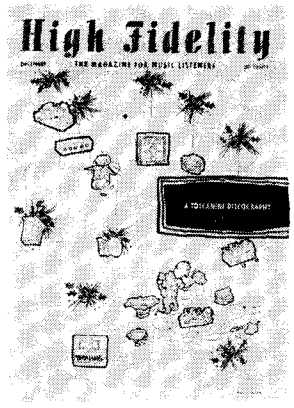
PRIDE of place this month belongs, without question, to the first release in England of Archive Production records, made by the History of Music Division of the *Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft* and manufactured and distributed in this country by the Heliodor Record Co., Ltd., DGG's newly established English subsidiary. In time, no doubt, we shall be offered ordinary, run-of-the-mill issues from this source, but for the present let us contemplate this staggering project which appears certain completely to overshadow HMV's "History of Music in Sound."

Despite the characteristic German thoroughness with which Archive Production has been planned, its purpose, unlike that of the HMV project, is not primarily educational, nor, apparently, is its growth to be restricted to any predetermined limits. A.P.'s terrain is the art music of Western Europe from ca. 700 A.D. up to and including the time of Mozart, and this has been divided up into twelve so-called Research Periods, each with from three to thirteen subdivisions. A.P.'s aim, as expressed in its introductory booklet, is not so much to improve our minds by extending our knowledge of old music as "to preserve on records complete works from this infinite field, works whose beauty and vitality can still exert an immediate appeal on the music-lover of the present day," and the first release of a dozen discs—one from each of the "Research Periods"—must be adjudged a major triumph.

Some A.P. recordings have already appeared in the USA on (American) Decca and, of the first twelve discs published here, two will be familiar to many of our readers: Handel's complete "Water Music," conducted by Fritz Lehmann, and two Bach Cantatas, Nos. 56 and 82, with Fischer-Dieskau as soloist. But, despite the baritone's expressive singing, these two records, representing Research Periods X (G. F. Handel) and IX (J. S. Bach) respectively, are among the least remarkable. Quite outstanding, on the other hand, are recordings by the Belgian vocal and instrumental group, Pro Musica Antiqua, directed by Safford Cape. From Period II (Central Middle Ages, 1100-1350) we have Adam de la Halle's dramatic pastoral, "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," and a group of his rondeaux for voices and instruments, together with an enchanting collection of Thirteenth-century dances; Period III (Early Renaissance, 1350-1500) is represented by eight "Madrigale e Caccie" from the Codex of Antonio Squarcialupi and five sacred songs by the great Netherlandish master, Guillaume Dufay. These lovely and vital performances, which are beautifully recorded, should convince all but the most hidebound that music such as this deserves a better fate than to gather dust in museum libraries.

Scarcely less excellent are the discs from Period I (Gregorian Chant) and Period IV (High Renaissance, Sixteenth century). The former is devoted to the *Primae Vesperae in Nativitate D.N. Jesu Christi*, ravishingly sung by the Monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin, Beuron; the latter will be especially welcome here since it contains ten songs by the Elizabethan lutenist-composer Thomas Campion, tastefully, but perhaps a little preciously, sung by René Soames to accompaniments





• • • MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE READING

High Fidelity MAGAZINE!

Why the magazine's ever-growing popularity?

HIGH FIDELITY reviews more long-playing records than any other magazine.

HIGH FIDELITY's unbiased "Tested-in-the-Home" columns steer you in the right direction when buying equipment.

HIGH FIDELITY brings you exciting articles about your favorite composers, compositions and music personalities, plus the latest news of events and developments in the world of music and sound.

HIGH FIDELITY interests *all* music lovers, whether their tastes run to symphony, opera or jazz.

A subscription to HIGH FIDELITY is well within the bounds of the flimsiest budget.

DON'T MISS THE FOLLOWING IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

"Toscanini on Records, 1920-1954"
.....By Robert Charles Marsh
(Part I of a complete discography)

"A Brave Echo from Vienna" .....by Martin Mayer
(about Julius Hermann, famed leader of the Deutschmeister Kapelle)

"The Sinister Art of Discal Giving".by Frederic Grunfeld
(How to choose Christmas-gift records for your record-collecting friends)

plus a versatile shopping list of "audio oddments and trinketry" for Christmas giving.

HIGH FIDELITY Magazine, 2123 Publishing House, Great Barrington, Mass. Please send me, without charge, the latest copy of HIGH FIDELITY Magazine, and bill me for a subscription to start with the following issue at the rate of

☐ $13.50 for 3 years ☐ $10.00 for 2 years ☐ $6.00 for 1 year

NAME_____

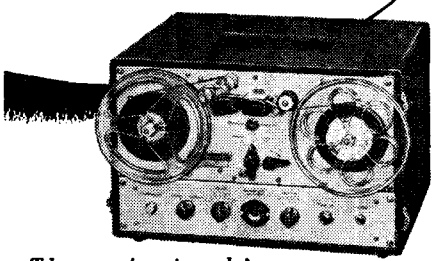
ADDRESS_____

NO RISK GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied with HIGH FIDELITY Magazine, I may keep my FREE COPY, but you will cancel the charge in full provided I advise you by letter within 10 days after receipt of my FREE copy. Otherwise, I agree to pay the bill within that time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the New

M30 and M33 Magnecorders



The professionals' choice in tape recorders. Now, the M30 and M33, priced for home use.

M30, only $299.00

Listen to everything you love to hear — preserved with full range brilliance on the M30 or M33 Magnecorders. The *finest* in full listening pleasure, now at home-use cost. Made by the producers of the most widely used tape recording equipment in the world.

Look for your Magnecord dealer under "Recorders" in the classified telephone directory.

Magnecord, INC.

1101 S. KILBOURN AVENUE • CHICAGO 24, ILLINOIS
DEPARTMENT SR-11

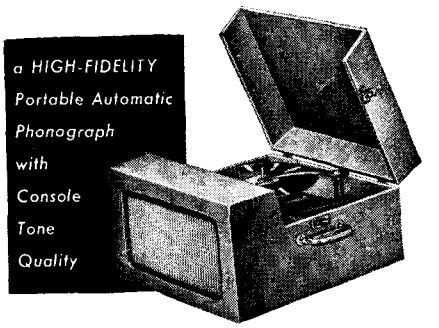
by lute and viola da gamba. From the England of Elizabeth I we proceed to the Italian *seicento* (Period V) and, in particular, to a superb recording of Carissimi's *oratorium latinum*, "Jephte." The other side of this disc, devoted to Monteverdi, is rather less satisfactory: Carl Orff's realization of the celebrated *"Lamento d'Arianna"* is, to say the least, of doubtful validity, and the singing of Elisabeth Höngen, though of fine dramatic intensity, is too unsteady to give lasting pleasure; in the scarcely less famous *"Sonata sopra Sancta Maria"* the use of real cornetti is most welcome.

For Period VI (German Baroque Music, Seventeenth century) we have those remarkable pieces of funeral music, the *"Musicalische Exequien"* of Heinrich Schütz, splendidly performed by a Munich choir bearing the composer's name, together with a fine group of soloists. Period VII brings us back again to England; it offers beautiful and utterly authentic performances of Henry Purcell's marvelous Fantasias for three, four or five parts, plus the two *"In nomine"* for six and seven parts, by the gamba consort of the *Schola Cantorum Basiliensis*, led by August Wenzinger.

Among the many unusual and excellent features of these records is the high standard of packaging and documentation. The sleeves are the best we have yet had, sturdy without being heavy, and with an inner "skin" of transparent plastic which clings to the disc surfaces and thus protects them from damage.

Returning to our Research Periods, we now come to No. VIII ("Italian *settecento*") and a disc shared between instrumental music by Corelli (a noble performance of "La Follia") and Ariosti (fifth lesson for Viola d'amore), and the superb cantata for soprano, with trumpet obbligato, *"Su le sponde del Tebro"* by A. Scarlatti. This is vocal music cast in the heroic mold, and it is nobly sung by the American soprano Teresa Stich-Randall, with splendid support from trumpeter Helmut Wobitsch and a string group from the Salzburg Mozarteum under Dr. Paumgartner. If this side is not quite as well recorded as some of the others in this series, I feel that the acoustics of the Felsenreitschule, Salzburg, must be held to blame. Bypassing Periods IX and X (Bach and Handel) we are now nearing the end of our tour across the centuries. Period XI is devoted to the German pre-classics (1700-1760) and, in this instance, to two chamber works by Telemann. A Trio-Sonata allows us to hear a charming Baroque flute of gentle and sweet timbre. This is delightful music, played to perfection. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

The only portable phonograph with diamond needle and imported Philips speaker is the *Libertyphone* . . . King of the Portables



The world's finest portable phonograph, the Libertyphone is highly recommended for travel or home use. Has G-E variable reluctance magnetic pickup, diamond needle for 33 and 45 rpm records and sapphire for 78. 8" speaker, airplane cloth finish $139.50. Genuine leather (suntan, ginger, black, rawhide) $179.50. Also available in other models and as phonograph-radio. Write for free brochure.

Mail orders given prompt and careful attention (slight additional cost for 50 cycles 220 volts)

Available only at

LIBERTY Music Shops

450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 67th St. • Madison Ave. at 76th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

The Best Seats in the House...
You hear it all — as though you were there . . . when you use a
MODEL 206AX
Stephens
TRU-SONIC SPEAKER
Regarded as the international standard in high fidelity sound equipment, STEPHENS speaker systems are used throughout the world by the most discriminating listeners.
It's a SOUND PRINCIPLE when you say
STEPHENS
TRU-SONIC
MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
8538 Warner Drive • Culver City, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Banks of Rhine

Continued from page 61

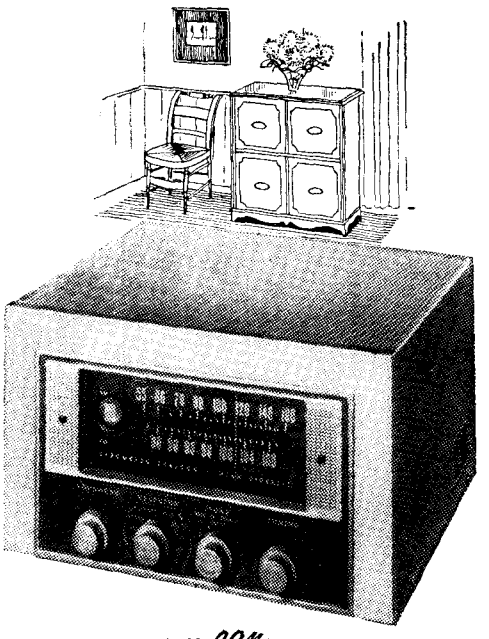
wind is blowing. The strong impression it created this year is that the trend is away from experimental music for its own sake and towards a musical art in which time-honored principles, expressed, needless to say, in contemporary terms, are the determining factors.

PASSING on, the Final Festival of the "Summer Season" was sponsored by the *Centre de Documentation de Musique Internationale* in Paris. This was the second festival to be given by this relatively new organization, founded only a few years ago and occupying an increasingly important place in the musical life of Europe. The CDMI was conceived primarily as a huge archive for music not generally accessible: old works of musicological importance and contemporary works of all nations; and the archive is today a huge one, housed in the offices of the publisher Heugel in the Rue Vivienne and actively supported by M. Philippe Heugel. The central organization keeps in touch with developments throughout the world with delegates in twenty-two countries.

Last year a festival of contemporary music was held in Cologne in close cooperation with the *Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk*, the radio station serving the Ruhr region. This year the *Radiodiffusion-Television Française* was responsible for the performance of a series of programs chosen by an international committee of the CDMI. The concerts included two programs of international music, one each of English, Italian, and Hungarian music, a concert of French chamber operas, another of experimental music, and several other events. The festival provided a wide panoramic view of what is going on in the musical world of today and in doing so fulfiled its function of documentation admirably. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that each composition was a masterpiece, but neither Pierre Capdeville, president and founder of the CDMI, nor Alphons Silbermann, who was charged with the administrative details relating to the festival, contended that it should be a festival of masterpieces.

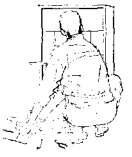
As sheer documentation two concerts were of special interest. The session of experimental music gave a clear idea of what kind of advanced sounds are being produced in various parts of the world today; Pierre Schaeffer illuminated the session with an introduction and explanations. All

High Fidelity
by
Stromberg-Carlson
for only $200.



Here's an ingenious, famous-brand, low-cost product for upgrading handsome old radio-phonographs to modern high fidelity standards. And, if you're even medium-handy with a screwdriver, you can do the conversion yourself!

Provided your present record-player has a good coaxial speaker and a magnetic cartridge pickup, this Stromberg-Carlson "SR-405" FM-AM radio tuner and amplifier combination should work wonders. You'll hear radio and records as lifelike as in a concert hall—in fact, the way you probably have heard them in homes of your own friends who have expensive installations.



you can do it yourself

Ask your dealer . . . to demonstrate the "SR-405" and see and hear the entire "Custom 400" Hi-Fi line. Or write us for complete specifications.

Stromberg-Carlson®
SOUND EQUIPMENT DIVISION
1227 Clifford Ave., Rochester 21, N. Y.

V-M Fidelis
with tone-o-matic

24 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

Pleasure

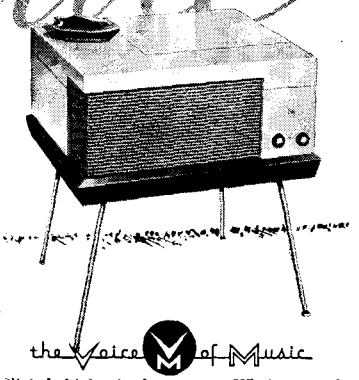
YOUR CHOICE OF MUSIC
ON YOUR VOICE OF MUSIC

When each vibrant note soars truly to living splendor . . . when you enjoy your choice of music as seldom before—then you realize: the Voice of Music High Fidelity Phonograph *is* synonymous with "pleasure."

All the muted beauty of high and low notes simultaneously is released at your command through tone-o-matic...your mood for music correctly interpreted by the faithful concert reproduction of the *Fidelis*.

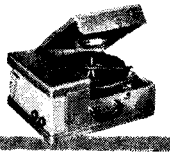
Decor-wise, only V-M offers a selection of Champagne blonde or African mahogany at the same price. Legs, black or brass finish, are optional. $149.50*

Made by V-M, the world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers.



the Voice of Music

*Slightly higher in the west. UL Approved



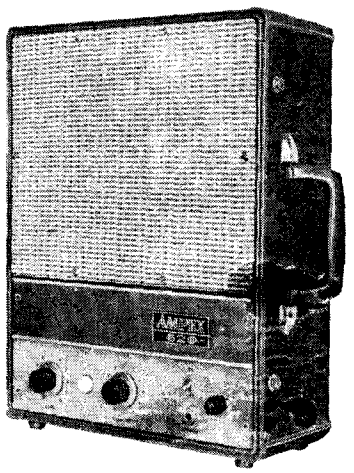
V-M Model 556
with tone-o-matic
offers the same powerful, high fidelity sound reproduction system as the superb V-M *Fidelis*. Choice of rich brown or rose and gray leatherette case. $119.95*

V-M CORPORATION, Benton Harbor 2, Michigan
Please send illustrated folder, "Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the

AMPEX 620



A Portable Amplifier-Speaker Beyond Compare

LISTENING is the test, and you'll hear more than you'd ever expect. Bass is real and full. Treble is clear and brilliant. Response is uniform and tone is undistorted. Yet the Ampex 620 weighs but 25 pounds.

MEASUREMENTS will verify what your ears have heard. In the important segment of its range from 65 to 10,000 cycles, the Ampex 620 has acoustic response more uniform than ever before achieved in a comparable speaker unit.

REPUTATION of AMPEX is magic that's based on solid fact. Most master tapes for Lp records and radio shows are made on Ampex Tape Recorders. Fidelity of these machines is perfect within audible perception. Ampex designed the 620 to compliment their performance.

Ampex 620 Amplifier-Speaker includes 10 watt amplifier, controls, loudspeaker and acoustically correct portable enclosure. It reproduces from tape recorder, phonograph, AM-FM tuner or reamplified microphone. Price is $149.50.

Ampex 600 Portable Tape Recorder. This is the machine that inspired the 620 amplifier-speaker. The two are perfect companion pieces—a "walking Hi-Fi system." Price of the 600 is $545 in portable case or $498 unmounted.

Ask your local dealer for a demonstration OR WRITE for full specifications to Dept. KK-1951.

Distributors in principal cities (see your classified telephone directory under "Recording Equipment"). Canadian distribution by Canadian General Electric Co.

Signature of Perfection in Sound

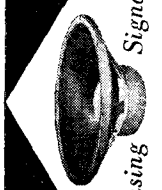
AMPEX CORPORATION 934 Charter Street Redwood City, Calif.

the works with the exception of the Cage music (or, as he calls it, "activity") was on tape. The most interesting result of this concert was that Edgar Varese's music, written in the 1920s, was far and away the most interesting piece on the program. Here one sensed a disciplined musical mind at work, despite the revolutionary character of the sounds. It is not yet clear whether the experimental works of *musique concrète* and electronic music can be put to the service of music in the traditional sense, or whether this is an entirely new departure to which the term "music" is inapplicable.

At the other end of the musical spectrum was the concert of Hungarian music. Works by three contemporary composers all still residing in Hungary provided a glimpse of what is going on in the People's Republics today. The most agreeable of the works was Ferenc Farka's orchestral suite "Furfangos Diakok," taken from a ballet composed in 1950. This is an accessible, folksy piece *à la* Kodaly, abounding in clichés, but the clichés are not unpleasant. It was very loud and very optimistic but in no way original. Endre Szervansky's "Serenade for Clarinet and Orchestra" set some kind of record for dreariness and dullness. At best it was poor movie music—and inordinately long. The musical ideas were the essence of poverty, and there was not a hint of development. The Fifth Symphony of Laszlo Lajtha, however, a recent work of this composer's, set an all-time high for vulgarity, dreariness, and bombast. Starting like an overblown quotation from Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," it went on in a riot of romanticism, stringing together banal melodies, entirely devoid of counterpoint or development, rhythmically poor and seemingly endless. One left the concert saddened and irritated to think that this sort of drivel is now *à la mode* in the country of Bartok.

THE concerts of English and Italian music consisted half of old and half of new music. Whereas in principle this idea may be excellent, in practice it did not work out satisfactorily. For it

15" extended range Jim Lansing Signature Model D130



As you build your fine home music system — from barest beginning to ambitious completion — your Signature D130 loudspeaker will remain a basic unit. The D130, with 4" voice coil and distinctive dural dome, is famed for smooth, extended highs; crisp, clean bass. Never a compromise, the D130 by itself, in a suitable enclosure*, will reproduce a perfect quote of every recorded note. If you wish to convert to a divided network system later, your D130 will

your basic speaker

serve as an excellent low frequency speaker, perfectly balanced with other Jim Lansing Signature units. They are available at sound and audio equipment dealers throughout the country.

* *General Construction Bulletins* describing a Rear-loaded Folded Horn, Front-loaded Horn, and Reflex Enclosures are available at no cost to you. Write:

JAMES B. LANSING SOUND, INC.
manufacturers of precision transducers
2439 Fletcher Drive,
Los Angeles 39, California

THIS

"Brilliance Insurance" Costs Pennies!

STATI-CLEAN
ANTI-STATIC
RECORD SPRAY

Dust is the major cause of brilliance loss. The best equipment sounds distorted when discs suffer from "groovicide"—ruin of grooves by ground-in dust. STATI-CLEAN cleans your records, rids them of static that *attracts* dust. Single treatment lasts for months. Records are quieter, keep their original brilliance longer. Recommended by leading critics. *See your record dealer.*

Walco PRODUCTS, INC.
60-S Franklin St. East Orange, N. J.
Also Manufacturers of DISCOVERS Protective Sleeves for Records

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was, curiously enough, the old music that suffered. In the English concert orchestral works of Arne, Purcell (a lovely "In Nomine" played by the entire string section instead of by soloists), and Boyce, works that have great intrinsic value, appeared to suffer from under- (or non-) rehearsal. This deficit was compensated however by the exquisite performance of old English airs, sung to lute accompaniment by the great contra-tenor Alfred Deller. The outstanding work of the English program was Humphrey Searle's new symphony, admirably interpreted by Franz André. In this twelve-tone composition, written with skill and technical mastery, the composer clearly has something to say, and he says it with conviction and in a thoroughly musical style.

The Italian concert contained an obscure oratorio by Carissimi, "La Storia di Abramo e Isaaco," a work containing some beautiful passages but that suffered from a ragged performance. Malipiero's Fifth Symphony displayed a remarkable vitality, coupled with a sensitivity that sets his music apart. The closing concert, splendidly conducted by the highly talented Charles Bruck, contained principally "big names": Roussel, Schoenberg, Martinu, and Hindemith. The only novelty was Nikos Skalkottas's "Ten Sketches for Strings." On hearing this work one can only regret the premature death of this Greek pupil of Schoenberg in 1949. The style stems clearly from that of his teacher, but the language is lyrical and typically Mediterranean. These sketches are not masterpieces, but they display a talent, a technique, and a plasticity the loss of which is regrettable.

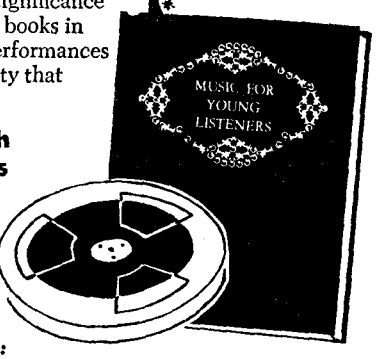
CHRISTMAS PERCEPTIONS: There are two new investigations of a subject which particularly fascinates audiophiles—the possible kinships and influences of various types of perception, represented earlier in my own library only by J. Donald Harris's booklet, **"Some Relations Between Vision and Audition"** (Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., $1.50). The newcomers are Frank A. Geldard's **"The Human Senses"** (Wiley, $5) and Ehrenzweig's **"Psychoanalysis of Artistic Vision and Hearing"** (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul)—for which I haven't been able to find either a British or American price quoted. But whatever it is, I know I'll have to find out and dig it up. An "introduction to the theory of unconscious perception" well might be just what an audio-critic needs to find in his Christmas stocking—even if he has to put it there himself!

—R. D. DARRELL.

Give Them the Key to the Wonderland of Good Music

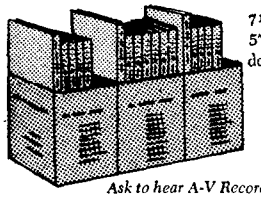
MUSIC FOR YOUNG LISTENERS

. . . a unique combination of important works by famous composers on *A-V Recorded Tapes*, and delightfully written books which recount the stories behind the selections . . . a most fascinating introduction to good music for anyone from eight to eighty. The books, by that outstanding authority on music Miss Lillian Baldwin, give the biographies of the composers and explain the significance of their music. Coordinated with each of the three books in this series are A-V Recorded Tapes of complete performances by outstanding artists. They are of such high fidelity that the ear will be trained to appreciate the finest.



Start on the road to a richer life through good music with this Special Christmas Package from the first section:

The Green Book and Tape #1 for only **$9.95**
Tapes to complete the section $7.95 each



7½ ips — 5" reels, double track

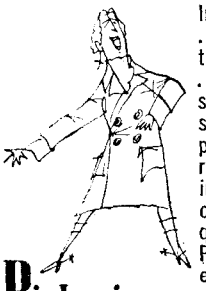
Ask to hear A-V Recorded Tapes of Music for Christmas.

Also available:

The Green Section, 4 tapes and 1 book . . . **$30.00**
The Crimson Section, 6 tapes and 1 book . . **$46.00**
The Blue Section, 4 tapes and 1 book **$30.00**
Complete Series . . . . . Reg. ~~$106.00~~
Special Price (until Dec. 31, 1954) . . NOW **$79.00**

SEE AND HEAR THE MUSIC FOR YOUNG LISTENERS SERIES AT YOUR FAVORITE TAPE RECORDER DEALER. Or for the name of the dealer nearest you, write

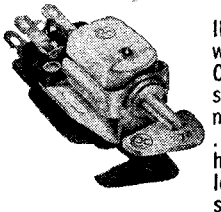
A-V TAPE LIBRARIES, INC. Dept. S-11, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.



Pickering Audio Components.. SYNONYMOUS WITH HIGHEST QUALITY

"For Those Who Can HEAR The Difference"

In every field of endeavor . . . manufacturing, the theatre, concert or contest . . . there is always one standout. In HI-FI the standout is Pickering . . . pioneer in this field, responsible for the introduction of outstanding components for highest quality performance; every Pickering product is engineered and manufactured to conquer the challenge of optimum performance . . . It's with good reason that professionals use Pickering Components . . . they know the values built into Pickering equipment.



INVESTIGATE and you too will use Pickering Components for your HI-FI system. . . . You'll thrill to new listening experiences . . . you'll have the same high quality performance as leading FM/AM good music stations, network and recording studios . . . REMEMBER, leading record companies use Pickering Components for quality control.

PICKERING

and company inc., Oceanside, L. I., New York

For literature address Department D-6

. . . this is the

GARRARD

The World's Finest Record Changer

SINCE 1935,

sold and serviced throughout the United States . . . recognized everywhere for superior performance, ruggedness, reliability.

Check craftsmanship, features, price and service . . . and you will understand clearly why this is the world's No. 1 high fidelity changer.

Mail coupon today for a complimentary copy of "Sound Craftsmanship." 16 pages illustrating and describing all Garrard Record Players and the other fine products of the British Industries Group.

British Industries Corporation Dept. SR-11
164 Duane Street New York 13, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Please send a complimentary copy of your booklet "Sound Craftsmanship," to:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

GARRARD SALES CORP. 164 Duane St. N.Y.13, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
UNIVERSITY
Companion
HI-FIDELITY
3-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM

*H*ere within the confines of a small, versatile enclosure has been engineered a high fidelity 3-way loudspeaker system to enhance the spatial qualities characteristic of true concert hall listening. Exclusive clock feature turns the system on or off remotely or automatically . . . arise or retire with music, record on tape while away.

Every Room
. . . a Music Room

The Companion is at home in any room . . . at one's easy chair, on an end table, within a bookcase, in a functional headboard, in the den, or on wrought iron legs (optional) anywhere in the home.

*E*xclusive University Diffusicone produces full-bodied bass and mid-range. "Reciprocating Flares" principle of driver-driven tweeter assures wide angle clarity and brilliance over the full range of the highest musical tones. True electrical separation of high, middle and low frequencies with professional inductance/capacitance crossover network. Balance control adjusts performance to your own particular taste.

Write Desk No. 46 for descriptive literature
University LOUDSPEAKERS, INC.
80 So. Kensico Ave.
White Plains, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CALLAS A DELILAH?

THE PRESENT plethora of recordings of obscure or trivial operas only serves to point up the great need for a new recording of "Samson and Delilah."

Are there any plans for remedying this omission from the catalogue?

KATHARINE BAKER.
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Depends, probably, on when Maria Callas learns to sing Delilah.*

WHERE'S WALTER?

CONCERNING Winthrop Sargeant and Bruckner, isn't it about time Columbia put out some of Bruno Walter's performances of Bruckner, particularly Symphonies No. 8 and 9.

NORMAN F. BRANDBORST.
St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes.*

SCHOENBERG'S GLUP

THAT REVIEW of the Schoenberg opera in your issue of October 30 was just the most!

Glup, that is.

DAVID W. FORSBERG.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Translation, please.*

PROKOFIEV'S FUTURE

EVER SINCE I heard excerpts of Prokofiev's "War and Peace" broadcast in 1953 I have been looking for its recording and release. Do you know whether there are any plans underway for the release of "War and Peace" or of "Semyon Katko?"

ROY SELBY.
Little Rock, Ark.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps this will provide some company with an idea.*

PLEASE REFER

I AM IN THE market for a recording of Handel's "Messiah." Naturally I want a good one. Would you advise me as to which one your critics consider best?

EUNICE LUNDBERG.
Sharon Springs, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See issue of October 30, in which Herbert Weinstock covered this subject thoroughly.*

BOWS IN BACH

IN REVIEWING the Bach solo recordings made with the "Vega" bow, Thomas Heinitz [*SR* Oct. 30] says that this is "the type of bow . . . Bach had in mind . . . one which enables the violinist to play sustained chords on four strings."

I should like to point out that there is no historical evidence supporting this statement—that all writers of the Bach era say that chords are to be played

THE ONLY **TRUE**
HIGH FIDELITY
RECORD CHANGER

THORENS CD-43

. . . with direct drive motor

Noise in a changer can spoil the quality of sound. In the Thorens Changer, direct-drive eliminates all sources of noise . . . assures true high fidelity performance.

Also Record Players and Turntables —write for brochure, nearest dealer.

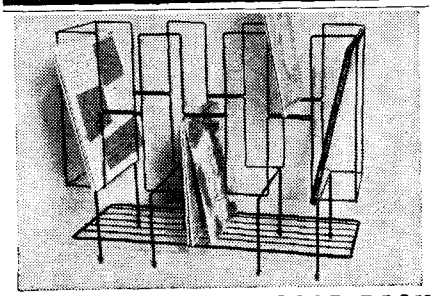
THORENS COMPANY, DEPT. S,
NEW HYDE PARK, L. I., N. Y.

FREE!

WHAT IS HI-FI?

A journey behind the scenes with Kurt List, Westminster's musical director, describes high fidelity and the making of high fidelity records. Informative, interesting, of permanent value to every record buyer. For your **free** copy, send a card to:

WESTMINSTER RECORDS
DEPT. SR
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N.Y.



WROUGHT IRON RECORD RACK

Holds 200 LP's. Black finish with rubber tips. Size 19½" high, 25" long, 9½" deep. Sturdy construction. Ten separate sections allow for ideal storage of music by style, composer, artist. Several racks may be placed side by side to form a complete library of records. Please remit with order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Shipped Express Collect. **$9.95**

LESLIE CREATIONS • 2116 Robbins St. • Dept. 207 • Phila. 49, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken—a fact demonstrated in an article by David Boyden in the *Musical Quarterly* of January 1950. The "Vegas," as well as the Schroeder-Schweitzer bows, are modern gadgets not resembling in form or in function the real bows of the eighteenth-century.

SOL BABITZ.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are certainly two schools of thought on the subject, and the four-string bow people make a convincing argument in its favor.*

WHY ONLY 1,643

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS I have been noticing—and bothered by—a full-page advertisement for "the new Columbia 360K phonograph" in the issues of *The Saturday Review*.

Would it not take comparatively little extra effort, and be far more conducive to establishing and maintaining confidence in what you advertise, if Columbia actually did as claimed—and *put* "2,000 diamonds" in your illustration? As it is, the eye at once suspects there are not 2,000 present (even deducting of course for the graceful lady) and it takes but a moment to discover there are but four-fifths the number stated. Five hundred eighty-seven whites plus 1,056 blacks leaves considerable shrinkage—and the doubt if whether other claims and implications are likewise exaggerated and not to be relied on. I am sure that is not your intention—but is not *accuracy* in advertising *helpful*?

ANSON M. DUBOIS.

South Lincoln, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We suspect reader DuBois is a CPA.*

RECORDS?

MAY I APPEAL through your column in *The Saturday Review* for any old LP records that your readers may have in their possession, and do not require any longer. Our interests are mainly in the classical line, but due to the fact that we cater for quite a few people, anything would be very welcome. As things are at present, we are not able to buy any more new records, because our grant has been cancelled, but we are trying to keep our record club going. I can assure you that your help will be very much appreciated by all the members serving in this theatre. If so desired, postage will be paid by us.

BERNARD SNEP, SGT.

RAAF NAF Navy No. 955
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

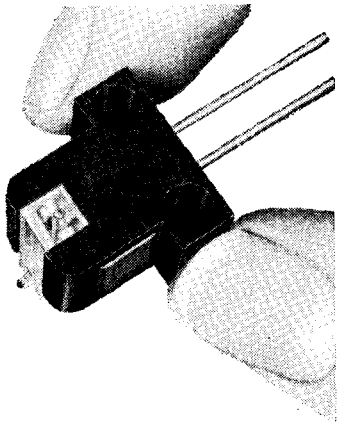
CHASINS ON TAP

MY THANKS FOR Abram Chasins's splendid article, "Backhaus on Beethoven" [*SR* Oct. 30].

Listening to each new Backhaus recording as it appeared, I was confounded by the reviews. Now Chasins has confounded the critics.

Need I confess that my admiration for Chasins is more than a little assisted

SUPERLATIVE!



Only the sensational new ESL electrodynamic cartridge achieves utterly natural reproduction—with magnificent frequency range, longer record and stylus life, freedom from hum, greater compliance, smallest moving mass, and lowest distortion. Adaptable to all arms and changers—and only $14.95 (sapphire) or $29.95 (diamond). Write for details.

ESL | Electro-Sonic Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. SN • 35-54 36th Street
Long Island City 1, New York

A psychoanalytic study of a strange and fateful relationship

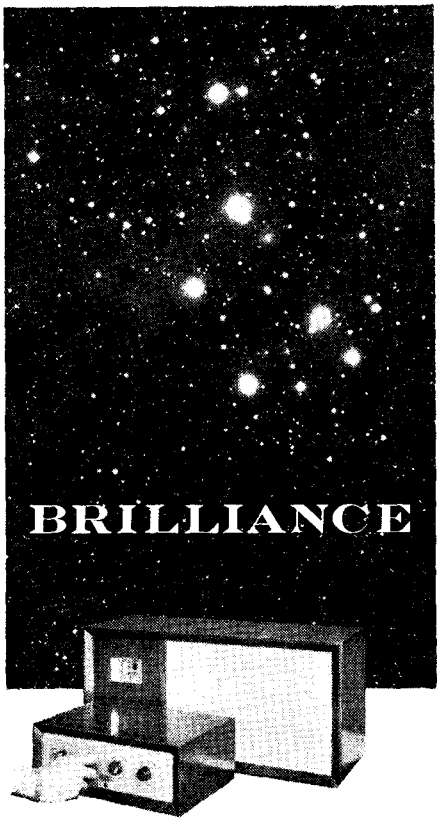
Beethoven AND HIS Nephew

By EDITHA STERBA & RICHARD STERBA, M.D.

Two Freudian analysts have written the case history of a musical genius, in non-technical language that makes it read like a first-rate psychological novel. Based upon Beethoven's correspondence, the minutes of his conversations, and other original sources.

400 pages, 8 illustrations
$5.00. At all bookstores.
PANTHEON BOOKS
333 6th Ave., N. Y. 14

STOP DON'T BUY a Hi-Fi Amplifier UNTIL you see and hear the New...
BROCINER
A New Concept in Amplifier Design
Mark 12
Priced LOW, too. Ask for literature.
BROCINER ELECTRONICS LABORATORY
Dept. SR, 344 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.



THE Melodist
BY ALTEC LANSING

In a few short weeks since this sensational high fidelity amplifier-loudspeaker combination first appeared it has won praise from musicians and engineers alike for its truly professional quality. The MELODIST is a brilliant performer, possessing remarkable quality in units so compact. A wide range of control satisfies the most discriminating ear. The MELODIST offers world-famous Altec Lansing quality at surprisingly moderate cost. It is simple to install and as easy to operate as any record player. No technical knowledge is required. And its compact size and tasteful design blend with any decor, make it a gracious addition to any room.

Visit your dealer today. Let the MELODIST introduce you, too, to new worlds of listening pleasure.

IN BLOND OR MAHOGANY
Prices:
The MELODIST $99
speaker
The MELODIST $129
matching amplifier

ALTEC FIDELITY
IS HIGHEST FIDELITY
ALTEC
LANSING CORPORATION
9356 SANTA MONICA BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
161 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember...

YOUR TAPE RECORDER IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE TAPE YOU USE!

600 feet on plastic reel.....net $2.10
1200 feet on plastic reel.....net 3.30

At Your Dealer

Made by Orradio Industries, Inc., Opelika, Alabama

You can participate in the musical event of the century . . .

The Louisville Philharmonic Society has commissioned the world's greatest living composers to create works exclusively for the orchestra. These works will be recorded in a series of twelve, 12" long playing high fidelity discs and will be made available to a limited number of individuals.

THESE RECORDINGS WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE ELSEWHERE.

You may obtain this uniquely important record series for your library or as a magnificent Christmas present for only $65 — *about $5.40 per record.* Or they may be conveniently purchased at $5.95 down and $5.95 a month for a record a month. (Including carrying charges.) Send check or write for full details to:

THE LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
LOUISVILLE, KY.

HEAR THE LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK 10:30-11 P.M. SATURDAYS. CONSULT LOCAL STATION FOR TIME IN YOUR COMMUNITY.

Coming

MID-MONTH MUSIC FEATURE

The Saturday Review-December 11th

by my complete agreement with every one of his remarks.

May I ask—and this is not at all incidental—wouldn't it be fine to have a monthly column by Chasins on the new piano recordings?

HORACE P. SRAGOW.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *'Tis an accomplished fact.*

WAGNER'S LANDMARK

THERE IS NOW a very imposing list of complete operas on discs, such a great number of these actually no more than historical curios that could not possibly command much of a market. And yet, excepting Allegro's abortive and suppressed effort, the Wagner "Ring" seems to have been carefully avoided. What, if anything, is being done to bring this true musical landmark, in its entirety, onto disc? A wide-range recording of this massive work would undoubtedly be welcomed by hi-fi addicts as well as opera lovers.

ALBERT L. ANDERSON.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who's going to pay the bill?*

"ELEKTRA" IMMORTALIZED

I HAVE LONG enjoyed reading your monthly recording articles in *SR*. For a long time now I have been reading in the LETTERS TO THE EDITOR columns much to do about the public demanding LP issues of Toscanini opera broadcasts. Thank the powers that be that these were allowed to be released. On the other hand, couldn't the same pressure that was applied to RCA be used on Columbia? Specifically, there was a marvelous concert performance of Strauss's "Elektra" broadcast over CBS on Christmas Day 1949, if I remember correctly, under the masterly direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Astrid Varnay, Irene Jessner, Elena Nikolaidi, Frederick Jaegel, and I think Herbert Jansen were the major soloists.

Fortunately, I have had a copy of this broadcast to enjoy for over three years. Unfortunately, it has a lot of distortion in it. However, it was a great triumph for all concerned, and I am sure that there must be a host of other Richard Strauss enthusiasts who would surely snap up a first-rate issue of this most difficult of operas. If the record-buying public can put up with the coughs and applause on the Toscanini issues, it seems to me that the same public would appreciate and buy the same thing for a performance of this stature. Columbia was able to issue the "Wozzeck" broadcast, and no doubt it has enjoyed sales enough to have made the effort worthwhile.

The influence of members of your staff, plus public response to a published request, would surely attain results.

GERALD L. BAILIE.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We agree, and hope that Columbia can see the way to accomplish this.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 35¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

HI-FI SERVICE. *The Audio Exchange Service Laboratory* is responsible for the reliability of our used equipment. You may avail yourself of this expert service for maintenance and repair of your Hi-Fi equipment. THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N.Y. OLympia 8-0445. AUDIO EXCHANGE EXCHANGES AUDIO.

TAPE RECORDERS, accessories. Unusual values. CARSTON, 215 East 88 St., NYC.

HI-FI COMPONENTS shipped PREPAID in U.S.A. Send for free list. FIDELITY UNLIMITED, 63-03 39 Ave., Woodside N. Y.

RECORDING TAPE, all brands; also used tape (cleanly erased); other bargains. COMMISSIONED ELECTRONICS, 2503 Champlain St., Washington, D.C.

VOCALS, operatic and personality, offered. Collections bought. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE. 530 East 88 St., Apt. 2F, NYC. REgent 7-7611.

FONOTIPIA and other rare vocals. Free lists. R. WESTHOFF, 931 Geary St., San Francisco 9, California.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R114, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER of Authentic Folk Music on Records. Write for free catalogue to: FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 117 West 46 St., NYC.

GOLDEN AGE OPERATICS, *cutout vocal, orchestral,* music hall, imported European 78 and LP. Thousands of interesting records suiting all tastes. Send for monthly listings. ROSS, COURT & Co., 121 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

DIAMOND NEEDLES: Custom re-tipping of your phonograph needle or cartridge with broadcast quality diamond. For information and price write to: Transcriber Company (Diamond Stylus Manufacturers), 70 Pine St., Attleboro, Mass.

TAPE RECORDERS, tapes, accessories, unusual values. DRESSNER, Box 66E, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 9.

FOR HIGHEST FIDELITY, longest record life—use the world's finest, safest needle. Write for free literature on the famous Televex Diamond. (And unique, new Protect-o-Pad.) TELEVEX, 46 (SR) Lakeview Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

HI-FI, factory fresh, guaranteed LP records. Pre-recorded tape, phonographs, music systems at big savings. SOUTHWEST RECORD DISCOUNT CLUB, 4710 Caroline, Houston, Texas.

LOOKING for old Carusos, Astaires, Armstrongs, Leadbellys? See: BELL MUSIC BOX, 847 Sixth Ave., NYC 1. LOngacre 5-9773.

ELEKTRA is releasing some of the finest folk music available on LP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Brahms would have applauded the result."

EDWARD CUSHING, SATURDAY REVIEW

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WEINER

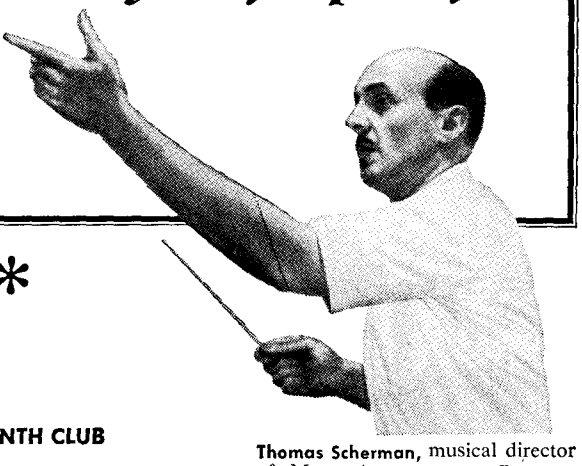
The much awaited moment is here. Columbia releases **THE FOUR SYMPHONIES OF BRAHMS** *recorded by* **BRUNO WALTER** *and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. A labor of love by the composer's greatest interpreter, yours on four superb 12 inch 'Lp' records. Each symphony begins on a fresh side. (Seven other major works of Brahms are also included.) Deluxe cloth-bound edition with illustrated brochure. Your purchase entitles you to a free 10 inch 'Lp' record of Dr. Walter at rehearsal. A true collector's item. Ask your dealer today.* **COLUMBIA RECORDS**

COLUMBIA, "(P)", TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MARCAS REGISTRADAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You have heard *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony* countless times...

LET A CONDUCTOR SHOW YOU WHAT YOU MAY HAVE FAILED TO HEAR



Thomas Scherman, musical director of MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS NEW RECORDING * – without charge –

AS A DEMONSTRATION OF A NEW IDEA OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work, just as on the ordinary records you buy. The records feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction. You listen to the performance first, or afterward, and then...

ON THE OTHER SIDE is an illuminating analysis of the music, with the various themes and other main features of the work played separately with running explanatory comment, so that you can learn *what to listen for.*

HIGH-FIDELITY MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

THE SENSIBLE IDEA . . . Most of us are aware that we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: we are not properly primed about *what to listen for.* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music – better than any means ever devised. This highly enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as many university Music-Appreciation courses.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT... A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued – for subscribers only – every month. Ultimately all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by Deems Taylor. You may take the record or not. *You are not obligated as a subscriber to take any specified number of records.* And you may stop the subscription at your pleasure—at any time!

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS AT A RELATIVELY LOW COST . . . All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS will be high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality – 33⅓ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They will be of two kinds: first, a *twelve-inch* disc – which will present the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This will be sold at $3.60, to subscribers only. The other will be an Analysis-Only Record – a *ten-inch* disc – priced at $2.40. The latter will be made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented. (A small charge will be added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION – NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE... Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as enlightening as you may anticipate? You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this record, or any time thereafter.

* The high-fidelity demonstration record you will receive, without charge, is – on the performance side – a new recording by the London Symphony Orchestra, Norman Del Mar conducting....**THOMAS SCHERMAN,** the conductor who presents the analysis, is best known as the founder and conductor of The Little Orchestra Society of New York.

"In a few minutes, he made me understand more about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony than I learned in a month in a course at college."
—BENNETT CERF, *Saturday Review*

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A RECORD PLAYER WHICH CAN PLAY 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS R14-11
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once the first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD, *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony,* without charge, and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel this subscription after hearing the first record, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory record is free in any case.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State..... MAR 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED